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BY MICHAEL TOMASKY

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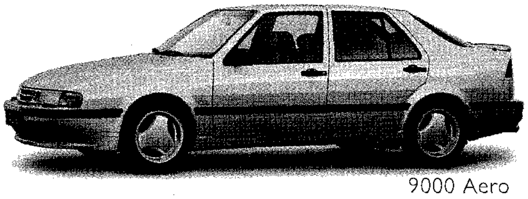

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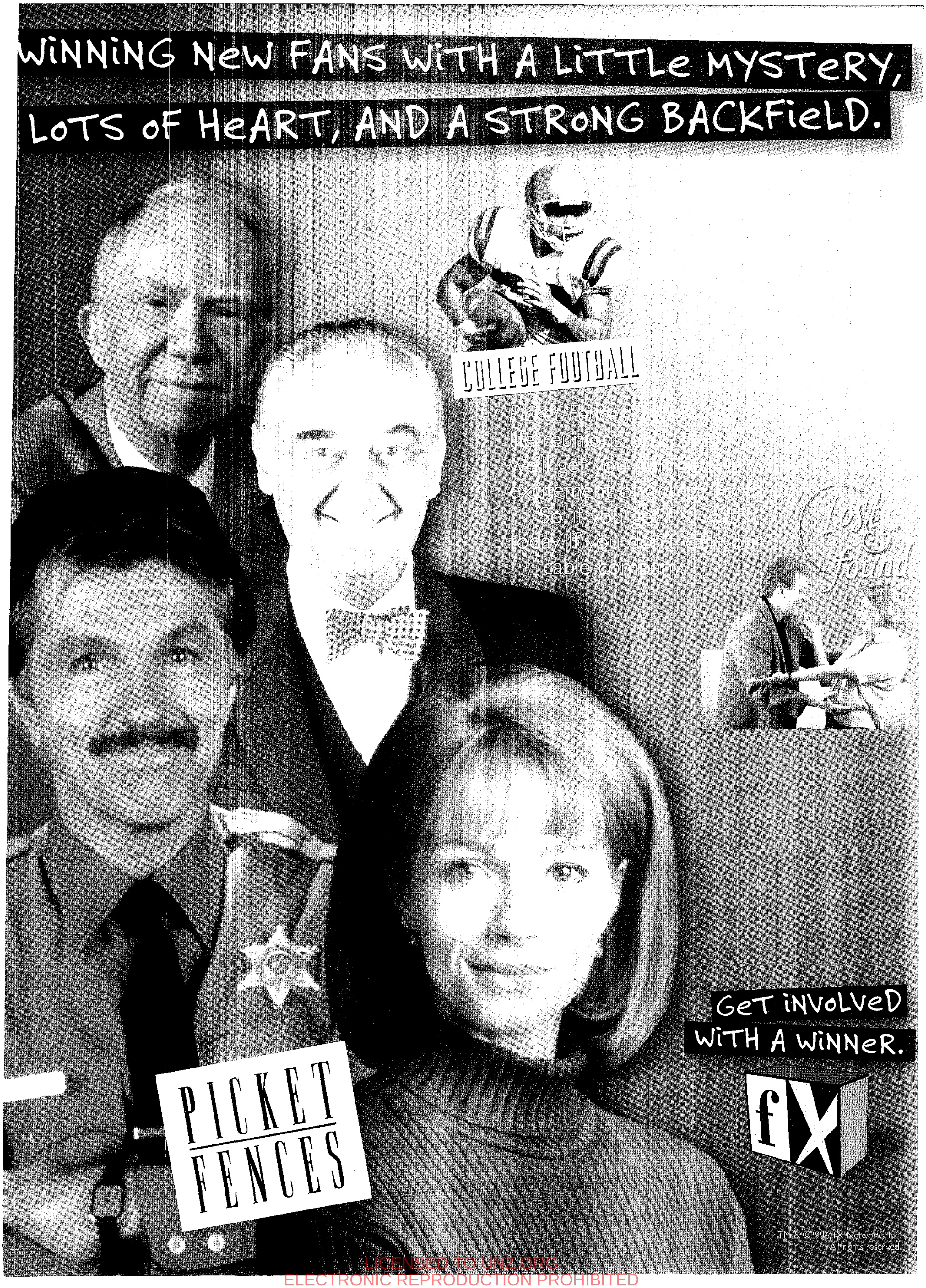

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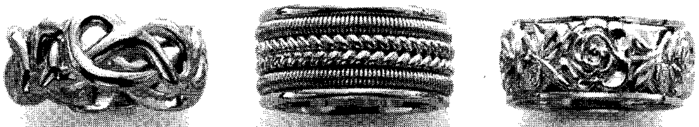

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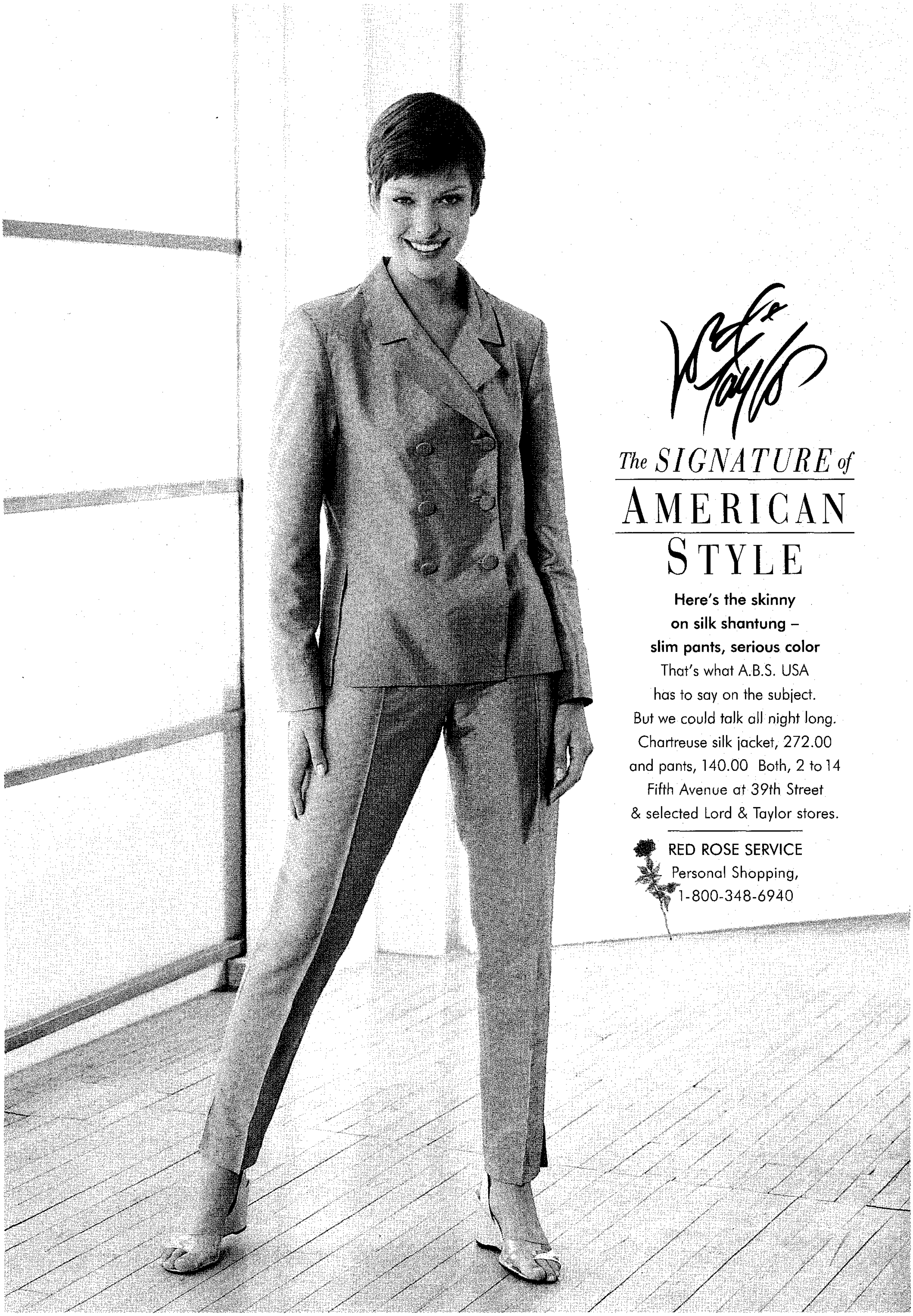

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LETTERS MAY 13, 1996

Art and Reality

The New York Academy of Art's defenders step into the fray, offering other scenarios for their institutional power struggles.

JOHN CONNOLLY'S "SCHOOL FOR SCANdal" ["Cityside," April 8] places much emphasis on exposing purported problems in the New York Academy of Art's history that have long since been resolved. Despite the efforts of one disgruntled former board member, who is much-mentioned in this article, the Academy is now enjoying a period of great success. We have more than 120 extremely committed and talented students in our graduate program, a solid and well-planned curriculum, a distinguished and collegial faculty, and newly renovated and equipped classrooms and studios.

Many members of our dedicated board of trustees, primarily Messrs. Smith and Wilkinson, have acted with integrity; and rather than crumbling or laying blame, they have continued with commitment to support the mission of the school. For the past two years, we have established and maintained rigorous administrative procedures, installed a thoroughly professional staff, and provided the institution with a stability, financial and otherwise, that has positioned it for responsible growth. Contrary to your article's implications, our fund-raising events—imperative for the school's survival—are not our only successes.

Barbara S. Krulik
Director, New York Academy of Art
MANHATTAN

JOHN CONNOLLY'S ARTICLE "SCHOOL FOR Scandal" refers to a report on the New York Academy of Art I wrote. Connolly says that "educational consultant Robert Montgomery criticized the school for failing to maintain even the most basic features of an educational institution." My report, in fact, made no such statement. The school, even in the most difficult periods in its history, has always delivered a quality education to its students. My report discussed a number of problems at the Academy, but most of those problems occurred under previous administrations, and my main point was to praise the current administration for its outstanding performance in resolving those problems and creating an excellent educational institution.

Robert E. Montgomery, Ph.D.
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

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ANDY WARHOL ACCOMPLISHED MANY things, but co-founding the New York Academy of Art was not one of them. The Academy was founded in 1983 by a merger between Stuart Pivar's New York Drawing Association and the New Brooklyn School of Life Drawing, Painting and Sculpture, founded by Francis Cunningham and myself. The New Brooklyn School provided the studios, then on Laight Street, plus most of the curriculum and faculty. Mr. Pivar added additional courses and faculty, as well as needed funds.

Mr. Cunningham and I were long gone by the end of 1986, but I can affirm that the poisonous environment described in the article did not first become evident in 1990 or 1994. It took root with the arrival of Pivar and Wilkinson, and the people they brought with them. Hirings and firings of administrative personnel on a whim were the rule from the start, as were vicious personal attacks. The only thing that really surprised me in the article was that the controller suspected of embezzling funds felt the need to bring in his own snake.

Barney Hodes
BROOKLYN

THANK YOU FOR EXPOSING THE TIP OF THE iceberg of the scandal at the New York Academy of Art. The Academy was founded in 1979 by a number of prominent realist artists, including Aaron Shikler, Alfred Leslie, Jack Beal, and Andy Warhol, to reestablish a training system for traditional painting and sculpture that was no longer intact. It enjoyed its fifteen minutes of fame. Then it was taken over by a clique intent on playing school.

Connolly's article on the Academy illustrates the social value of the exposé. Members of the Academy's board of directors have been hit by the proverbial two-by-four and are now paying attention. Upon the resignation of the board chairman, as suggested by the article and by a number of board members, a professional director will immediately return the academic governance to the faculty. Several loyal patrons have guaranteed the fiscal integrity of the Academy for the foreseeable future.

Stuart Pivar
Founder, New York Academy of Art
MANHATTAN

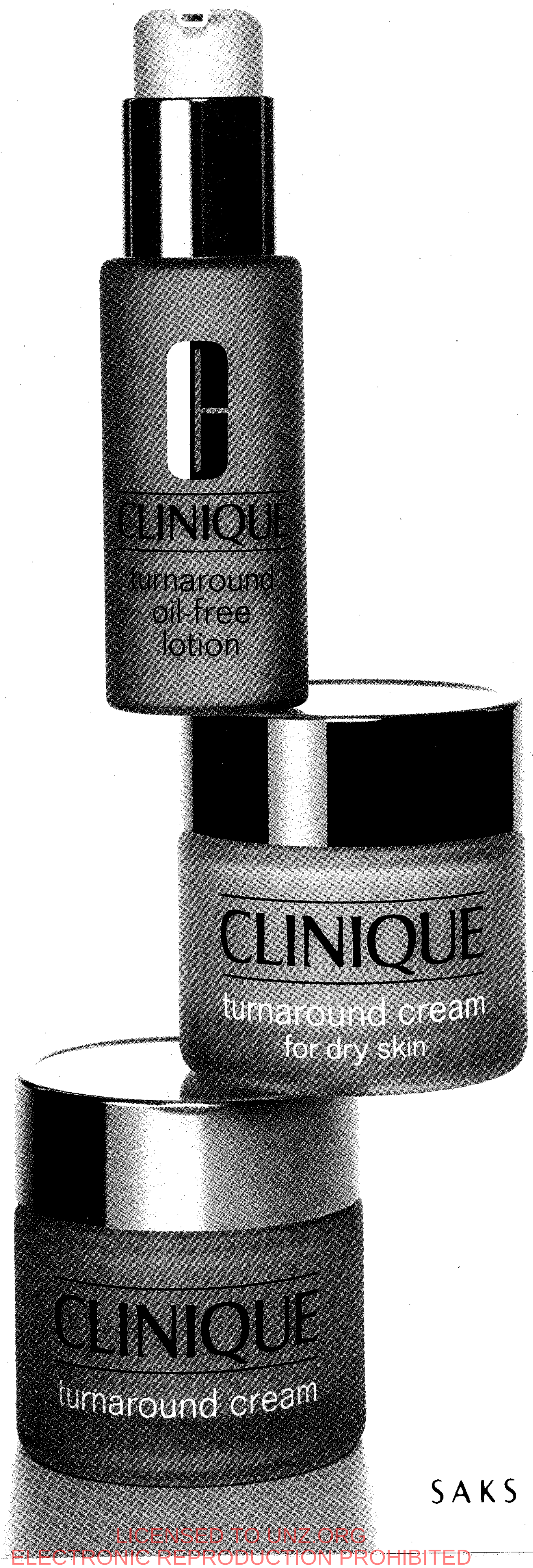
REGARDING YOUR ARTICLE ON THE NEW York Academy of Art, where I was chairman for eight years, you're wrong. No professor was ever fired. All second-year students are assigned one or two to a studio. My chairmanship was not only legal but reinforced by unanimous vote of the board in May 1994, six months before the meeting that Pivar is complaining about.

You're wrong to say that having an employee embezzle funds makes board members guilty of "negligence," much less "criminality." It is not unusual for organizations to be victimized by employees. Just ask the D.A. You're wrong about my responsibility "occurring" to me "for the first time," for any investigation of the facts reveals that I did everything a board chairman might be expected to do in the face of an embezzled treasury.

Dennis Smith
MANHATTAN

John Connolly responds: While it is true that Robert Montgomery's report was optimistic in regard to the Academy's future, the paraphrased section read "Record keeping, budgets, job descriptions, personnel policies, administrative infrastructures, and long-range plans—all features of mature institutions—have been neglected." As for Smith's points, longtime faculty were not asked back, and his chairmanship of eight years violated the by-laws limiting the chair to two consecutive two-year terms. It is true that "organizations can be victimized by employees," but it seems reasonable to me that a chief executive whose tiny organization had a sum equal to more than 25 percent of its "net assets" stolen might tender his resignation. ■

Correction The photo that accompanied the "Cue" essay on Chow Yun-Fat [Movies, April 29] was of his *Hard-Boiled* co-star Tony Leung, and not Chow.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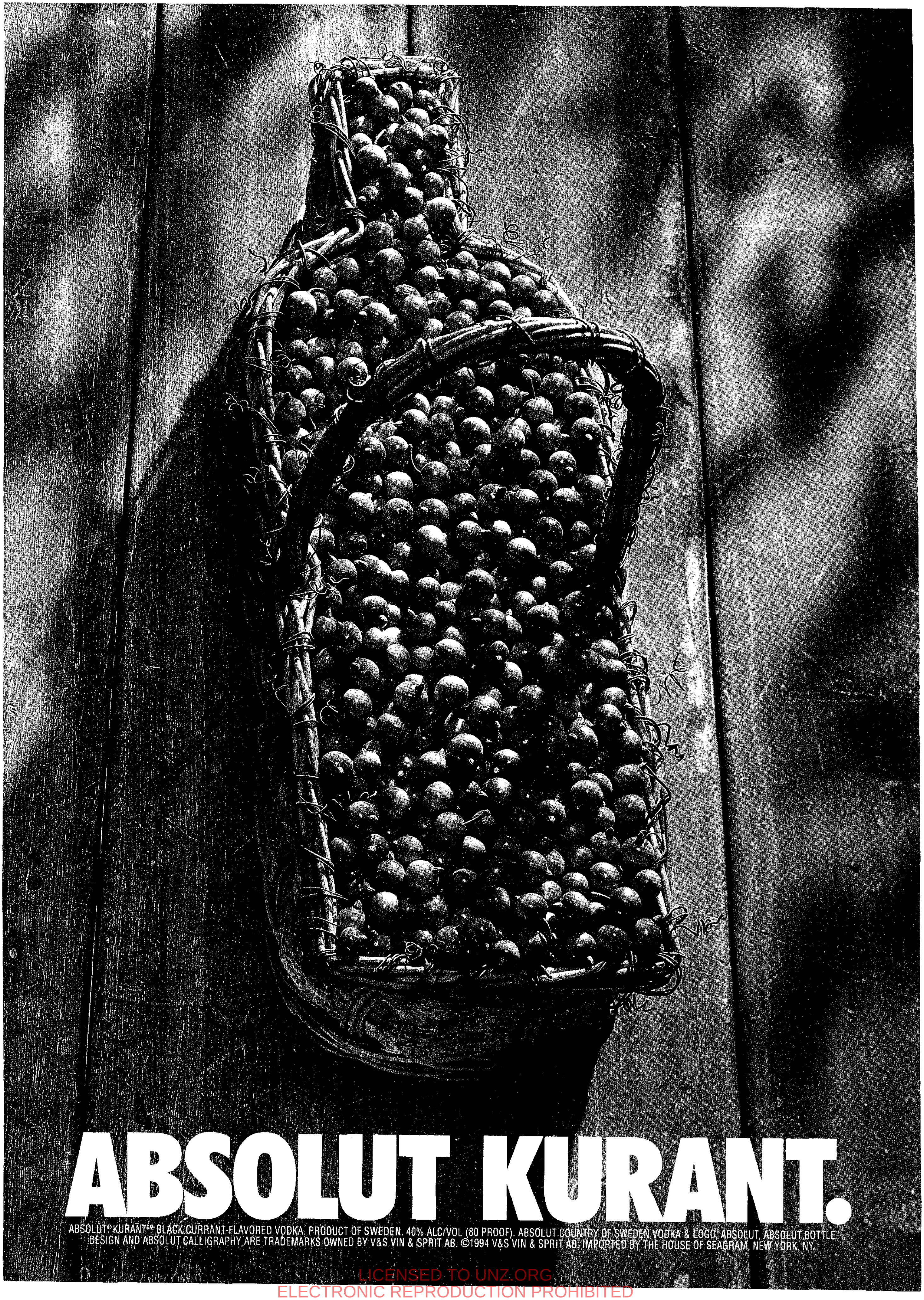

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

A SECOND CHANCE AT JUSTICE?

Mary Jo White

Mary Jo White, the U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York, was on the shortlist for attorney general three years ago, but look-alike **Janet Reno** edged her out for the job. Now Justice Department insiders are whispering that the 48-year-old prosecutor is being groomed to replace the embattled attorney general after the November elections. Reno, who announced last winter that she is suffering from Parkinson's disease, has had a rocky relationship with the White House, leading to speculation that she may soon leave the administration. President Clinton and his lawyer wife have made clear that they want the AG seat filled by a woman, and insiders claim that White has emerged as the leading candidate for the post. The prosecutor—who won a series of high-profile convictions stemming from the World Trade Center bombing—got the honor last month of introducing the president when he signed his anti-terrorism bill. And although White lives in New York with her husband, a partner at Cravath, Swaine & Moore, sources say she's been trekking to the capital so often that her chief deputy, **Matthew Fishbein,** has taken over day-to-day operation of the Southern District, an assertion that Fishbein denies. White emphatically dismisses the rumors and says that in fact, she's been flying to D.C. less frequently this year than last, when she was heading an advisory committee for Reno. "I'm U.S. Attorney here, and I have every intention of remaining U.S. Attorney here," she says. Reno's spokesman insists that she's not going anywhere; the White House did not return calls.

DONALD: THE LADY'S NOT A TRAMP

Donald Trump doesn't get mad, he gets even. So after New York's *Daily News* gleefully blared the sordid details of **Marla's** alleged late-night beach adventure with a hulkish Palm Beach bodyguard last week, the cantankerous casino owner retaliated by angrily pulling thousands of dollars in casino advertising scheduled to run in the paper. "As a matter of policy, we don't comment on what our advertisers do," says **Les Goodstein,** head of advertising at the *News.* Donald himself confirms that the tabloid's decision to splash Marla's romp on its front page prompted him to hit back where it hurts. "They took this ridiculous item and made it a front-page story in order to sell news," growls a Trump spokesperson. Though Donald has so far continued patronizing the *Post,* which in a rare display of restraint ran the story on page three, sources at the paper say Donald's tantrums are old news. "He's pulled his advertising here a couple of times in the past after unflattering stories," says one *Post* insider. "But then we run a nice story to appease him, and he starts advertising again."

Donald and Marla: Life's a beach

BARBRA STREISAND'S FREEWAY OF LOVE

Barbra Streisand has been throwing noses out of joint with her volatile temper for years, but a new book, excerpted in June's *Vanity Fair,* suggests that her prima donna antics pale in comparison with those of her ex-boyfriend **Jon Peters** and *his* ex-partner **Peter Guber.** In *Hit and Run: How Jon Peters and Peter Guber Took Sony for a Ride in Hollywood,* writers **Nancy Griffin** and **Kim Masters** chronicle the rise and fall of the pair responsible for *Rain Man* and *Batman,* and various pathological episodes along the way. Peters—a onetime hairdresser who reportedly began his career matching the color of prostitutes' pubic hair to the hue of their poodles' fur—is portrayed as a smarmy ladies' man who had tortured relationships with everyone from **Lesley Ann Warren** to **Kim Basinger.** But his relationship with the temperamental Streisand, the star of his first major project, *A Star Is Born,* may be his most enduring claim to fame. Some of the couple's more passionate moments include Peters's chasing Streisand around the Warner Bros. lot in a jealous rage over her hot-tub scene with **Kris Kristofferson** in *A Star Is Born* and an episode in which Streisand, stripped to the waist by Peters, "swung her leg up and pressed a stilettoed heel into his neck as he sped down the Hollywood Freeway." Former Sony Pictures chairman Guber, who for a time underwent a kind of business-couples' therapy with Peters, didn't fare too well with Streisand, either. According to the book, the singer complained that Guber "would call late at night and talk dirty to her on the phone."

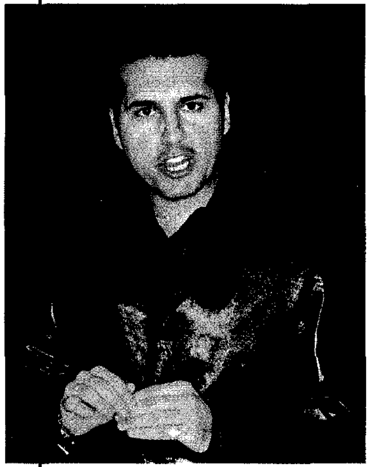
Barbra Streisand: Hold the calls!

MS. MAGAZINE'S ANNIVERSARY BLUES

As their magazine approaches its twenty-fifth anniversary, editors at *Ms.* aren't exactly celebrating—instead, they're angrily firing away at the magazine's beleaguered owner, **Dale Lang.** In a rather remarkable letter circulated to three freelance writers working for *Ms.* and obtained by *New York,* the magazine urges stiffed writers to call the accounting department of its parent company—and throw a fit. "[Lang Communications] is continuing its

Photographs: left and top right, J.L. Bulcao/Gamma-Liaison; center right, Steve Sands/Outline.

Tama Janowitz:
China girl



A. J. Benza:
Literary lion

BREAKING THE UMBILICAL KORDA

Glossy power editor **Michael Korda** is a longtime master at working the press, but he's taking drastic measures to silence his only child, **Chris,** who seems to have inherited papa's gift for self-promotion. Evidently horrified by all the press attention that the Reverend Chris Korda's quirky Church of Euthanasia has been attracting, the elder Korda responded by siccing a lawyer on his 33-year-old son. "[Michael Korda's] lawyer called Chris and said, 'You're causing your parents a lot of pain and suffering,' " reports a source close to the situation, adding that the attorney demanded that Chris—a cross-dressing vegetarian and theoretical cannibal who insists on being referred to as "she"—either stop giving interviews or adopt a pseudonym until Michael retires from Simon & Schuster. The tactic seems to have worked: Reached by *New York,* Chris Korda adamantly refused to discuss her father, her father's work, or their relationship. But the Reverend has also refused to curtail her activities on behalf of the church, a Yippie-like Boston-based organization that is spearheading a write-in presidential campaign for the Unabomber. Despite the phone call, Chris has no hard feelings. "He says really nice things about both his parents," the source continues. Michael Korda did not return calls.

practice of not releasing payments," the letter warns. "It has been our experience that the writers/vendors who have voiced their objections the loudest and/or threatened lawsuits, received payment." It adds, "At this stage of the game you are entitled to proceed with filing a claim as the piece has already been published and is in breach of contract." Chronically cash-strapped and in search of a financial lifeline, Lang has been approaching potential buyers, including former *Inc.* publisher **Jay Macdonald.** Unless and until a deal is worked out, the profitable *Ms.* and the other three Lang publications, *Success, Working Woman,* and *Working Mother,* are facing dire straits, and sources say that the magazines' editors, unable to commission fresh material, are at wit's end. A spokesperson for Lang acknowledges the problem, blaming the company's woes on paper costs. "Have we not been paying recently? Yes," she admits, "but I don't think that's going to last much longer."

BRINGING BACK BABY; PULP FRICTION

AND THEN THERE'S MAUDE: **Tama Janowitz** will shortly have her hands full with more than her fifth novel. The author and her husband, **Tim Hunt,** are off to China to adopt an 8-month-old baby girl. "I really felt moved by the story of the Chinese babies, because only a boy baby can give status, so the girls are simply abandoned," says Janowitz. "I wanted to name her Lily, but that's the name of my dog, and Tim simply won't have the little girl go by the same name. Then we thought of Maude, but when we meet her she may not be a Maude." So far, the couple has seen only a photo of the baby, but they feel confident she's meant to be their daughter. "The other couples' babies were all smiling, but ours had this tough, sulky expression, and I thought, *Yes, that one is mine.*"

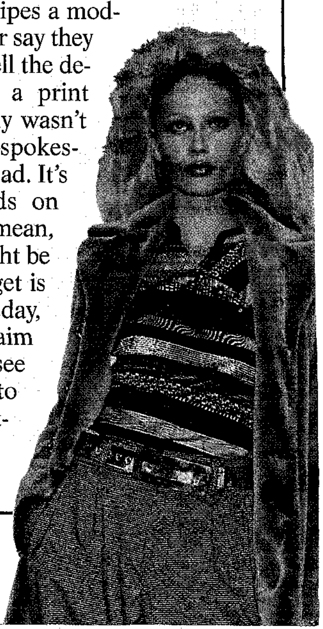
STUDIO 86'D: **Ian Schrager** can't escape the ghost of Studio 54. Soon after the owners of the defunct club announced that they were razing the building and throwing a demolition party, Schrager's office was flooded with requests for invitations to the event, including a plea from **Larry King.** "I've gotten a tremendous amount of calls. Everyone seems to be enamored of Studio 54 but me," groans Schrager. "Studio is in the past. It almost destroyed me and Steve [Rubell]. There's nothing in it that's of *any* interest to me."

BENZA-DREAM: Self-involved Runyonesque *Daily News* gossip **A. J. Benza** is branching out with a work of fiction. His first jaunt into *le monde littéraire*? "My *Bright Lights, Big City,*" he boasts. "Stories about lust from a heterosexual man who lives in the fast lane." However, Benza had better not give up his day job anytime soon. Sources say his test for a nascent E! channel cable talk show tanked so badly, E! executives decided to scrap the project.

Additional reporting by Matt Pincus and Maria Ricapito.

RALPH LAUREN'S CATWALK RUNAWAY

Is supermodel **Kirsty Hume** too cool for her own good? Sources claim the **Donovan Leitch**–dating blonde beauty, prominently featured in **Ralph Lauren's** print campaign, is petulantly biting the hand that feeds her, refusing to do Lauren's recent runway show on the grounds that, well, he just isn't *groovy* enough. Like other supermodels of her ilk, Kirsty reportedly spurned high-paying blue-chip shows like Lauren and **Bill Blass** to strut for hip designers like **Anna Sui** and **Marc Jacobs** in exchange for clothes and cachet. "It's a trend," snipes a modeling-world insider. "These girls never say they don't want to do a show. They just tell the designers that they are busy doing a print shoot." And our Kirsty? "She simply wasn't available," says a Ralph Lauren spokeswoman. "She was booked for a print ad. It's hard to make scheduling demands on models who aren't under contract. I mean, if it was **Bridget Hall** doing this we might be a little incensed." But it seems Bridget is being a little difficult too. Last Tuesday, the pouty 18-year-old filed a claim against Bidermans, the former licensee of Ralph Lauren Women's Wear—to ensure that the company's bankruptcy proceedings won't wipe out her payment.



Kirsty Hume:
She's booked

Photographs: top to bottom, Kathy Banks/Sygma; Stephanie Pfriender/Outline; M. Gerber/LGI.

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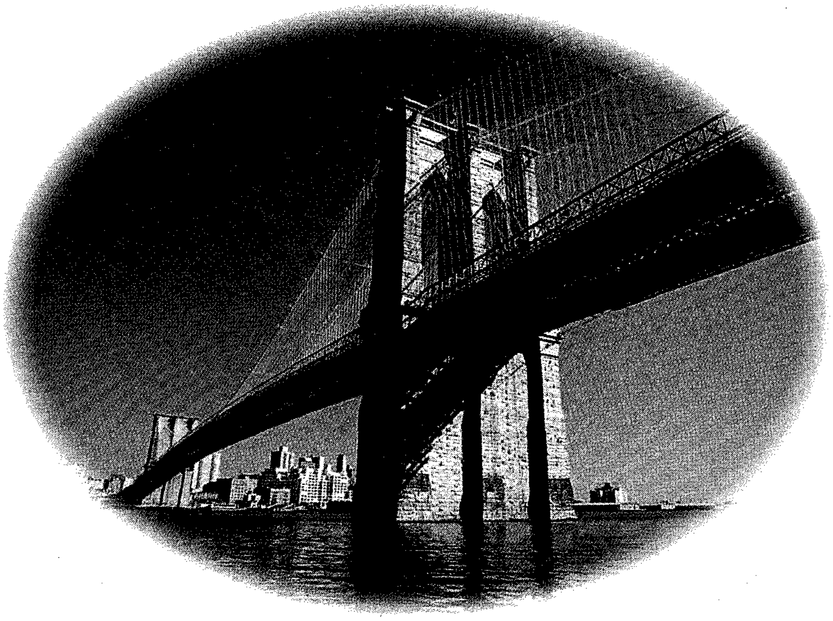

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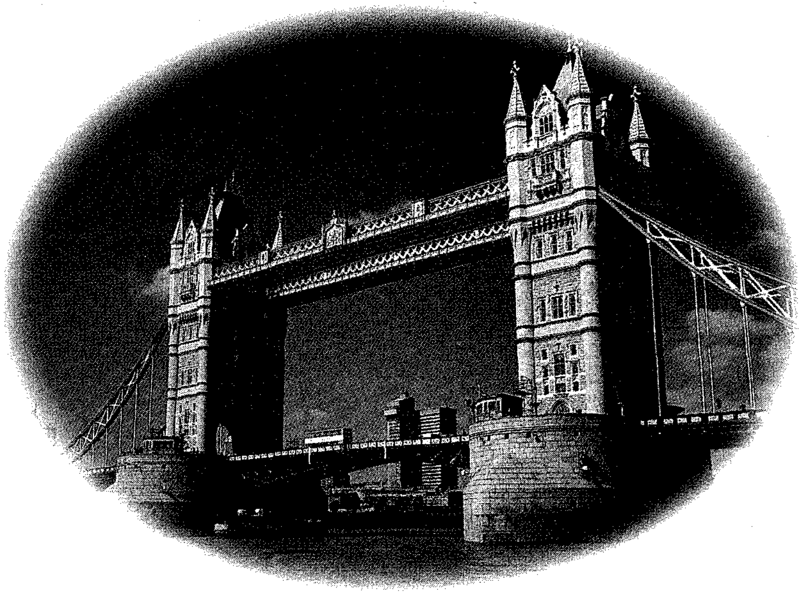

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THE FRONT PAGE

Free Show

New York is the low-cost-entertainment capital of the world.

Is there any better entertainment value than New York City? Oh, sure, the cost of dinner and a show in Manhattan is roughly the monthly rent on a two-bedroom colonial in Waycross, Georgia, but then, Waycross is in a swamp. And we've got gators, too.

And, yeah, a cup of coffee may run you $1.85, but for only two bits more you can get the New York *Post,* and if you're feeling flush, another four bits will get you the *Daily News,* which has better comics and some international news. On any single day, these two reality-based journals offer more laughs and shudders and shrieks, for pennies apiece, than any big movie-based musical to open on Broadway in the past two weeks. They are able to offer this tremendous value because New York's greatest players all perform free of charge.

Donald Trump. The court jester of his own kingdom put in a wickedly funny appearance last week, insisting that his much younger second wife was not frolicking but urinating with her bodyguard on a Florida beach at 4 A.M. While he might have been expected to capitalize on the Princess Di parallel, Trump is an unpredictable performer and chose instead to play the role of indignant husband. "This whole thing is a bunch of garbage," the *Post* quoted him as telling a TV producer. "No, I won't give you an interview." Hilarious! Mrs. Trump, whose bladder alibi was interesting, also got off a good one. "I'm sorry," she said, rushing away from a reporter. "I have to run off to be with my hubby."

Abe Hirschfeld. A cult performer in media and real-estate circles, he appears to be making a play for a wider fan base. The man who once kissed Pete Hamill full on the mouth insisted last week that *Open Air P.M.,* his afternoon paper based on a parking garage, will debut as planned next week. What's more, it won't contain retail advertisements but will be financed entirely by vanity obituaries. "People could put in any kind of picture of their loved one," a source told the *News.* "And write whatever they wanted." Reporters could also write whatever they wanted, as long as they picked from a list of topics supplied by Hirschfeld. "I know from my life working as a builder that editors hamper the job," he explained, and it's hard to argue with that. Just as well, because when Hirschfeld ordered his editors to stop reading the stories, they quit.

Madonna. She was out of town last week, and so filling in as performance tart was old hand Bo Derek. The sexpot of yore was in Manhattan Federal Court arguing that when she took $250,000 from WarnerVision to make an erotic video, she agreed to be nude for twelve minutes, not to be *dirty.* "Suddenly, what was to be a very nice tasteful video became something completely different," her lawyer said, accusing the Time Warner company of having a "prurient interest" in his client.

Now, *that's* bargain entertainment! With a double bonus: Most towns have only one village idiot.

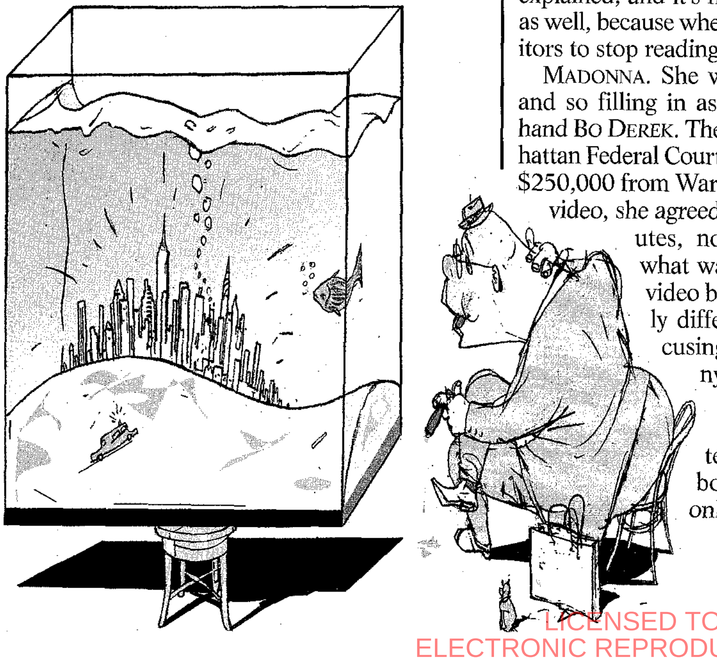
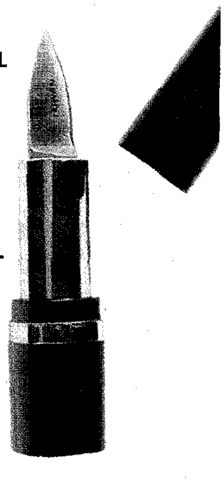


Illustration by Istvan Banyai.

ART TARTARE When London's White Cube gallery shipped *"Some Comfort Gained,"* an installation featuring two cows preserved in formaldehyde, to Larry Gagosian Gallery for a show, they figured it would shock, perhaps offend—but violate the U.S. ban on British beef? "It took two days to convince [U.S. Customs] that it should be classified as a work of art and not food, that this major sculptural piece wasn't going to enter the food chain. . . . They said they'd like to *come back to the gallery on a* few occasions while the show was up. We said that was fine."—Julia Royse, White Cube's co-director

MEIN CULPA Why did Barricade Books, which proudly hawks the white-supremacist *The Turner Diaries* as "a blueprint for Oklahoma City," turn down the chance to publish the allegedly crypto-Nazi Goebbels biography that St. Martin's just killed? "Because it's not doing a public service. I mean, maybe I could have made a little money, but that's not what I'm about. . . . You're not enlightening anybody by saying, 'Hey, here's a guy that hates Jews.' "—Publisher Lyle Stuart, who added that, on the other hand, he "absolutely" would have published *Mein Kampf*

IF LIPS COULD KILL This nasty little item turned up during a Park Slope robbery arrest. With cops—and, presumably, Helmut Newton—scouring the city for more ever since, it's fast becoming New York's hottest new beauty product.



Education

WHY JOHNNY'S MOM AND DAD CAN'T VOTE

THE SCHOOL BOARD COULD SURELY USE Siew Chan Fong Lau. She is the mother of Nelson, 9, and Adeline, 8, both in public school. She works with kids and parents as a Head Start family counselor on the Lower East Side. She volunteers as secretary of the P.S. 20 parents' association, using her fluency in Mandarin and Cantonese to help other Chinese families navigate the school system. "A lot of questions they do not ask because they are afraid, because of the language," she said last week, sitting in a cramped office at the University Settlement on Eldridge Street. "I think if I am on the board, I can help the Asian parents more."

Lau won't be getting that chance; she isn't even running in Tuesday's election. But what kept Lau off the ballot in Community School District 1 wasn't apathy, the conventional-wisdom explanation for the record low number of school-board candidates this year. It was the Board of Education itself, which, aided by New York's anti-democratic election laws, has been systematically ensuring the very lack of parental involvement it has been professing to bemoan.

"I learned a big lesson," Lau said.

Lau was one of 100 board hopefuls who were bounced off the ballot this year; more than one of every six candidates who filed were disqualified for one reason or another. Lau's case is telling, in illustrating both the city's Kafkaesque election rules and the less-than-cooperative relationship between the Boards of Education ("That's the Board of Elections's responsibility") and Elections ("We never got the list of names back from the Board of Education").

Some chalked Lau's experience up to the usual bureaucratic nightmare: "History tells us there are major problems with the parent-voting system," said city-schools investigator Edward F. Stancik. "[The system] is ridiculous and it should be abolished," added Ayo Harrington, president of the United Parents Associations of NYC. Others offer a more malign explanation.

"Is it possible that something nefarious may have happened?" said Assemblyman Steven Sanders, chairman of the Assembly's education committee. "Sure, it's possible."

Here's what happened to Lau. Last January, she decided to run for the neighborhood board in Community School District 1. Since Lau's family lives in Chinatown, just outside the district, she had to register as a "parent-voter" with the Board of Elections, delivering something called a "blue form" verifying that her children went to school in that district. Lau did this, and proceeded to gather signatures, many from other Chinatown parent-voters, whose children go to District 1 schools.

PULSE

The Price of Jackie's Fame, to the Last Penny

Based on the more than 1,300 lots of possessions auctioned off over four frenzied days last month, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's value to collectors can now be definitively calculated.

Fifty-nine lots sold for more than 100 times the high estimates Sotheby's calculated before the auction.

The most undervalued lot before the sale was a set of MacGregor woods, which went for 858.33 times the Sotheby's high estimate of $900. They were bought by JFK's nephew-in-law Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Of the twenty lots that went for the most times their estimates, six were JFK's golf equipment, four were Jackie's costume jewelry, three had Jackie monograms, two were photos of drawings of Jackie and JFK, and one was inscribed to JFK from Milton Berle.

The most *over*valued lot before the auction was a nineteenth-century gouache painting of an Indian ruler walking with his mistress while smoking a hookah, which went for $23,000, $7,000 less than Sotheby's high estimate.

Of the six items that went for less than their high estimates, five were the sorts of things auction houses sell all the time—drawings or paintings without any Kennedys in them, and a Louis XVI–style sofa.

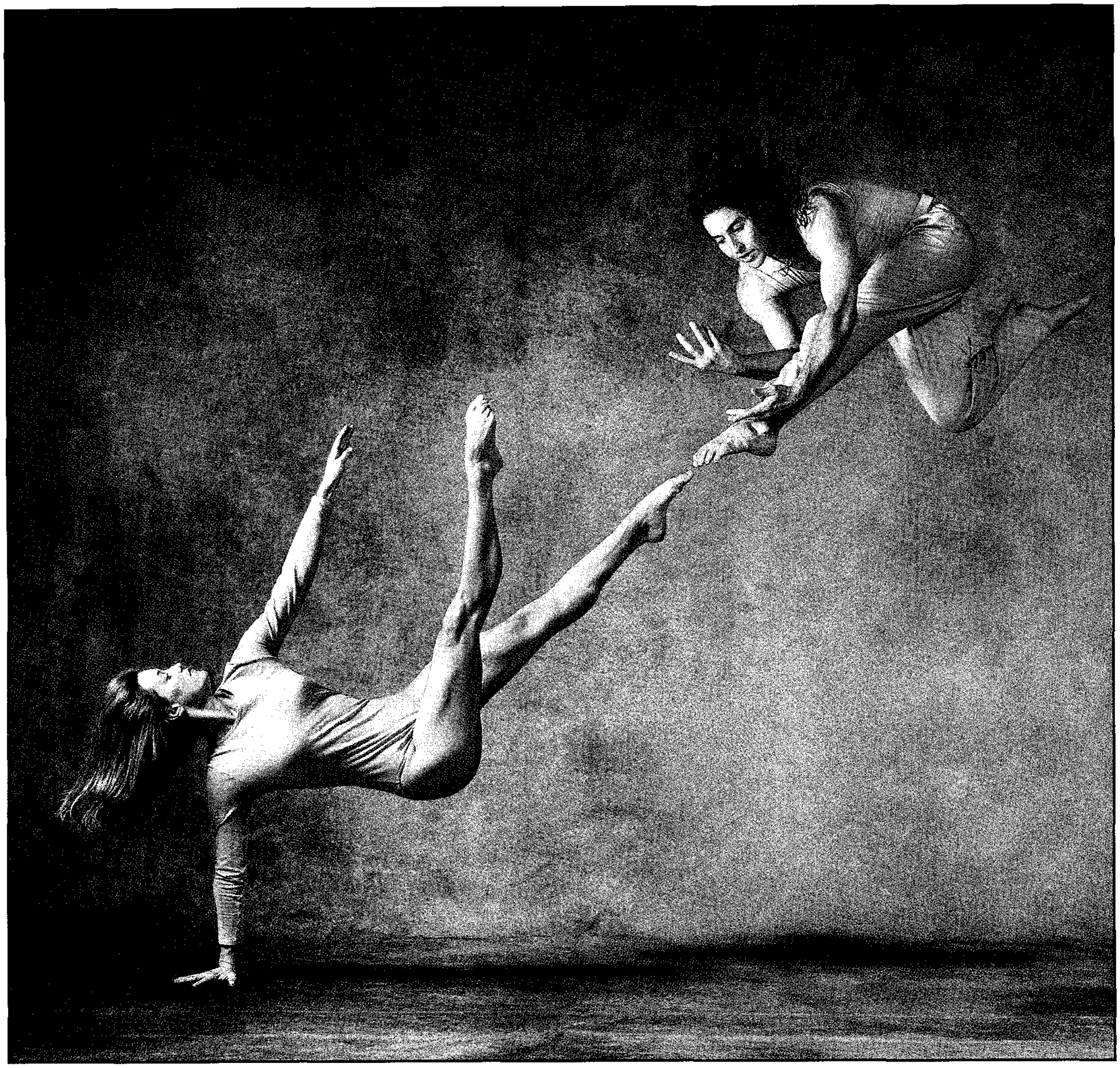
Items that a Kennedy was known to have sat on (Jackie's three saddles, JFK's two rocking chairs, Caroline's stool and rocking horse, and John-John's high chair) went for 101.8 times the high estimates.

The average lot went for 29.34 times the high estimate.

Jackie added an average of $57,500 to the price of each lot.

Based on sales figures supplied by Sotheby's.

Illustration by Stephen Kroninger.



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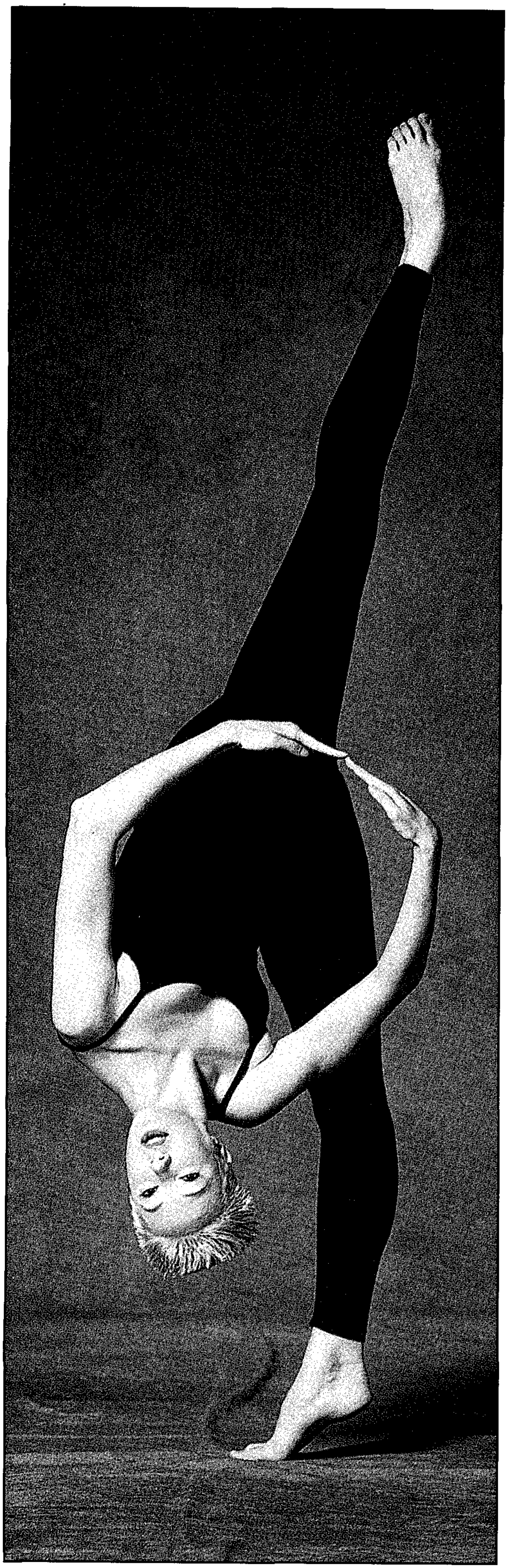

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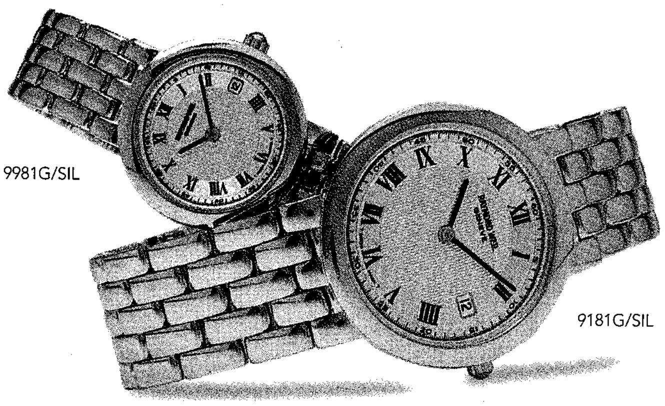
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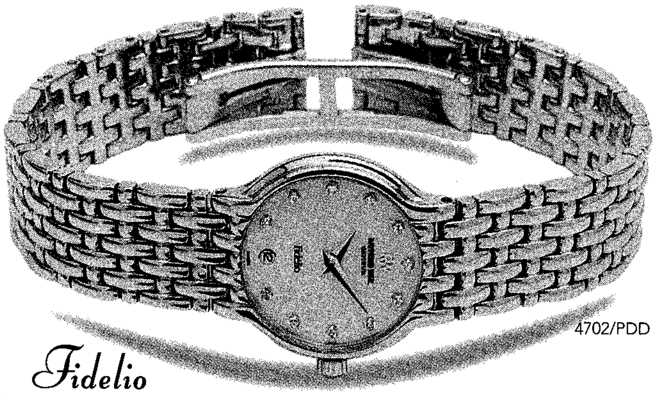
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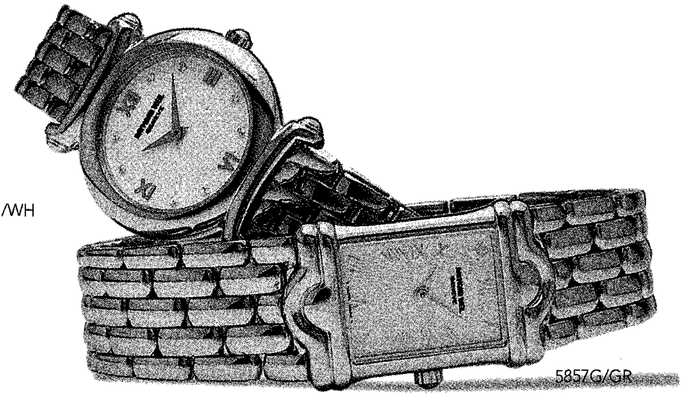
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Lau maintains she signed up more than 700 eligible voters; only 200 are required to get on the ballot. For the more than 500 parent-voters who signed her petition, Lau says she delivered the required blue forms to the Board of Elections, which was supposed to compile a list of all eligible voters and send it to the Board of Ed. But when Lau's opponents challenged the validity of the signatures in March, many of the names did not show up on the election board's computers. And the blue forms could not be found. Election officials thus deemed 680 names invalid—that is, practically all of Lau's signatories—and Lau was dropped from the ballot. A Board of Elections spokeswoman said she was probably not the only prospective candidate to suffer such a fate, though she could not say how many others might have been affected.

"What you have," said schools investigator Stancik, "is a kind of wholesale disenfranchisement of legitimate parent-voters while the door is opened wide to fraudulent voters."

Back in 1993, Stancik wrote a report on school elections that concluded, "Before the 1996 election, nothing short of a complete overhaul of the process is in order." Did that overhaul occur? "I'm not in a position to say," Stancik said last week. "There's already stuff that we are looking into, and on election day, we are going to be *very* active."

Ironically, even people who have benefited from the current system are quick to criticize it as unfair.

"It's a screwy system," said Dolores Schaefer, the current District 1 board chair, who, though not a candidate for re-election, mounted a challenge to Lau's petitions on behalf of political allies. Schaefer, though, has few regrets about bouncing Lau. "I'd love to see it change to have access to the ballot be really easy," she said. "But you have to try to make the system work for you."

ED SHANAHAN

Business

MONOPOLY NOSTALGIA

ON JANUARY 20, THE TELEPHONE AREA code for several Chicago suburbs was changed from 708 to 847. There was a three-month grace period during which one could use either area code, but for the past two weeks, anyone calling a number in those areas using 708 got a recording: *The area code you have dialed has been changed to 847. Please hang up and dial again.*

However, anyone dialing again from the 212 or 718 areas using the new area code got the following recording: *We're*

MOVIES

Man in the White Hair

The door to the Pink Pony swung open, and there, standing against a gray rain, was the figure of a tall man in black jeans, black shirt, and black boots. His white hair stuck straight up from his head.

Jim Jarmusch swaggered over to the bar and asked for the bathroom key.

"I like the weather in New York," he said later, as the rain spat outside. He was sitting at a rickety table in the front of this downtown café, his favorite.

"I know the owners of this place," he said. There's no sign outside the Pink Pony, but there is a boutique in back that sells big-eyed oil paintings.

A man approached the table: "I know that hair." The hair was snow-white, vertically gelled. There were also large white rectangles of sideburns barely visible against a hard white face.

Jim Jarmusch pointed to a makeshift wooden shelf, barren except for a half-dozen multicolored wax skulls. "They used to have magazines there, but I guess people ripped them off," he said.

He ordered an English Breakfast tea. With milk.

"Do you think I should wear a tie?" he asked, referring to a screening of *Dead Man* that was to take place at Lincoln Center in three hours. No, he was told, you look exactly right.

And then Jim Jarmusch, the most downtown of downtown filmmakers, the man who practically invented New York independent film in 1984 with *Stranger Than Paradise,* the man who directed an entire movie that takes place in taxicabs, talked about making his first Western.

"I was going for a kind of psychedelic rhythm," he said, explaining why *Dead Man* sometimes feels like it was made under the influence of the peyote that is prominently featured in it. "In a Western, I like the off-the-wall kind of shit, the Acid Westerns."

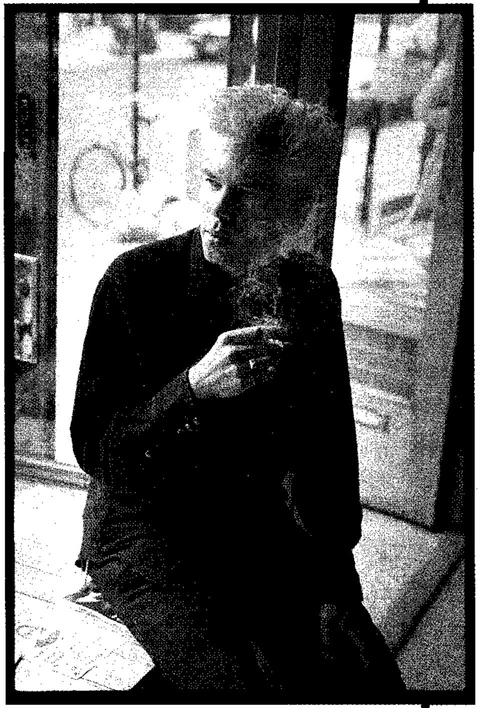
Friends stopped by to say hello. They wore vintage clothes and scuffed boots.

"I'm generally not a big fan of the Western," he said, "[but] I do like the allegorical frame of the genre. I like the notion of a man going out west, where life gets less and less civilized."

He talked about his guns. They're all legal but probably inappropriate in the city, he admitted.

"Unless you live in the woods and have to kill a rabid animal, what's the point? Though nobody's taking my shotgun away from me, or my .22 rifle. I have that right."

Jim Jarmusch raised his voice only once, when the Janis Joplin on the jukebox got too loud.



Jim Jarmusch at the Pink Pony.

He talked about how maybe it was time to move on. "New York City is in my soul; it's like a lover you once had. I will always remember and love New York City," he said, already drifting toward the past tense.

"I run my business here, and it's very expensive. To be honest, I have thought about leaving," he said. "Maybe New Orleans or Oregon—maybe Ireland."

Jim Jarmusch had to go. He walked out into the rain, hopped into a large black car, and rode off.

DAVID BOURGEOIS

Photograph by Catherine McGann.

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CALL NO. 1, TO AN AT&T LONG-DISTANCE OPERATOR: "That's a problem with your local carrier. NYNEX has not programmed its computers to accept the new area code."

CALL NO. 2, TO CHRIS PIRO, NYNEX TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE: "That's ridiculous. It's not us. We don't have to do anything when another area code splits unless it's here, and this is not here, you know what I'm saying?"

CALL NO. 3, TO SALLY SHERWOOD, AT&T CORPORATE COMMUNICATIONS: "I have a suggestion for you. I know this sounds weird. You know how every building has a PBX—a phone system in your building that allows you to call from one of your offices to another by just dialing an extension? Sometimes [the building] does not program the PBXs to accept a brand-new area code."

[Upon being informed that the call would not go through even when dialed from a nonbusiness line, Sherwood referred *New York* to another AT&T representative.]

CALL NO. 4, TO VIRGINIA GOLD, AT&T MEDIA-RELATIONS DIRECTOR: "Ameritech, which is the local company [in Illinois], switched the code late last year. There have been quite a few problems. You know, switches and things that didn't quite work. Partly because the number does not contain either a *0* or a *1* in the area code, which most other area codes do. So it's a local switch problem as opposed to a long-distance problem because the call has to go through that switch to be connected to another area code."

CALL NO. 5, TO LISA KIM, AMERITECH MEDIA-RELATIONS MANAGER: "We are the experts on this; we have troubleshooted a lot of these calls, and a lot of times it turns out that it is *the long-distance carrier* that is having the trouble. Some of the long-distance companies have been waiting until the last minute to change to the new area code."

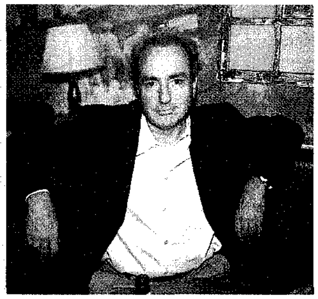
CALL NO. 6, TO AT&T'S VIRGINIA GOLD AGAIN: "Okay, I'm told by the folks that run our Worldwide Intelligent Network that when area codes are changed, it's a major event because all the switches in the world have to be updated for universal service to be achieved. AT&T only has 136 switches; for us, it's fairly simple. The problem is that all the local exchange companies around the country, and that's not just the seven Bell companies but the hundreds of independents, all have to reprogram their switches as well. So if you're calling from New York, it could very well be a NYNEX problem."

NORMAN VANAMEE

A Brooklyn Don

At the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Spring Gala, for the American premiere of the Comédie-Française production of Molière's 'Don Juan.'

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan



Top, Isabella Rossellini and theater director Gregory Mosher at Tunnel for *Interview's* party for *I Shot Andy Warhol.* Above, *Saturday Night Live* producer Lorne Michaels at Pravda.

THOSE WHO FIND NO CHARM IN THE OFT-observed French flair for the dramatic did well to avoid BAM last Tuesday night, where an evening of Molière was fêted with all the grandeur of a coronation. Of course, the performers in question are part of the oldest theater company in the world, the pet project of Louis XIV, the pride of its nation. To honor so august an institution's return to New York after seventeen years, a host of French dignitaries traversed the Atlantic Ocean, some of the city's most celebrated chefs traversed rivalries to collaborate on the festival meal, and several hundred fashionable Manhattanites traversed the East River to alight, in full regalia, just off Flatbush Avenue.

Presenting the play centuries and continents from its original context, in what Ambassador François Bujon de l'Estang referred to as "this Babylon of modern times that New York is," required a somewhat more difficult transition. Surtitles were updated from classical French all the way into Brooklynese (" 'Want to bet on it?' says I" read one), but for the play's broader cultural significance, such equivalents were not so easily found. After all, as François Payard, the pastry chef at Daniel, pointed out over dessert, "You can't compare French to American—but then again, you can't compare New York to America."

"BAM is New York and it's not New York," mused author Annie Cohen-Solal, complicating matters further. Whatever the case, she based her prediction of *Don Juan's* success on these shores upon one not-so-philosophical observation: "New York is full of that kind of guy."

Behind BAM's banquet: Left to right, top row, Eric Ripert of Le Bernardin and Laurent Manrique of Peacock Alley; bottom row, Charles Tutino of Capsouto Frères, Daniel Boulud of Daniel, Jean-Louis Dumonet of Trois Jean, and Erik Maillard of La Caravelle.

At the Literacy Partners Evening of Readings: Above right, Stephen King and Barbara Bush; right, original *Cosmo* girl Helen Gurley Brown kicks it up near Andrew Stein and photographer Barbara Vaughn. Far right, Paul Newman at the PEN Literary Gala, presenting the PEN/Newman's Own First Amendment Award to St. Louis schoolteacher Cissy Lacks.

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Antonella Ansal
Age: 1

I'd like to vote for Clinton, but as far as I can tell he hasn't really done anything. I guess that leaves Dole.

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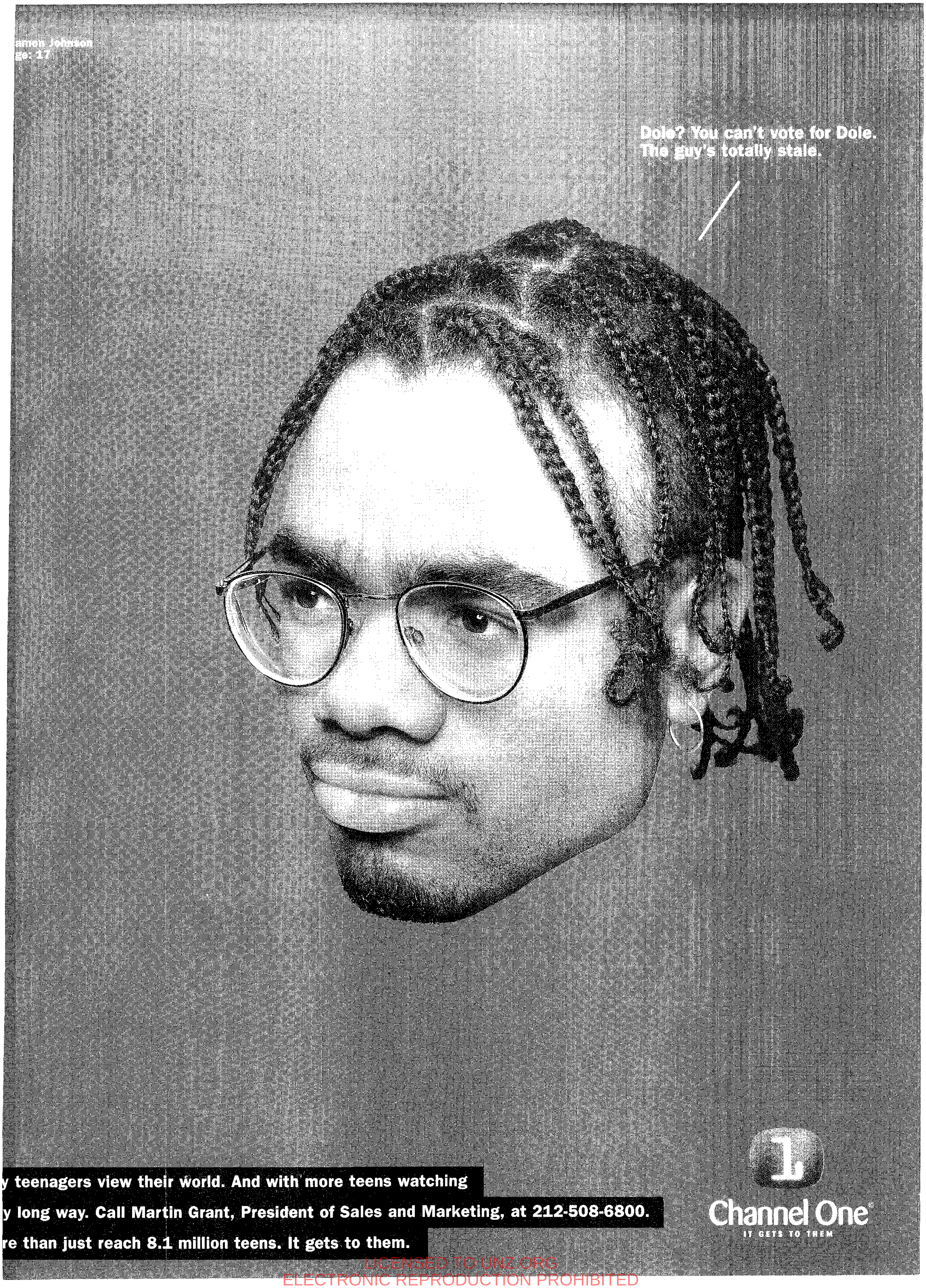
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THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

Deeply Conflicted

Don't buy the hysteria over Kenneth Starr's alleged conflicts of interest. It's little more than an election-year game of spin and counterspin.

I USED TO LIVE IN FEAR THAT someone would ask me to explain, in twenty words or less, what the Whitewater scandal was all about. No longer; I now have my answer ready: Whitewater is a game in which liberals and conservatives take turns tagging each other with having "conflicts of interest." Let's review. Because presidents face—you guessed it—a conflict of interest in investigating themselves, Congress passed the independent-counsel law after Watergate. But thanks to congressional Republicans, who blamed the last independent counsel, Lawrence Walsh, for turning Iran-contra into an interminable partisan witch-hunt, the law was allowed to expire. So in early 1994, when Bill Clinton yielded to pressure to request a special counsel to investigate Whitewater, it fell to his attorney general, Janet Reno, to pick somebody herself. Reno chose Robert Fiske, a well-regarded moderate Republican who had held Rudy Giuliani's old job as the Manhattan federal prosecutor.

Starr chambered: The special prosecutor's bias is unfortunate—but not unethical.

So far, so good. But almost immediately after Fiske started work, the same Republicans who had been clamoring for Reno to name a special prosecutor began to complain that he wasn't really independent because he had been appointed by an appointee of the president—Conflict No. 1. And after Fiske announced preliminary conclusions that were marginally exculpatory of the Clintons (Vince Foster committed suicide for reasons unrelated to Whitewater), Republicans raised new objections. Fiske's firm had once represented International Paper, a huge company that once sold land to the Whitewater Development Corporation—Conflict No. 2. How this rather faint connection might have influenced Fiske either way no one ever bothered to explain. When the Independent Counsel law was subsequently renewed by Congress in 1994, Republican senators petitioned the U.S. Court of Appeals to select a new independent counsel. The three-judge panel followed this advice, replacing Fiske with Kenneth Starr, Bush's solicitor general and a former Reagan appointee to the U.S. Court of Appeals.

Next, it was the turn of the Clinton partisans. Soon after the appointment, they began lamenting that the panel that picked Starr had its own covert loyalties. David Sentelle, one of the judges on the panel, had previously been spotted in the Senate dining room lunching with his political patron, Jesse Helms, and the other right-wing North Carolina senator, Lauch Faircloth, a vocal advocate of replacing Fiske—Conflict No. 3. (Sentelle's wife, it was also noted, promptly got a job in Faircloth's office.) Starr, Democrats contended, was an ideological extremist with an ax to grind against the president. Most recently, Joe Conason and Murray Waas decried in *The Nation* Starr's continuing work for a variety of clients with conservative interests—Conflict No. 4. Most seriously, the authors charged, Starr had considered prosecuting top officials of the Resolution Trust Corporation while those same officials were suing Starr's law firm, Kirkland & Ellis, over an unrelated matter. Before long, the New York *Times*'s editorial page picked up these allegations and called for Starr to give up his private clients.

Somewhat predictably, conservatives responded by alleging Conflict No. 5: The accusations against Starr were themselves the fruit of conflicts of interest. According to the Murdoch-owned *Weekly Standard,* it was really the White House that was pushing the Starr-conflict story. The *Wall Street Journal* editorial page, as always roundhousing wildly, asserted various sub-conflicts as well: Journalist Jane Mayer, who had written a story about Starr and the conflict issue for *The New Yorker,* failed to mention that she herself had had a previous run-in with Starr's firm. Acting on behalf of a client, Kirkland & Ellis had forced her to retract a detail in the book she co-wrote about Clarence Thomas and Anita Hill.

All that remains now is for the Democrat-aligned anti-Starr forces to figure out how those accusing them of unfairly accusing Starr are pursuing subterranean meta-agendas of their own. And indeed this is already happening. Conason has accused the Washington *Post* of not picking up his *Nation* story because Starr once ruled in the *Post*'s favor in a 1987 libel case (Conflict No. 6a). The *Wall Street Journal* wouldn't print a letter Conason wrote to the editor because it is in league with Starr (Conflict No. 6b). Conason has further suggested that Sam Dash, a Democrat who acts as a consultant to Starr, and has accused Conason of misquoting him, has a conflict in his role as "ethics counselor," because he is being paid $3,200 a week by Starr for his advice (Conflict No. 6c). The conflict-of-interest adviser has a conflict of interest! When I spoke to Conason last week, he alleged that National Public Radio had killed the Starr story because it was afraid that Senator Larry Pressler would cut off its funding (Conflict No. 6d).

To all of which one can only say: *Stop the madness.* The explanation for this cascade of conflict allegations is pretty obvi-

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.

ous. It's a pregame skirmish. If Starr tries to indict the First Lady (whose fingerprints were discovered, B-movie-style, on the lost-and-found Rose Law Firm–Madison billing records, *Newsweek* reported last week), and especially if he acts before the election, Clintonites will have evidence handy to charge him with political bias. Conservatives are trying to discredit the discreditors, in hopes of blunting the expected administration attacks.

The irony in all this is that none of Starr's conflicts of interest are actual. "Insofar as conflict of interest is defined by the ethical rules of the legal profession, I don't think there's any conflict of interest at all," says David Luban, who holds a joint appointment in law and philosophy at the University of Maryland. Geoffrey Hazard at the University of Pennsylvania law school concurs. "I don't think they are conflicts," he says of Starr's non-Whitewater work, "merely matters of prudence on his part." Hazard says Starr would have been wise to fully disclose who his clients were. An even more decisive step toward the appearance of purity, which would have cost him his $1.1 million-a-year partner's salary (but earned him the even more valuable respect of Joe Conason), would be to drop all his client work and recognize that the Little Rock assignment is full-time. But by not doing this, Starr isn't technically doing anything wrong.

On the issue of the Resolution Trust Corporation, the charge made against Starr is far more serious than mere conflict of interest. If the independent counsel were abusing his position by trying to intimidate regulators going after his firm, he would be guilty of a criminal offense. But Conason and Waas notwithstanding, there is no reason to believe the two things were in any way connected, or that Starr is dissembling when he says he did not know that the RTC was seeking a judgment against Kirkland & Ellis, a 500-lawyer firm. When he found out last year, Starr offered to recuse himself on the RTC bit of the Whitewater investigation, but Dash told him he didn't have to.

By focusing on ethical minutiae, we miss the obvious question of why the highly partisan Starr was picked as independent counsel in the first place. If Starr errs on the side of prosecutorial excess in going after the Clintons, it will be not because it abets his clients in the tobacco industry and elsewhere but because it squares with everything he believes, and with his own ambition to be named to the Supreme Court by President Dole. Even if Starr exhibits the utmost professionalism, his ideological baggage means that his findings will be automatically mistrusted—if he decides the Clintons did nothing wrong, many will suspect that Starr wanted to burnish his reputation as a judicial mandarin. But however poor a choice he was, it is hardly his fault that he was chosen.

So let's lay off Starr. Demonizing opponents by conflating issues of perception with genuine misdeeds may be fun in the short run, but it sets an unworkable standard for the future. Lawyers stopped using the "appearance" rule for conflicts of interest some time ago because it had become so slippery. Except for judges, the American Bar Association now defines conflict of interest narrowly: You're not supposed to represent different sides in the same case. But politicians and journalists still prattle on about "appearance," the better to foment scandalettes. Which lands you in the subjective swamp: Not appearing unequivocally innocent is almost as bad as being guilty. Never mind that the people complaining about how something "might look" are almost always the ones trying to give it the most sinister coloration possible.

But then again, I probably have a conflict of interest of my own.

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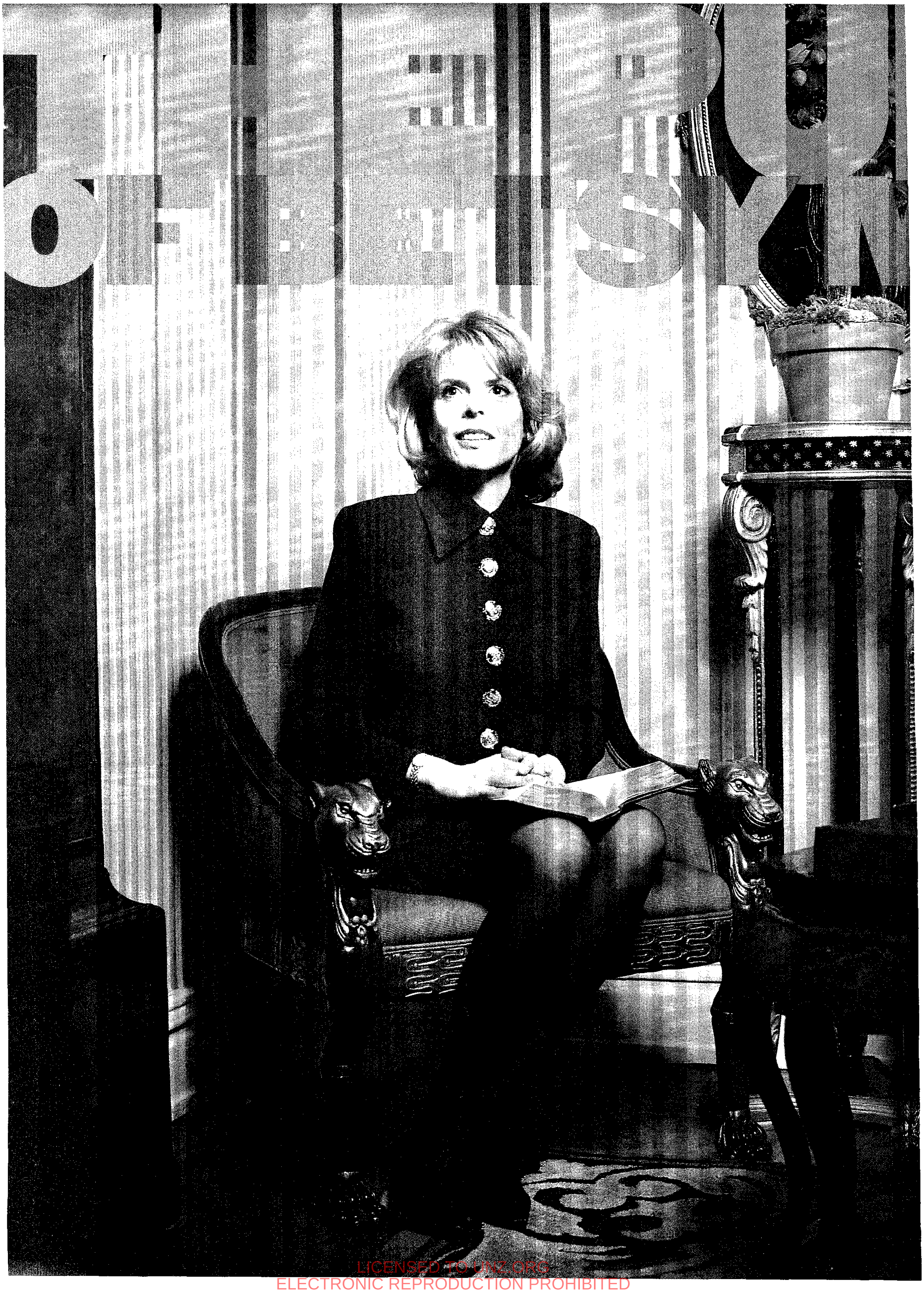

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GEORGE PATAKI AND ALFONSE D'AMATO SEEM TO BE BENT ON HUMILIATING THEIR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR. BUT WILL THEY END UP MARTYRING HER INSTEAD? UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL WITH THE LADY DI OF NEW YORK POLITICS.

BY MICHAEL TOMASKY

According to that much-read document the constitution of the state of New York, the lieutenant governor is meant to preside over meetings of the State Senate, serve as acting governor when the chief executive leaves the state, and, of course, be prepared to assume the responsibilities of the state's highest office should tragedy, senility, or exhaustion strike at the top. According to the custom of the real world, however, we know that a lieutenant governor's actual duties include staying out of the papers, speaking only when given permission, and accepting the one or two unappetizing assignments from the governor with equanimity and good cheer, so that come re-election time, you can chatter on about your "close working relationship" with the governor and he can serve up streams of billowy rhetoric about the "great confidence" he has in you.

This is the game, and everyone's onto it, but the rather huge chasm between official bluster and real life has created in recent years what scholars might be calling a crisis if any scholar cared enough to call it anything. Mary Ann Krupsak, Hugh Carey's lieutenant governor, grew so peeved at her utter irrelevance that she turned on Carey and actually ran against him. Carey replaced her with Mario Cuomo, who similarly ached for the top job. Once he got it, Cuomo took as his second Alfred Del Bello, who

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHEAL O'NEILL
FOR *NEW YORK*

Getting it: Near right, with D'Amato, Christine Todd Whitman, and Pataki at a 1994 Pataki fund-raiser. Losing it: Far right, McCaughey, for reasons still not fully explained, standing during Pataki's State of the State address this January.

eventually tired of sitting by the phone waiting for the governor's call and made one to the executive chamber himself, informing his boss of his intention to quit. Only Stan Lundine, as decent a public servant as you'll find but a man with the charisma of an undecorated baked potato, took to the job, and Cuomo no doubt was secure that Lundine would lead no palace coups, although, just to play it safe, he almost never spent a night outside the state.

That's how it's been. By all appearances, Betsy McCaughey Ross spent her first few months in office last year as lieutenant governors are supposed to—that is, anonymously. But Elizabeth Peterken McCaughey Ross was unusual. First of all, she was a very different type as far as state Republican officeholders go, and she was, and is, attractive and interesting as a human being—indeed, it's the gangly and aw-shucks-ey George Pataki whose personality type is more lieutenant-governorish. Second, she was at once a genuine constitutional scholar and a complete political neophyte. Finally, she was kind of a star. She'd been a relatively unknown academic who'd never held a tenure-track job, but in February 1994, everything changed: She published her now-famous critique of the Clinton health plan in *The New Republic,* titled "No Exit," and suddenly she was all over television, flooded with speaking engagements. She was, in conservative circles, a celebrity.

It seemed a miracle. In 1991, she didn't have a full-time job. By 1994, she held the second-highest office in New York State. Things started well enough, as she chaired a Medicaid task force and then slipped into the invisibility governors prefer in their lieutenants. Then, early this year, the avalanche began.

It's well known that the New York *Post,* whatever its virtues, serves as Alfonse D'Amato's personal P.R. sheet. So when *Post* Albany-bureau chief Fredric Dicker printed a story in late January bellowing that McCaughey Ross might challenge D'Amato for his Senate seat in 1998, insiders' eyebrows shot skyward. All understood that such an item could appear in the *Post* only at the behest of D'Amato or his subordinates.

The item naturally damaged her among state Republicans. But the *Post*ian barrage didn't stop there. Next came an article alleging that McCaughey Ross had been abusive toward members of her staff, who were reportedly racing one another out the door. Then came allegations that she had abused her security privileges, using state police officers assigned to her as chauffeurs and ordering them to wait while she and her new Upper East Sidey husband, Wilbur Ross, ate ritzy late-night dinners. By mid-March, she was stripped of her security detail. Finally, to lend the political assassination a personal touch, there were stories about her and Ross being rejected by co-op boards in two elite Manhattan buildings, 535 Park Avenue and East 52nd Street's River House. The swiftness and severity of her punishment were stunning. "This is obviously an attempt to destroy a public official," says Democratic consultant Hank Sheinkopf. "It is orchestrated; it is no accident; it is constant. They won't stop until they finish killing her off."

That "they"—D'Amato, the state GOP hierarchy, maybe the governor himself—want McCaughey Ross out is clear. But what were her crimes? It's one thing to want someone off the ticket, as certain national Republicans did Dan Quayle in 1992; but even when those things are done, they're done quietly, so as not to disturb the superficial comity of intraparty politics. It's quite another to engage in abject humiliation.

McCaughey Ross herself is mystified. "I'm pausing; I'm carefully and quietly assessing the more partisan aspects of this experience," she says, *very* cautiously. "It may be true that I've made a mistake in political protocol here or there, but I'm very committed to helping the governor and the people of this state. That's what I'm here to do. These minor issues should be minor. I'm doing my very best to serve this administration."

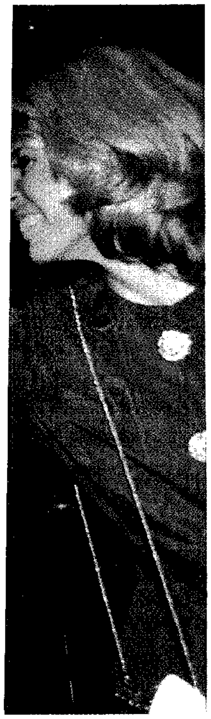
She continues to go about her business with the stiff upper lip that propriety demands. But Albany insiders say she has virtually no role now in policy-making, and few think she'll be on the ticket by the time re-election rolls around in 1998. The theme of this Saturday's Legislative Correspondents Association dinner in Albany says it all: "Who Killed Betsy Ross?"

IT'S LATE MARCH, AND NEW YORK'S INTERMINABLE WINTER is still scoffing at the notion of offering its residents any respite. This cold and cloudy morning, the snow is falling yet again, heavily enough that cars on Long Island's Northern State Parkway proceed with a caution quite uncharacteristic for a New York rush hour. Other cars slide here and there, but the Chevy Suburban eight-seater, which McCaughey Ross purchased as a vehicle suited to the purpose of hauling around three teenage girls, is sure against the elements. It will carry her, two aides, a journalist, and her vigilant driver, John, from her East Side parking garage to the near end of Suffolk County, where she'll visit two schools and speak to a luncheon audience.

We're talking various education issues, the aides and I, but the lieutenant governor of the state of New York had printer problems that morning, so she is sitting in the back-most seat, scribbling out bits of the luncheon address in longhand. "I wish I could join this conversation," she says, and she means it: It's policy, not politics, that interests her. But political duties—the speech will be delivered to a meeting called the "Women's Power Hour," where she'll be honored—intercede. The earliness of the hour, the odor of stale deli coffees, the sight of improbably large snowflakes pelting the Suburban's windshield, and the lieutenant governor's harried speech-doctoring make for an atmosphere less than giddy.

But at Lindenhurst Middle School, McCaughey Ross bounces to life. A seventh-grade technology class is performing computerized experiments in hydroponic plant growth, and McCaughey Ross figures out a way to say something that at least some of these diffident teenagers actually seem to find interesting. "In California, they're doing exactly what you're doing in this classroom," she tells them. "Most of the irrigation is done under the soil, so none of the water is lost to evaporation, and it's regu-

Previous page: hair and makeup by Maria Verel/Clive Salon, N.Y.C.



lated by computers just like this one." Then it's on to Lindenhurst High School, where the ROTC contingent displays its imperfectly timed drill sequence and students in a robotics class explain digital electronics. She asks questions, and she takes notes on what the kids say—unlike most politicians in such situations, she appears to be genuinely interested, not feigning attention while secretly casting about for the local news cameras.

This is her current assignment from Pataki: to study the state's education system and come up with ways to improve it. The task may be a bit open-ended, and even seem superfluous, since state Education Department chief Richard Mills is the lone Pataki appointee who has distinguished himself as innovative and energetic. But, as is her wont, she has charged into her duties with enthusiasm—she carries with her a tremendous leather pouch from which she is constantly producing various spreadsheets detailing things like the level of per-pupil funding in each of the state's 62 counties. And her supporters are certain she'll come up with plausible, substantive suggestions. "In three months, Betsy McCaughey will know more about education in the state of New York than most educators know," Seymour Fliegel, the Gilder Senior Fellow at the Manhattan Institute's Center for Educational Innovation, says baldly.

Later, at the Power Hour lunch, she gives a version of her standard speech, combining praise for Pataki's tax and economic-development programs and plugs for her own education and health-care projects with a few quasi-feminist morsels aimed at this particular audience. Heads nod in near-religious agreement when she talks of the dangers of releasing new mothers from hospitals after less than two days and praises a new law meant to end this practice. They also love her bit on the soaring costs of workers' compensation. She gets a big hand, and after the speech, many of the guests congratulate her and pose for pictures. A fine success.

"THIS IS OBVIOUSLY AN ATTEMPT TO DESTROY A PUBLIC OFFICIAL. IT IS ORCHESTRATED; IT IS NO ACCIDENT. THEY WON'T STOP UNTIL THEY FINISH KILLING HER OFF."

The day did, however, deliver two moments of the sort she cannot escape these days. At the luncheon, a Long Island television reporter apologized off-camera before clicking on the lights and, perhaps having noticed that unofficial-looking Chevy Suburban parked outside, asking the lieutenant governor some questions on the security-detail issue. She handled it well enough. But she was a little more exasperated at Lindenhurst Middle School, when, during a change of classes, a kid came forward with a question—and asked her whether she really intended to run against D'Amato.

In between, we'd stopped at a diocesan television center where McCaughey Ross had taped a brief segment with another Power Hour honoree. The host had tested the microphone by counting downward from ten. McCaughey Ross was asked to test her mike, and she counted upward from one. There was a pause; the host looked at her, and the lieutenant governor's face lit up. "I'm going up, not down," she said, smiling toothily.

IF SHE WANTS TO GO UP, NOT DOWN, BETWEEN NOW AND 1998, things will have to change, because as far as the state GOP is concerned, down is definitely the direction. Political naïveté is one thing. But to her detractors, she is not merely a naïf but a prima donna, an opportunist, a relentless publicity hound who doesn't know her place. "I guess some people think I have the wrong sensibility for this job," she says. "But I don't think that's true. I think people want an honest, direct person. And I think it's a shame. I think George and I have a real chance to change things. Why should so much of it revolve around personality issues?"

Most politicos won't say so for the record, but the general belief is that she fails in nearly every way to play by the usual rules. There is some truth to this—as someone who has never been in politics, she doesn't really *know* the rules. One of the earlier fraught episodes involved a scene at the Conservative Party nominating convention, held in June 1994 at an Albany hotel. The day the convention began, the *Times* ran a piece saying that both Pataki and McCaughey opposed Medicaid funding for abortions. True of Pataki, but not so of McCaughey. She wanted to clarify her position, and, according to one source, she and a Pataki aide worked on a press release that McCaughey wanted distributed to reporters at the Albany convention. Mysteriously, it never was. Conservative Party chairman Michael Long heard a different version. "I am told . . . that she wanted to go up onstage and explain that what the *Times* said wasn't true," Long says. "And my understanding is that she was persuaded not to do it."

McCaughey Ross's desire to set the record straight was up against the political reality of the moment—she was, after all, seeking the nod of a party that opposes abortion strongly, and if she'd announced her support for Medicaid funding, it could have caused her, and Pataki, big problems. Her failure to recognize this reality is something that certain Republicans have never quite forgotten: "Somebody keeps bringing it up, for some reason," McCaughey Ross says, in her ingenuous way.

Another problem is the belief of some state Republicans that McCaughey Ross feels her current job is too small for her and that she'll run for higher office soon. McCaughey Ross does have her own political-action committee, the Betsy McCaughey Ross Fund, which operates out of an office on East 59th Street. It has raised, in fifteen months, a little more than $200,000.

In fact, it's common custom for lieutenant governors to have their own PACs. McCaughey Ross says that a few days after the inauguration, the GOP held a fund-raising event at Albany's Omni Hotel, the social nerve center of capital politics. She noticed, she says, that all the banners and literature just said

Photographs by AP/Wide World Photos.

PATAKI. It occurred to her that this was vaguely discomfiting, and she wondered what she was supposed to do about her kitty. "I asked and I asked, from January until March," she says. "Then I asked what Stan Lundine had done. I was told Stan Lundine had his own PAC. I opened one just like his."

Lundine confirms that indeed, New Yorkers for Stan Lundine was his own personal PAC. "I think legally you almost have to, because until the [next] primary, the governor can't spend money on the lieutenant governor," he says. He adds that $200,000 is not an unusual amount for a lieutenant governor to have raised over fifteen months. The difference, of course, is that Lundine was known to be running for re-election and nothing else.

High-profile: With husband Wilbur Ross, right, last December after their wedding at St. Bartholomew's Church. Low-profile: With student John Ryan, far right, at the Lindenhurst Middle School in March.

Complaints have bubbled up from below, too. One former staff member says McCaughey Ross was, in essence, impossible to work for. "Eventually, I thought I'd get used to the insanity there," this person says. "But each day, she'd rise to new heights." This ex–staff member paints a picture of a woman obsessed with publicity and completely uncooperative with the governor's office, refusing gubernatorial assignments and issuing press releases on matters not officially under her purview. "I have no doubts that I am a demanding employer," McCaughey Ross counters. "If anyone says it's hard to work for me in terms of hours and research, I'd agree." This person, of course, was saying more than that.

The controversy over McCaughey Ross's security detail, meanwhile, has refused to go away. She is still without security. She's understandably worried about the lack of protection and insists she never abused her privileges. "I didn't do it," she says. "My daughter told me she didn't want to go to school because the kids there think I did something wrong. . . . All the time, people come up to me and say, 'Don't worry about it—everybody does it.' They think I did it, and that really bothers me."

McCaughey Ross claims that in fact, the state police followed her around on occasions in which she had told them they were free to go. A New York *Times* article in mid-March quoted a state-police spokesman as saying he knew nothing about alleged abuses, but the story carried a blind quote confirming the allegations that looked as though it came from Pataki's inner circle.

After that article, a meeting between McCaughey Ross and state-police superintendent James McMahon, who oversees security, was scheduled. But when word of the meeting with McMahon—which she thought would be private—appeared in the press, she canceled it. She wrote to McMahon asking to see documentation of the allegations. She was told no official records of security details exist.

A police spokesman told *New York,* "There's nothing we can say." But what the state police told McCaughey Ross is obviously nonsense—records have to be kept, if for no other reason than to pay security officers the proper overtime. This doesn't answer the question of whether she misused her detail in the first place, but it does have the whiff of a setup. "To pull my security and let it become publicly known was a reckless, dangerous thing to do," she says. "I've asked again and again who is responsible for this, and no one will tell me who. It's so unfair to allow anonymous allegations to be made and to linger. It's the antithesis of justice."

There were other episodes. Some say her high-profile (and much-gossiped-about) wedding last December to Ross, celebrated aboard the U.S.S. *Intrepid,* was way excessive. To others, her behavior the day of Pataki's 1996 State of the State address—first, when he was late in arriving, she joked that she might have to give the speech, and second, once he did start speaking, she stood, taking a prominent spot right behind him on television screens statewide—was simply unbelievable.

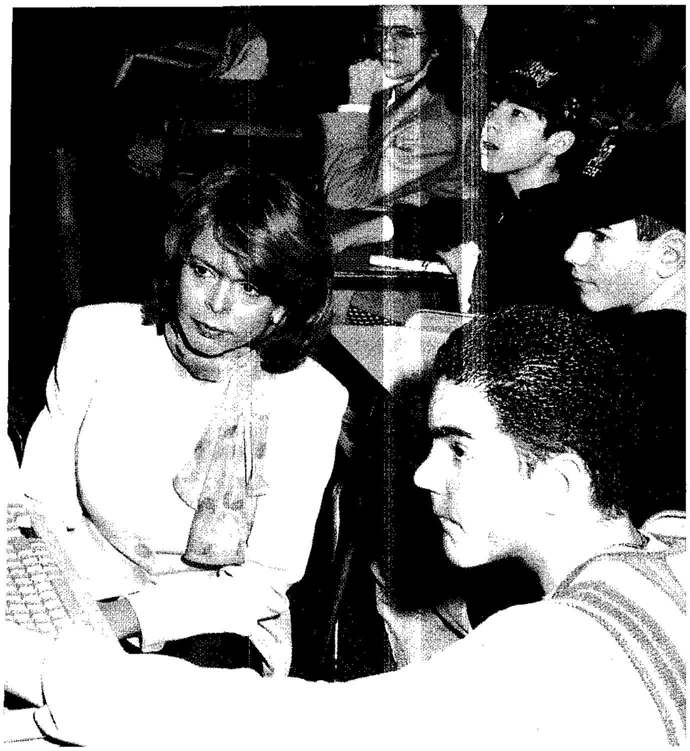
McCaughey Ross says she was instructed by a producer to stand and introduce the governor, and that she stood for nearly five minutes as Pataki entered the hall late. He arrived, they shook hands, he began to speak. Why she couldn't just sit at that point is a little confusing. She seems not to have known exactly where her chair was, and, once Pataki started speaking, was afraid of causing a scene. "Well, I would've had to turn around and figure that out," she says of the chair issue. "And I had no idea I'd be in the camera's view." It seems a small thing, but that photo of her standing while the governor was speaking, which surely ran in every major newspaper in the state, made her look overambitious and daffy, like a Martha Stewartized Alexander Haig.

BUT FINALLY, MCCAUGHEY ROSS'S BIGGEST PROBLEM is the party's biggest gorilla. It started before the election, when D'Amato, at a party at the '21' Club, suggested to McCaughey Ross that, the better to facilitate an endorsement from Mayor Rudy Giuliani, she make him "an offer he couldn't refuse." McCaughey Ross, understandably, was shocked at his goombah salaciousness. Her crime was to confirm to a television reporter that the incident had happened. This year, she openly questioned D'Amato's rigging of the GOP presidential primary in New York. And then, when the *Post* asked her whether she had any plans to run against him, she failed to say no. She's now afraid to talk much about this, but it's clear that D'Amato's brand of politics doesn't sit well with her conception of governance. "I don't have any plans to run against D'Amato," she said at one of our earlier meetings. "But people say to me, 'So what if somebody did? This is a democracy. Would that be so bad?' "

"I have no plans" is, of course, a standard political elision and usually signifies its opposite. In a later phone conversation, she was asked whether "I have no plans" really meant "I won't." With some coaxing, she finally—resignedly—offered a more direct version: "Well, how about saying I'm not running against Senator D'Amato? This may be a distinction well recognized by seasoned insiders, I guess."

Does she really not know the difference in politspeak between "I have no plans" and a forthright "I will not"? It's some

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHEAL O'NEILL
FOR *NEW YORK*



times hard to tell whether McCaughey Ross is a duplicitous smoothie playing the innocent or genuinely at sea in the political world. One sometimes suspects the former only because it is difficult to believe someone so intelligent in other ways could really be that clueless about these matters.

But there's reason to think the latter could be the case. Outside of her well-rehearsed stump speech, very little of what she says is canned; the words just sort of tumble out. She's learned something about watching what she says and trying to put a good face on things, but quite often she says whatever pops into her head. It seems entirely possible, for example, that when she cracked that joke about giving Pataki's speech for him, she *just said it,* without thinking. No real politician ever says anything in public without thinking.

On a different day, over lunch at a midtown hotel, she describes a meeting she recently had with representatives of the New York State United Teachers. Yes, she knew that the state teachers' union was not a standard GOP weather vane. But the union is part of the educational mix. "I have to be able to talk to them, as well as to more Republican-oriented groups, to come up with solutions," she says. Within a few minutes, the context in which she thinks about these matters emerges again. "When Madison was writing the Constitution, he used structures that he thought would facilitate governing in the common good," she says. "In the eighteenth century, there was a concept of public virtue. It was different from personal virtue. It meant being able to rise above partisan politics."

But partisanship exists, and it has its claims to make as well. It's easy to take her side against D'Amato—but what if it were someone who wasn't generally regarded as a sleazeball? One Republican operative who requested anonymity put it well: "Clearly, she wouldn't be there if it weren't for Al D'Amato. That's the reality. He picked the ticket. For that alone, I think many of the things she's done are stupid."

> **"TO PULL MY SECURITY AND LET IT BECOME PUBLICLY KNOWN WAS A RECKLESS, DANGEROUS THING TO DO," MCCAUGHEY SAYS.**

And, as bad a name as smoke-filled-room politics has, there is something to be said for dues-paying. While McCaughey Ross was in graduate school, D'Amato was leapfrogging his way to the Senate, and Pataki was plotting his path to the executive mansion. D'Amato, of course, was up to things that would lead to an ethics investigation. Pataki, as mayor of Peekskill, was approving major real-estate deals for which his own law firm worked on the eventual closings, and waging mean-spirited personal smear campaigns against his opponents.

But whatever else one thinks of them, they, and hundreds of others like them, were out working the circuit. Certainly, there are many criticisms to be made of old-style political networks. But there is still, even in this media-drenched age, no substitute for the sort of reality-check wisdom that comes from attending thousands of Rotary lunches and pot-luck dinners, letting oneself be buttonholed by a constituent whose ailing mother has a Medicare problem, or getting to know the first names of block-association presidents. Reformers, who tend toward a kind of elitism, have never understood that Daley- and DeSapio-style politics still has this single quality to recommend it. Academics don't think of these things at all. And it is on precisely this fault line that the communication breakdown between McCaughey Ross and D'Amato-Pataki has occurred.

BACK IN THE CHEVY SUBURBAN, MCCAUGHEY ROSS IS ENTHUSIASTIC. "I'm developing a really good list of algebra software," she announces. She has an endless curiosity about programs, funding, training, how opinions delivered in policy papers trickle down to real life. Policy and the academy are her milieus. McCaughey Ross, 47, was born in Pittsburgh, and she and her family moved around before settling in Connecticut. Her first-grade teacher, Dorothy Hall, recalls a little girl who was "smart, well prepared, and affectionate—she used to come up to me on the playground and give me a hug." Her mother was an alcoholic; it was her father, a factory worker, who doted on her and her twin brother (but especially her). "I really loved him," she says. "Everybody has one parent who was an enormous impact. Sometimes, I sit at the dining-room table and think, *I hope I'm doing as good a job as he did.*"

Her father lacked the money for fancy schools, but she won scholarships for the eleventh and twelfth grades to a private school in Massachusetts, and later to Vassar. She's worked this into her stump speech, and it's evocative when she recalls, "The day my father was able to slap that Vassar bumper sticker on the back of his old Dodge Dart and drive me up to Poughkeepsie was the proudest day of his life."

This was 1966, but Betsy Peterken neither marched nor apparently engaged in other extracurricular excitements of the era; just went about getting her education in a serious way. "She was a liberal the way everyone was then," recalls history professor David Schalk, her thesis adviser, "but not a radical in any sense, and not a conservative." The line of argument in her senior thesis—at 160 pages, twice the average length—bears the point out. She wrote on Marx, De Tocqueville, and nineteenth-century revolution. "This was when everyone was a Marxist, and this was before De Tocqueville had been rediscovered," Schalk says. "She analyzed De Tocqueville very favorably and in a way anticipated the recognition of De Tocqueville as a counterweight to Marx."

From Vassar, she went to Columbia to pursue a Ph.D. in history. Her 1976 dissertation won the Bancroft Prize, which entitles its author to automatic publication by Columbia University Press. *From Loyalist to Founding Father: The Political Odyssey of William Samuel Johnson,* which traced the career of a Connecticut Tory who, a little late in the game, came over to the patriots' cause and later served as president of Columbia, was on the square side for an era when neo-Marxian revisionism and cultural histories had taken root, but it is thoroughly researched

Photograph by Nancy Cozine.

and nicely written (and is, surprisingly, still in print).

She was also, by this time, married to Thomas McCaughey, an investment banker whose income surely made his wife one of Columbia's more comfortably situated doctoral candidates. Betsy herself, after finishing her dissertation, alternated between accepting visiting professorships at Vassar and Columbia in some years and giving birth to her three daughters in others. (She had previously worked briefly as a commercial-loan officer for Chase—in food, beverages, and tobacco, West Coast division—which is how she learned about irrigation in California.) She spent most of the eighties writing and raising her girls in the Park Avenue apartment they all now share with Wilbur.

She was still a registered Independent in 1993 when she got her research fellowship at the Manhattan Institute, the influential neoconservative urban-policy think tank. "When she first came here, she was working on a book on constitutional law," says the Institute's Seymour Fliegel. "You'd walk into her office and there'd be pages of the book pinned up all over the wall. Then she got this health-care thing, and look."

She became a Republican, she says, because the party was interested in her writings—articles on racial redistricting, color-blind jury selection, and, of course, "No Exit." This February 1994 article, largely credited with driving a stake through the Clinton health bill that August (and thus, arguably, setting the stage for the Republican victory in November), still dogs her. Some *New Republic* contributors bewailed the National Magazine Award–winning article ("She completely distorted the debate on the biggest public-policy issue of 1994," *TNR*'s Mickey Kaus wrote later), and other experts said she'd simply misread the 1,364-page document. "If I had wanted to deceive my readers," she says now, "I wouldn't have provided the page numbers." In any case, she was now attending numerous gatherings of academics and politicians. It had been at one such conclave, shortly before the publication of her *New Republic* piece, that she first met D'Amato.

In spring 1994, D'Amato and Pataki were fishing around for a suitable candidate for lieutenant governor. An upstate assemblyman seemed to have the votes, but D'Amato, knowing exactly where Pataki had weaknesses—downstate, among moderates, among women, in the charisma department—wasn't satisfied. This was precisely the soil McCaughey Ross could till for them, so when, during the state Republican convention, Pataki and campaign aides asked her to be on the ticket, she says, "it took me about twenty minutes to say yes."

"PATAKI LOSES AN ENORMOUS ASSET IN MINIMIZING HER. SHE SPEAKS TO AN AUDIENCE HE CAN'T SPEAK TO: MODERATES, MANHATTANITES, UPPER-CLASS WOMEN."

This wasn't long after she met Wilbur Ross, 57, an investment banker with Rothschild & Co. "It was a Christmas party in 1993," she says as the three of us have dinner one night at Elio's, the popular Upper East Side Italian restaurant where they're such dependable regulars that the waiter doesn't even bring them menus. "We both had other, ah, companions, and they were both late. We started talking, and that was it." Ross, whose jolly demeanor and off-the-rack-looking suit belie what surely reposes in his bank account, is a Democrat (at his Dakota apartment, he hosted a 1992 fundraiser for Senator Bob Kerrey's presidential campaign). In their company, however, one is struck by how rarely the conversation veers toward politics. At Elio's, friends come up and say hello; one is a doctor who does reconstructive surgery, which permits Betsy yet another point of ingress toward the subject of health-maintenance organizations. Wilbur, who has just returned from a business trip to Copenhagen, is amused by a sign he saw on a Carlsberg beer plant announcing its product as PROBABLY THE BEST BEER IN ALL OF DENMARK. "I loved that!" he chuckles. "Can you imagine an American beer company saying '*Probably* the best'?"

'WE HAD A REALLY WONDERFUL day today," McCaughey Ross says. It's a Friday evening in Poughkeepsie, at a restaurant overlooking a golf course for a Dutchess County Republican dinner. She has visited two local schools today. At the second, it seems they integrate special-education students into mainstream classrooms—"and you know what the results are? By sixth grade, 60 percent of them are out of special ed."

She spends her weeks visiting the state's schools and researching in the diligent manner you'd expect. The things she talks about represent a program leaning neither harshly left nor harshly right. She believes, after the current fashion, that more spending does not necessarily mean more compassion; she likes charter schools, which private organizations like the Manhattan Institute have a hand in running, often with great success. She does not like vouchers. "I'm sure they've given her this assignment thinking this is an area where nothing's going to happen," says Fliegel, "but I think they'll be wrong."

She tries some notions out on her Poughkeepsie audience. Rick and Joann Meunier, two public-school teachers who were there, say she "got it right." They know what's happening to her, her ongoing erasure by the GOP Establishment, and they think it's too bad. "I think she's a real asset," Joann says. "She gives people a fresh look at Republicanism."

Others agree; she has enough defenders to suggest that if D'Amato and Pataki really do want to dump her, it might backfire rather badly. "Women love her. People love her," says Lynn Grefe, executive director of the pro-choice New York State Republican Family Committee. "She brings a lot to the ticket. I don't know what their problems are up there, but I find her to be very popular."

"It seems to me Pataki loses an enormous asset in minimizing her," says Cooper Union's Fred Siegel, a sometime Pataki supporter. "She speaks to an audience he can't speak to: moderates, Manhattanites, upper-class women."

McCaughey Ross does have talents, and she undeniably gets the ticket votes it wouldn't win otherwise. And the Republican Party in New York has so few prominent women in its ranks. It's precisely because her credentials are so unlike the credentials of D'Amato or Pataki or almost all the state's other Republicans that, for the time being, they need her as much as she needs them—a condition D'Amato, for one, is not accustomed to. New York's Republican Party has been D'Amato's fiefdom for years. It's possible that, besotted with her newfound stardom, she has entertained thoughts of running against him, though she insists that she is uninterested in that now. But no matter. Her mere presence is more of a threat than Alfonse has faced in ages.

This means that she may yet succeed. If not, the cold war between her office and the governor's office will continue. Much like the real cold war, it's largely one of attrition, which means that it's one she'll lose. It's very much in her interest for things to simmer down. And because she can appeal to certain voters as no other ranking GOP officeholder can, it's in Pataki's as well. The only person whose interests may not be served is the person she has angered the most, and he happens to be the one person to whom Pataki has yet to say no. ▬

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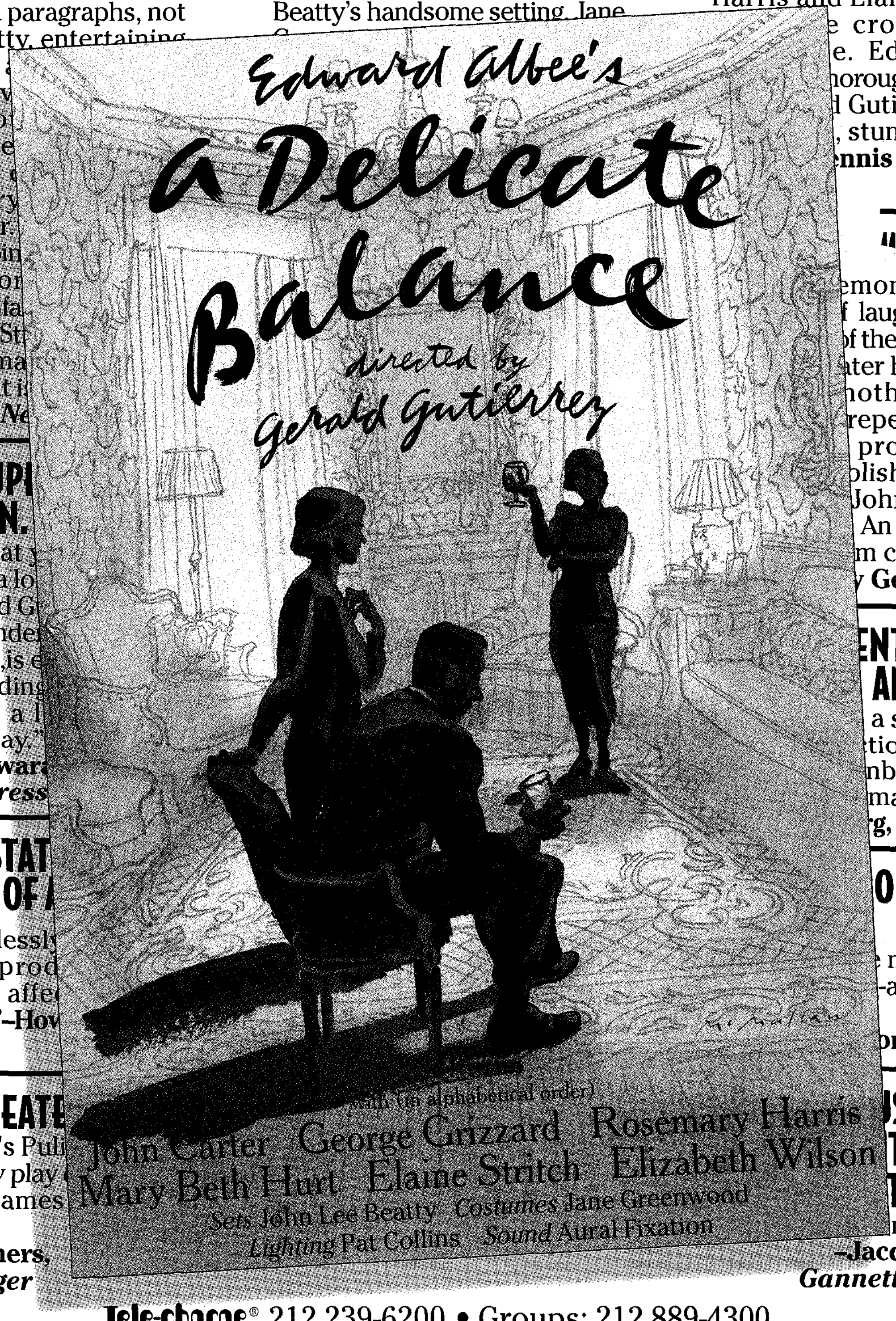

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WILL THE PRESSMANS LOSE THEIR SHIRTS?

BUFFETED BY BAD PUBLICITY, AT THE MERCY OF BANKRUPTCY COURT AND ITS ANGRY JAPANESE PARTNERS, THE FIRST FAMILY OF BARNEYS HAS KEPT QUIET ABOUT ITS TROUBLES. UNTIL NOW. INSIDE THE RISE AND FALL AND POSSIBLE RISE OF NEW YORK'S PREMIER FASHION EMPORIUM. BY RICHARD TURNER

BOB PRESSMAN (LEFT) IS BARNEYS'S MR. INSIDE. GENE IS THE HIGH-LIVING, SPORTS-OBSESSED FRONT MAN. PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID BARRY FOR *NEW YORK*

You are snooty and hateful to customers. You cost too much. Your architecture is decadent. You spend money recklessly. You had too much fun in the sixties (and the seventies and eighties). You think you're God's gift. You disrespected your father and your grandfather. You didn't pay your bills on time, then you didn't pay them at all, and you hurt hard-working small-business people who depended on you. You play entirely too much golf. You thought New York values would play in the rest of the country. You went bankrupt. We're glad.

With thoughts like these floating through the ether like faceless mannequins, Barneys clearly is in need of some spin control. Gene Pressman, the company's co-chairman, is fond of describing his very fancy retailing empire as "an image-driven company." And the thoughts people have been having about Barneys for the past few months prove the point: Boy, is it ever.

Barneys is, after all, just a store chain, a name on a shopping bag. For more than a decade, people have tended to load that bag with all sorts of hopeful feelings—how cool and cutting-edge they were, how much money they had, how much they enjoyed pampering themselves with the haute-iest clothes and accessories.

When Barneys crashed four months ago, people took that shopping bag and started stuffing in old yogurt cups and coffee residue, anxieties and resentments. An African-American writer for *Newsweek,* seething for six years over a wrongful accusation of shoplifting, wrote that he hoped to "dance on its grave." Maureen Dowd of the New York *Times,* probably the most-read columnist in the city, wrote no fewer than three columns devoted to savaging Barneys, more than she wrote about President Clinton during the same period. By the third installment, she had decided that Barneys had gone from haughty to haughtier to evil Kafkaesque manipulator. Blistering accounts in the *Wall Street Journal, Los Angeles* magazine, the New York *Times,* and *Vanity Fair* followed the tragic-hubris arc of the eighties—how the mighty hath fallen, the lavishly irresponsible brothers whose reckless arrogance ran their ancestors' carefully built institution into the ground.

Well, we're not here to restore Barneys's trashed image. But we did talk to the Pressman brothers, in their first public comments since January 10, when their family-owned stores sought protection from creditors under Chapter 11 of the U.S. Bankruptcy Code. Since then, they've sat mute, huddled with lawyers and accountants, while the geysers of gleeful schadenfreude erupted outside.

"This has not been fun," says a tired-looking Gene. "I wouldn't recommend it to anyone."

The Pressman brothers, accurately described years ago by the *Times* as "brothers from different planets," aren't really contrite, which may disappoint their antagonists. "Apologize?" says Gene. "Not for misleading them. But if it'll make them feel any better . . . What purpose does it serve to destroy a great company? This has been a humbling, ugly experience." They're bent on preserving, in their father's words when he heard of the looming bankruptcy filing, "the welfare of the family." The second-generation Pressman, Fred, quite ill at age 73, is still showing up at the stores.

Bob, the 41-year-old, button-down MBA brother, spends his time traipsing back and forth to bankruptcy court and poring obsessively through files looking for documents to prove Barneys's case. Gene, the dashing, creative brother, gets out more. Driven around in the company's black Chevy Suburban, Hendrix and the Dead blaring on the stereo, he hit the tents in Bryant Park for the recent fashion shows, and consumes steak and cigars at restaurants of the moment such as Campagna, where the other night he ran into beleaguered Council of Fashion Designers of America director Fern Mallis. "You're the only person in New York getting more press than I am," she told him. Last week, he was in California, visiting the Beverly Hills store.

Gene, now 45 years old, has a case of Hollywood envy—he worked there briefly during a high-living youth, and in his office are a photo of himself with Harry Dean Stanton and a poster for the movie *The Doors* autographed by a little-known producer. Spending time with him is an experience in having the volume turned up a little high. He's bouncy, sometimes scarily intense. He's obviously working you, but you don't mind so much. It's a little-boy-ness that cuts both ways, and one sees how his parents have been so infatuated with him. Right now, he is steadfastly upbeat—"It's incredible, when you think about it, what we've done"—but his legendary confidence seems a bit shaken. Contrary to reports, the brothers appear to be not at each other's throats but working together, except for occasional moments of characteristic impatience from Gene.

In a series of interviews, Bob tended to go straight to charts and balance sheets. He lives deep within the numbers. Gene breezes in, bravely trying to compliment a sartorially deprived reporter ("Nice tie—Hermès, right?"), then talk about the stores' glory days, shaking his head about what has come to pass. "I still feel like it's this exercise. I don't know why we're doing it; why can't we just keep going?"

AT FIRST, THE PRESSMANS' CONFLICT WITH THE Japanese was a cold war, waged with paperwork and diplomatic snubs like the one that occurred last November: Gene and Bob Pressman are jet-lagged in Japan, languishing in a closetlike room like a couple of nobody schleppers. Or uppity fifth-graders sent to the principal. They're cooling their heels in a ten-foot-by-ten-foot space deep in the headquarters of the giant Isetan department-store corporate headquarters in Tokyo. "A dentist's waiting room," says Gene. For refreshment in this windowless area decorated in fifties drab, they have soda and some crackers.

TIES THAT BIND
Isetan executives and Fred Pressman shared honors opening the Tokyo store in 1990.

It is not exactly Mad.61, and Barneys-haters will see some poetic justice here. The Pressmans have just opened two of the most glorious stores in the world; they are accustomed to being in beautiful surroundings. Some of this reputation for poshness, of course, is exaggerated. For example, the Pressmans, contrary to popular assumption, toil in markedly plain and humble office space across the street from their Sev-

IN TOKYO, ISETAN OFFICIALS UPBRAIDED THE PRESSMANS. "IT WAS LIKE PARENTS YELLING AT THEIR CHILDREN," SAYS GENE.

enth Avenue store. Bob spends his weekends dutifully driving to sports events for his athletic young sons, like any suburban dad. But okay, they otherwise lead pretty sumptuous lives, patrolling their pleasure-domed stores on Madison Avenue and in Beverly Hills, surveying the runway from a front-row perch as the models strut by in Milan, Paris, and New York, going home to big houses in Westchester (Gene) and Connecticut (Bob). And they're not unfamiliar with the seaside golf course at the Manele Bay Hotel, where they closed their first deal with the Japanese.

But here, in Tokyo, the Japanese are ignoring them. There has been a brief meeting or two, and their lawyer occasionally peels off to meet with his counterpart. Mostly, they wait, hoping to make a deal to avert a blow-up, and speculating as to what impenetrable political infighting is going on inside Isetan that has brought them to this pass.

In a brief conference the day before, several Isetan executives met briefly with them and, chilly and formal, upbraided them. "They were upset," says Gene. "It was like parents yelling at their children." The Pressmans were thinking, *Why are they acting so surprised?* They knew how much money was being spent. They wrote the checks. Maybe it was some kind of weird, ritualized Japanese thing about saving face.

There had been other disturbing signs from Isetan last year, like the letter Barneys had gotten from Isetan's financial people in June. Most of Isetan's investment in Barneys was in the form of real estate, for which Barneys would pay "rent." This particular missive concerned a routine payment for the Chicago store on the corner of Rush and Oak. The bill was $100,000 a year, divided into monthly payments of $8,333.33. Pay that three months running, and you're one penny short for the quarter. "Gentleman," the letter began. "Please be advised that the following amount was not paid on the due date, June 1st, 1995." But the Japanese cut Barneys a break. "We permit you to pay one cent of shortage with the rent for July on July 3rd, 1995."

Dunning Barneys for a penny was bizarre—considering that Isetan had already spent about $600 million on Barneys-related matters—but the letter the Pressmans received three months later, in September, chilled them: It said Isetan wanted to take control of the company. "Control in this context refers to an absolute majority of the Board of Directors and of the voting stock of Barneys," Isetan wrote. For the third generation to lose the company their father and grandfather had built was too horrible to contemplate.

Finally, in the drab Tokyo waiting room, Gene, always restless, gives up. "I'm outta here," he says, and spends the rest of the day visiting Tokyo department stores. "I became a tourist," he says bitterly. Bob waited on. He was used to it by this time. It was his fifth trip to Japan that year—aside from several meetings with the Japanese in New York—and on a visit earlier that month, he had spent one day in that wretched little room from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. with hardly a word from Isetan. Finally, executives told him, "We have come to an undecided position."

What Isetan was supposed to be deciding was a plan a bit ominously called "the global solution." The idea was to take Isetan's huge investments in Barneys and convert them from debt and real-estate investments to equity, freeing Barneys of impossible "rent" and interest payments and giving Isetan a minority-ownership position in the company.

Each side was coming at the deal with vastly different perceptions. Isetan saw Barneys as profligate and dishonest. The way Isetan sees it, Barneys, after getting Isetan to agree to fund its expansion, overspent wildly in opening two showcase stores, while its business, including a chain of mall stores around the country, was suffering operating losses. Then Barneys was forced to demand a final set of "emergency" loans of $178 million from Isetan, which Isetan felt compelled to give because it was in too deep and construction on the flagship stores in New York and L.A. needed to be completed. In return, the Pressmans put up their personal fortunes, but this collateral may turn out to be worthless to Isetan because they are held in trust by their father. Meanwhile, the Japanese say the Pressmans hid a number of grim realities about how poorly their stores were doing.

Barneys denies all this. "We've sent them literally truckloads of information over the years," says Bob, who at one point received a letter from Isetan complaining that Barneys was sending it *too* much detail. Bob wrote several letters telling Isetan that the stores were going to be much larger than previously thought, and more expensive. Indeed, a long-term "global retailing partnership" had been envisioned from the beginning. Therefore, Isetan needed to stop demanding rent payments for the real estate it owned, or debt payments of any kind, and instead take up to a 49 percent ownership position in the company. Isetan even agreed to negotiate such a deal in a March 1994 loan agreement, though it was never completed.

But, say the Pressmans, the Japanese were kept fully informed about Barneys's finances. Yet the Japanese kept writing checks—why are they crying now?

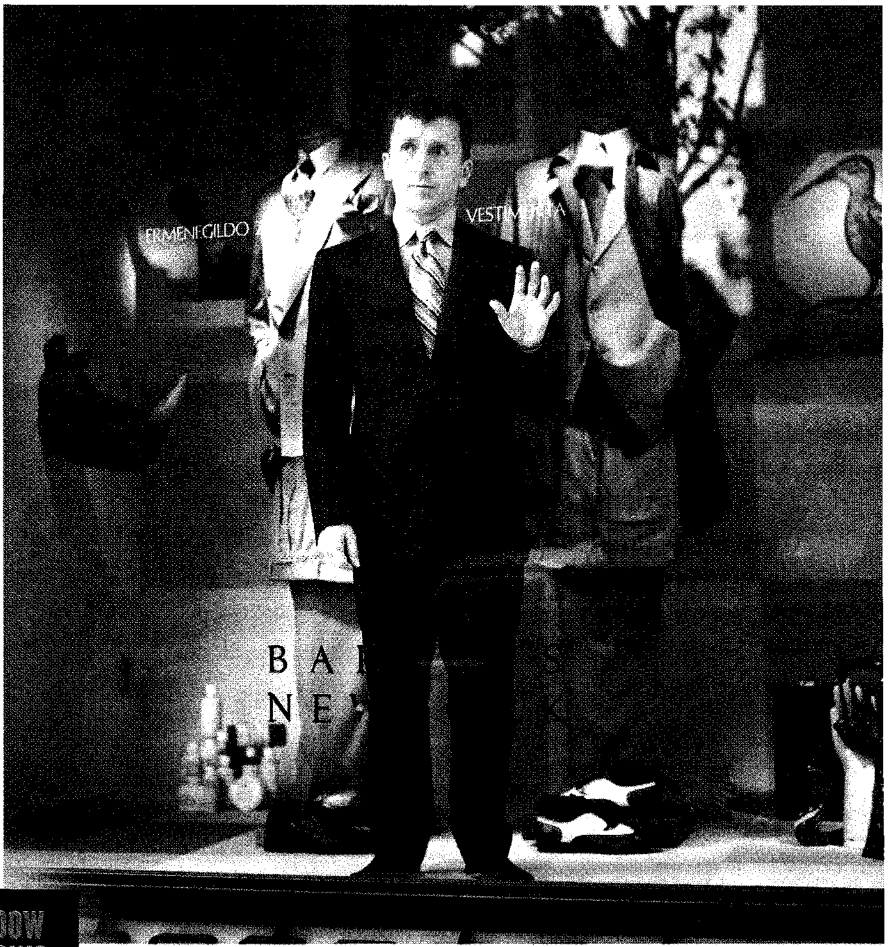
It was Isetan, say people close to the Pressman camp, that had been changing. Sometimes, the Pressmans couldn't even figure out who the players were. New faces kept appearing at meetings. The newly installed president, Kazumasa Koshiba, had been with the company for four decades, but he was ushered into one meeting, spoke briefly, then left the meeting to an apparently more powerful underling. An executive vice-president, Michio Jomori, seemed to be running the show. Later, he was to tell *Time* magazine that the Pressmans "were using money like water."

Isetan certainly wasn't the same company Goldman, Sachs eagerly had introduced them to in 1988. Isetan was a publicly traded, $4 billion company that was Japan's sixth-largest retailer; but it was also a family business, run by 43-year-old Kuniyasu Kosuge, who was brash and had big ideas, expanding aggressively all over Asia. "We were on a high, they were on a high," says Gene. "It felt like family from day one. They were very worldly, very international. They made decisions quickly. It's very unusual to have a third-generation family and a fourth-generation family with the same vision and trust. It was almost a dream come true." Articles about this period have reported both Gene's and Bob's bragging about how they stiffed the Japanese. They deny saying anything of the kind.

But if they did, who could blame them? Isetan wrote a check for $4 million just to start the negotiations. They swiftly closed a deal for a "global retailing partnership," toasting with champagne and sake in New York and Tokyo. They played lots of golf, Bob plunking ball after ball into the Pacific on a par-3 at the Manele, bravely bowing to the Japanese insistence that he keep trying. To their great amusement, he shot a 120 for nine holes. Gene eventually became a skilled and fanatical golfer.

Isetan took about a 35 percent position in a new subsidiary called Barneys America, an idea to start smallish mall stores around the country—there are now nine, including branches in Manhasset, Long Island, and Short Hills, New Jersey. These stores have been portrayed as a failure, and there were some growing pains, like the boneheaded decision not to sell men's suits—because it would save on tailoring costs. The Dallas store got in hot water when a Barneys employee said the salon wouldn't do "big hair," which Gene says sent him "ballistic." The idea was that Barneys's hip, black-on-black New York image wasn't playing in the heartland. But reports prepared by Barneys's bankers and submitted to the creditors' committee say all of the stores are making at least some money.

At the same time, Isetan took Barneys to Japan. In return for the mall-store investment, Isetan got a license to open Barneys stores in Tokyo's Shinjuku district and in Yokohama, giving Barneys 20 percent ownership in the Japanese operations. It is an important part of Barneys's case to prove that it provided Isetan a great deal of value on the licensing deal, and the Pressmans return to this theme again and again. Except for customer service, where Gene acknowledges the Japanese didn't need any help, Barneys got them going. Japanese trainees were sent to New York to learn the ropes. Japanese buyers accompanied Gene and other Barneys experts to the fashion shows in Paris, Milan, and New York. Isetan executives and their children stayed at the Pressmans' homes. Simon Doonan, the former Barneys window dresser who is now the company's marketing and P.R. czar, went to Japan eight times to give direction on displays and advertising for what the Japanese called "the Barneys air." A Barneys executive moved to Tokyo for a year. The Asian stores were an instant success. Japanese consumers loved Barneys's sleek, modern clothing, and the stores, which were projected to take eleven years to be profitable, made money in four. What's more, Bob likes to say frequently, Barneys New York encouraged Barneys Japan to begin buying merchandise direct, eliminating the middlemen and the Japanese consignment system and increasing gross margins by ten percentage points.



WINDOW DRESSING, central to the Barneys approach, is handled by Simon Doonan.

Photograph by David Barry.

Barneys had an aura around it, and the Pressmans were in an expansionist mood. The hipper Barneys got, the more it seemed to work. Perhaps it was because of the residual image Barney Pressman and his son Fred had given the men's store since it opened in 1923—a feisty immigrant's no-nonsense men's store where shoppers flocked for bargains. There was nothing glamorous about it, nothing pretentious. It was downtown in the old sense. So when Barneys introduced women's fashions in 1976, the store acquired an instant retro coolness, downtown in the emerging sense. Barneys's sturdy tradition meant it could be hip without seeming flashy or arriviste. The cast of *Saturday Night Live* shopped there. When Barneys built a stunning women's store in 1986 adjacent to the Seventh Avenue site, stuffed with avant-garde designers, the stylishness began to reach its apogee. Barneys understood this, and played on it in its advertising, like the current slogan, "Calling all men since 1923, and calling all women since 1976." The image was carefully calibrated, partly by the Irish-born Doonan, whose witty, outrageous window displays had done a lot for Barneys's buzz. Doonan had been working on Diana Vreeland's "Costumes of Royal India" exhibit at the Met when Gene read an article about him in *Interview* magazine. The two men couldn't have been more different: Gene was a long-haired, macho rock-and-roll frat boy; Doonan was compared by Maureen Dowd (to his horror) to the Franck character played by Martin Short in *Father of the Bride.*

"I was taken by Gene right away," says Doonan. The favorite movie of both is *The Devils,* Ken Russell's trippy, overheated historical melodrama about witch-burning. He had a sense of anarchic freedom that fit his own "punk sensibility." Gene proclaimed to the macrobiotically inclined Doonan, "I'm going to teach you to eat beef and smoke cigars." He also mentioned a sexual activity not usually associated with men in the window-display business.

At any rate, it seemed time for Barneys to go north. Gene had enviously been eyeing the uptown market for years. "I remember when Bloomies was very hot," says Gene. "Marvin [Traub, then Bloomingdale's chairman] did a great job for that store. People were saying, 'God, that's exciting.' Bloomingdale's was a culture—that's what sustained it. It was 'Bloomingdale's Country,' an extension of Bloomingdale's, a synergy, with attractive people, tons of celebrities. The store was packed—

"WE NEVER SET OUT TO BUILD A KMART," SAYS GENE PRESSMAN. "BUT IT'S NOT A PALACE. IF ANYTHING, BARNEYS IS AUSTERE."

it was prestigious to have a Bloomingdale's shopping bag." Barneys had always been in the forefront of breaking new designers, and Gene was tired of launching designers, then watching as they moved uptown to other stores. "We'd do the work, and they'd get the benefit," he says.

Some questioned the timing of the move uptown. Bloomingdale's itself had just sought bankruptcy protection. The retail business in general was foundering. It was the nineties now, and everyone was in a period of retrenchment. But the Pressmans were used to taking risks. And if they were aggressive while others were pulling back, they'd just grab more market share, they reasoned. In 1988, trolling for strategic partners, they had been talking about opening 100 stores.

"Then a lot of things started happening very fast," says Gene. When they settled on store sites in New York and in Beverly Hills, they were the very best, but they far exceeded the budget that had been drawn up beforehand. The Madison Avenue store, for instance, was supposed to be 170,000 square feet. But the space they found on 61st Street (across the street from Lubin House, the alumni club for Gene's alma mater, Syracuse) was 303,000 square feet. Isetan paid for the purchase of half of it from Metropolitan Life, which was to keep the office space above the store. Then MetLife pulled out, and Isetan wound up paying an extra $120 million to buy the company out. The store, which had been budgeted at $143 million, cost well over $200 million by the time it opened in 1993. In Beverly Hills, the city unexpectedly required Barneys to build a five-story underground parking garage, and the store had to be built from the ground up rather than moved into an existing building: it cost $120 million instead of $70 million. There was no way Isetan's planned investment of around $250 million was going to pay for these bigger stores.

And there was no way Barneys was going to be able to comfortably pay the rent, even when these stores would have more selling space. In retrospect, of course, building on these sites turned out to be a mistake. One can't help but think that Barneys shouldn't have kept taking the money when it knew it wasn't going to be able to pay it back without severe strain. But they were in a hurry. Isetan says Barneys wasn't forthcoming about its finances. Barneys denies this. And the Pressmans insist that Isetan was party to these decisions, and should have made a better effort to figure out whether Barneys would be able to sell enough clothes to make the payments.

Isetan also says the Pressmans made the stores too fancy, a claim that's been widely repeated in the press since the bankruptcy filing. The cost overruns would be attributed to opulent recklessness, with articles describing the Pressmans' running around the stores installing lavish mosaics and 40 types of wood. Not true, says Gene, though he admits to an obsession for detail. And the press coverage later, article after article, talked about "lacquered walls" and "gold-leaf ceilings" and "floors of Italian marble mosaic." But there are no gold leaf ceilings in any of the stores, Barneys complained plaintively in a 40-point letter to *Vanity Fair* about an article in its May issue; the only lacquered walls anywhere were installed on 17th Street in the mid-eighties. And another thing, in case you care—the marble was from Austria, not Italy.

"We never set out to build a Kmart," says Gene. "But it's not a marble-clad palace. If anything, Barneys is austere. It's always been about simplicity, about space, light, openness. That's what we do. Was it expensive? Yes. Was it worth it? No. But it's not about overspending."

Bob, perhaps more convincingly, says that when Barneys calculated its final costs after the stores opened, it found that nearly all the added expense cost had to do not with "overruns" and crazy-extravagant mosaics but with the basic fact that the stores were bigger than initially planned. On a per-square-foot basis, they cost $578, a figure which includes the acquisition of what was some of the most valuable real estate in North America and a building in Manhattan, as well as soft costs like zoning fees. The stores were budgeted at $539, a difference of only 7 percent. Barneys says it was already pushing Isetan to take more of an ownership position rather than act like a lender, and relations were still harmonious. Isetan kept writing checks, mostly under the supervision of a round-faced finance executive who was known as Panda. Bob signed his own letters "Counter-Panda." Even in 1991, when the new store sites were selected, Barneys had realized that making the "rent" payments would be a struggle, and began suggesting shared ownership. Isetan has said Barneys wasn't willing to give up any ownership, and its lawyer told the *Times* that Bob had said he'd give up equity "over my dead body." But the Pressmans say the idea of pooling interests was on the table as soon as they realized the two flagship stores were going to be bigger than expected. As early as 1991, it offered to convert the downtown store to being the "flagship store" of Barneys America, the mall-store archipelago that Isetan partly owned. Then in 1992, Bob Pressman wrote Isetan, saying that the " 'global' resolution has to involve the overall restructuring of our various arrangements, particularly since the investment amount and corresponding store sizes, etc., are much different than originally contemplated." He quoted Panda that the two companies needed to "put all of our interests into one big pot," and said he supported the idea. There was even talk of a public offering.

LATER, IN MARCH 1994, CAME WHAT is now Barneys's great smoking gun. Isetan signed an agreement as a condition to the emergency-loan agreement that Barneys would "negotiate, diligently and in good faith, with respect to [Isetan's] desire to acquire up to a 49 percent equity interest in Barneys."

To Barneys, this is an agreement to convert the debt and real estate to equity. Isetan has said it was merely a nonbinding starting point. Isetan's position is that it may have entertained the idea of taking a position in Barneys, but only in return for the emergency loans: when Barneys said it wanted Isetan to contribute the real estate into the new company, Isetan insisted on control. Barneys says the real estate was part of the one-big-pot discussion much earlier. And the term "global partnership" recurs in several documents early on. Isetan dismisses these references as a mere "conversational or colloquial phrase."

What had been holding up discussions on the global solution was that back in 1993, everything had changed. Isetan was being pulled down by a sinking Japanese economy, a raid on its stock, huge losses in currency trading by a subsidiary—trading engineered, unfortunately, by the selfsame Panda. It seemed to the Pressmans as if all their friends at the company were being shipped off to run outlet stores in North Korea. It was a classic example of a crippled U.S.-Japan partnership, like MCA and Matsushita, similarly forged in 1990 and blown up a few years later, after a management change. In mid-1993, an Isetan executive wrote to Bob, saying, " 'Japanese Panda' is put in an awkward situation by some ignorant people. There are many other things against us, and we will do our best for trying to beat them." Panda left the company; the last family member, president Kosuge, was kicked upstairs. The company's bankers, Mitsubishi—related to the same Mitsubishi empire that was about to take a bath on Rockefeller Center—took control and introduced a squad of bottom-line-oriented executives focused on cost control and immediate profits rather than on growth and strategic expansion and all the more go-go concepts that had led the company to bankroll Barneys in the first place.

Barneys by this time was having trouble paying its contractors, after using its own cash to stave them off, and negotiated the emergency loans. The loans seemed an odd exercise in wishful group delusion—it seems impossible that Isetan could have expected to be paid back on schedule—and were to vastly increase the tension between the two companies. Isetan had wanted to lend the money to Barneys itself, but because of certain loan covenants—Barneys was using bank financing to add inventory for the new stores—the emergency loans had to be made to a shell company. This company had minimal assets and virtually no prospects of making money. Isetan demanded that the Pressmans put up their personal assets as a guarantee. This was an academic exercise, because those assets—their stock, their restaurant interests, their homes—are in trust.

FLAGSHIP: The store on Madison Avenue is definitely fabulous. It was also too expensive.

Photograph by Frank Veronsky

Did Isetan know this? It had received several documents over the years, including a detailed stock-holdings accounting in 1993, which had made it clear that Gene and Bob's Barneys stock was held in a trust. Isetan has claimed the young Pressmans alluded to real estate they owned separate from the trusts. It appears that Isetan was essentially lending Barneys money so Barneys could pay interest on its debts to Isetan. The Pressmans say they never intended to dupe their partner: They thought the guaranteeing of assets was a "formality" to make the Japanese comfortable.

This was just a stopgap measure, anyway: The Pressmans were still pushing for the global solution. In a 1994 proposal, Barneys offered a "significant equity interest" in the company, which turned out to be about 29 percent, or dividend-paying stock worth $150 million, plus two of seven seats on the board. In return, Isetan would put the real estate upon which the stores sat into the company, eliminating the $2 million–a–month rent payments. Barneys also proposed extending and amending the Asian license, which they argued would be worth more than $200 million to Isetan over 30 years. It argued that Isetan would be better off owning a retail business than real estate, and laid out a schedule for the deal, culminating on November 10, 1994, in New York with a "dinner celebrating Isetan-Pressman partnership."

It never happened, of course, and Isetan says now the idea of putting its Madison Avenue and Beverly Hills real estate into the new company was a non-starter. But Gene and Bob thought they could pull it off, perhaps preserve day-to-day operating control of the company but let Isetan approve all major expenditures, reach some compromise. Barneys, meanwhile, was running out of money. Isetan had turned off the spigot, both before and after the series of emergency loans. During those dry periods, Barneys had had to start using its own cash—$35 million to complete construction of the new stores and $28 million for furniture and fixtures to open them, in addition to the rent payments. The Pressmans hadn't been paying off the emergency loans since November of 1994. Gradually, Barneys's cash on hand—which usually stood at about $25 million—began to dwindle. By the beginning of this year, it was down to little more than $4 million. Suddenly, there was a new option: seeking bankruptcy protection and trying to force the "global solution."

Perhaps they really were in denial. They knew the risks of bankruptcy to Barneys's reputation. But they couldn't begin to imagine what would ensue. The press got so bad that Gene took to telling everyone who would listen what a horrible time he had had on the island of Kauai last Christmas, when he had to get on the phone with his family and help authorize the bankruptcy filing. Why? Two major articles about the fall of the house of Pressman recounted anecdotes of Gene coolly playing golf in Hawaii, not mentioning the company's problems to business associates, even when the prospect of Chapter 11 was looming. "They think I was fiddling when Rome burned," he says. "What was I supposed to do? Tell everybody we were about to declare bankruptcy?"

It didn't help that many in the business considered Gene, however charming, to be arrogant. Competitors resented Barneys for its freewheeling lack of accountability. When Barneys would occasionally offer up numbers, they were always rosy and were often viewed suspiciously within the fashion industry. Barneys had always been known as a slow pay—in a slow-paying industry, a little worse than others by reputation—and among Barneys's creditors were hundreds of small suppliers who had shipped orders to the stores, and now it looked like they might not be paid in full.

"They never even said they were sorry,"

"THEY THINK I WAS FIDDLING WHEN ROME BURNED. WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO, TELL PEOPLE WE'RE ABOUT TO DECLARE BANKRUPTCY?"

one tiny hat-maker lamented the other day. "They're affecting people who take pride in what they do." The Pressmans say this is unfair: Barneys has a long record of buying from small suppliers and supporting them more than other large stores—these suppliers should cut them some slack. Says Bob Pressman: "I have 7,000 suppliers. If I piss off 5 percent of them, that's 300 who hate me." Barneys points to a 1993 audit by Chemical Bank showing that only 13 percent of its payables were late or in dispute.

When the "slow pay" stories reached a crescendo in early 1994, Barneys allowed the media a peek into its books to reassure the world that the company was still profitable. What it didn't mention was that it was groaning under leverage to Isetan that could (and later would) hobble the company. But Bob Pressman maintains Barneys thought all the time that Isetan would recharacterize the relationship. "We couldn't talk about private restructuring conversations [Barneys had been having] with our partners," he says.

FOR THOSE FIRST WEEKS AFTER THE bankruptcy, lawyers were everywhere. And the professionals counseled Gene and Bob Pressman to lie low. This turned out to be bad advice. They refused to talk to the press beyond routine denials, leaving company president Charles W. Bunstine II, who has worked at the company only since 1992, to proffer boilerplate explanations to financial questions. Barneys actually had a terrific press operation—the fashion media loved it—but the fashion media weren't covering the bankruptcy filing, and Barneys was in over its head. Barneys executives faxed lists of big names to vouch for the store. "It's terrible for fashion," Anna Wintour told me on cue when I made the call. "They revitalized Madison Avenue." Even Donna Karan, who is owed $2.4 million by Barneys and whose company took a reserve for it just as it is preparing to go public, said, "When Barneys came along, it was like, 'Thank God that somebody has re-created the joy and excitement of what retail could be.' " But such comments sounded like a put-up job. Other than that, Barneys simply denied Isetan charges, while Isetan lambasted Barneys, in detail, in the press.

Finally, this spring, Barneys called in Michael Sitrick, a hardball-playing public-relations consultant who specializes in corporate crisis management. He has worked with Marvin Davis, Kirk Kerkorian, and such tapped-out clients as Kim Basinger and the government of Orange County, California. He recommended that the Pressmans go public by responding to *New York*'s long-standing requests for an interview. And despite the little matter of the judge urging the parties to keep quiet, Sitrick started spinning.

One widespread perception was that Barneys has been losing money. For once, the numbers are in plain view. "We've moved from being a private company to a public company pretty quickly," says Bunstine, the president. And Barneys insists the stores are doing fine. For the current fiscal year, set to end July 31, at a time when many retailers are not doing well at all, Barneys's investment bankers at Blackstone Group project that Barneys will earn $33.5 million in operating profit before interest, depreciation, and the like—the significant benchmark in the retail business—on $389 million in sales. For next year, it projects $49 million—if its rent payments continue to be pegged at the new, lower number it has been paying since the bankruptcy. The Madison Avenue store should generate $11 million in operating earnings (after subtracting its share of corporate overhead) on $157 million in sales. The figures are in the ballpark for corporate retailers. Its sister store in Beverly Hills should earn $3 million on $58 million. Even the old Seventh Avenue Barneys, which admittedly had been cannibalized by the new place uptown—by about 40 percent—was in the black. Same thing with the nine mall stores around the country. Some of them were making only a few hundred thousand dollars before taxes, but they were still profitable on an operating basis, and 14 stores are now open. Isetan has alleged that Barneys lied about its results right up to the bankruptcy and was "running up truly enormous operating losses." Bob calls this "preposterous." But the vagaries of accounting are open to interpretation: People close to the Pressmans theorize that one way Isetan could have concluded that the company was posting operating losses was by applying Barneys's overseas expenses to the income statement without including Japanese revenues. Isetan won't say.

SO WILL BARNEYS LOSE ITS SHIRT? ISETAN'S relationship with Barneys isn't exactly lovey-dovey: An Isetan lawyer recently was quoted as saying the stores "should continue, but perhaps not with the Pressmans running [them]." Trade reports almost daily portray Barneys as on the ropes, the Pressmans in danger of losing their homes, scenarios of other retailers taking over the stores or the company itself. And Isetan has been sending messages that any form of the "global solution" is not in the cards. Right now, it considers itself a landlord and a lender who's not getting the rent or the loan payments. Simple as that.

But people close to Barneys say there's virtually no way the Pressmans can lose the stores short of Isetan's proving gross mismanagement or fraud, and that's not happening. Their personal fortunes are held in trust. And Barneys has got $100 million in bank financing to run its business during the bankruptcy, although some prior creditors have bailed out and sold their claims to "vulture funds" at deep discounts. And Isetan may have limited clout. For one thing, Isetan isn't even technically a creditor of Barneys—the only actual loans it made, the "emergency" loans, were to the shell company. And it may be in the interest of other creditors to support Barneys in its desire to get a better deal from Isetan—after all, they just want to get paid. Moreover, Isetan has already written down down the value of its loans and real-estate investments in Barneys by about $300 million, which people close to Barneys say could be a strategic error because it acknowledges the real estate isn't worth what Isetan paid for it. At any rate, Isetan has been humiliated: Because of Barneys, the last fiscal year was the first unprofitable one in memory, and its executives paid penance by returning their 1995 bonuses.

Barneys hopes the federal bankruptcy judge will steer the parties toward the vaunted "global solution," that the Pressmans can keep operating the stores while Isetan gets some ownership and stops charging the unpayable rent. Or, if Isetan doesn't want a piece of Barneys, it would keep its real estate and receive "market rent payments," something closer to the $10 million Barneys has agreed to pay this year—or a bit less than half the old payments. So it's possible two feuding companies may wind up continuing to share custody. The judge has ordered them to settle their dispute amicably, though each has filed a lawsuit against the other, and the two sides meet with a mediator at Davis, Polk & Wardwell at least once a week. Whatever they say privately, Bob wants to say things on the record like, "We do appreciate the investment and hard work in the relationship, and we hope fences can be mended to continue the original vision." And still, amid all the in-the-bunker atmosphere of the bankruptcy, sometimes the Pressmans can't help themselves: There's still talk, sometimes, of opening that cool store they talked about in San Francisco. ■

WHEN YOU'RE A JET

[illegible] the No. 1 draft pick, always knew where he was headed. Which is good, because no one else did.

BY THOMAS HACKETT

A COUPLE OF DOZEN PHOTOGRAPHERS HAD KEYSHAWN Johnson in their sights as he trotted onto the New York Jets practice field for the first time. Entire rolls of film were spent taking pictures of him stretching. When he caught a pass, the clicking shutters sounded like an attack of locusts.

Paying so much attention to one person in a case like this is obviously a matter of pure faith. So far, Johnson—the No. 1 pick in the National Football League draft—hasn't done much of anything for the Jets or professional football or New York, at least not on the football field. "I'm not here to perform any miracles," he'll say, careful not to make a jerk of himself his first day on the job. In the empyrean of hype far above the field, though, Johnson has already succeeded: He's become a star. It's the reason the Jets hired him; it's why they're willing to spend so much money on him, somewhere in the neighborhood of $2.5 million a season. His job is to put a spell on New York.

Tall and lithe, Johnson, 23, has an easy charm and a sudden, spontaneous smile. "He can turn it on," said team president Steve Gutman, "which implies it's insincere, which it isn't. The kid just has it."

"Has what?" I asked.

"Who knows? It—the 'It' factor. Judy Garland, she had it. There were better singers than her, just like there were better quarterbacks than Joe Namath. I don't know what it is, though. It's a big-time personality, a winning way . . . I'm groping here."

Never mind that Johnson was dropping some easy passes and generally being outperformed by his rival rookie wide receiver, Alex Van Dyke, the team's second-round draft choice, and forget the fact that the Jets had also signed on a bona fide star in Neil O'Donnell, who last season led the Pittsburgh Steelers to the Super Bowl. For a long time, New Yorkers have been without an incandescent sports personality, someone who can capture the imagination. "Not since Namath," the sportswriters were saying as they watched Johnson out on the practice field in Long Island. Indeed, except for a few perky seasons in the early eighties, the Jets have been in a perpetual third-and-ten situation, which if you don't know anything about football simply means they've been in a hole.

"Covering the Jets has been like covering a disease," New York *Times* writer Gerald Eskenazi said to me. "Maybe now they've discovered a cure." Even the team's management admits it's been a pathetic run, not just in terms of losing games but also in terms of creating any kind of personality for the team.

"We haven't had someone who can make Jets fans out of those people who aren't even football fans in . . . let's just say it's been a while," says Gutman. "And how many teams does New York have? Nine? Ten? Something like that. Well, I can't think of one player who has those big-time qualities. What I'm saying is, there's a void in the marketplace right now. So if this kid produces, he can leverage that personality, and then on that score it's one plus one equals three."

That's Johnson's number: 3. NFL rules state that a receiver cannot wear a jersey numbered in the single digits, but the Jets are asking that Johnson be granted a special dispensation (on the dubious grounds that they've run out of appropriate numbers).

Johnson has always led a curiously charmed life, for someone who has also had it so hard. As it happens, I knew him years ago, when the idea of overnight celebrity would have seemed absurd. He was just a 10-year-old hanging around the University of Southern California, where I went to school. My college work-study job was filming the USC football team, and for four years, Johnson was at the practice field almost every day, horsing around with a pack of friends. You'd see him goofing off in the library late at night. He'd come by your dorm room and hit you up for bus money and feel perfectly free to eat your food.

"He was a world-class mooch," says Mike Lamb, who played on the team then. But he was also "the kid that everybody liked," Lamb adds. He wasn't a waif. You never felt sorry for him. He stood by his swaggering conception of himself. He once told me he was the son of one of the football coaches (which is like conferring a sort of royalty on yourself, if you're into sports), and he swore he lived in Baldwin Hills, a Los Angeles neighborhood often called the black Beverly Hills.

In fact, the youngest of six kids, Johnson lived with his mother in a shabby South Central apartment, his father out of the picture. And as an athlete, he was skinny and a little uncoordinated. "Actually, he wasn't a very good little player," said Scott Tinsley, another old USC player, "but he always said he was going to be."

There's no accounting for the transformation that has occurred since then. Maybe Johnson always knew where he was going, but even three years ago that seemed to be nowhere. As a teenager, he had gotten caught up in a gang, spent nine months in a juvenile facility (reportedly for possession of drugs and a concealed weapon), and ended up quitting his junior-college team in mid-season.

And then something happened. Within a year, he was back at USC, where he combined tenacity and grace as he racked up 100-yard games with scary consistency. He became the school's most celebrated athlete since—well, nobody likes to make the comparison, but since O. J. Simpson.

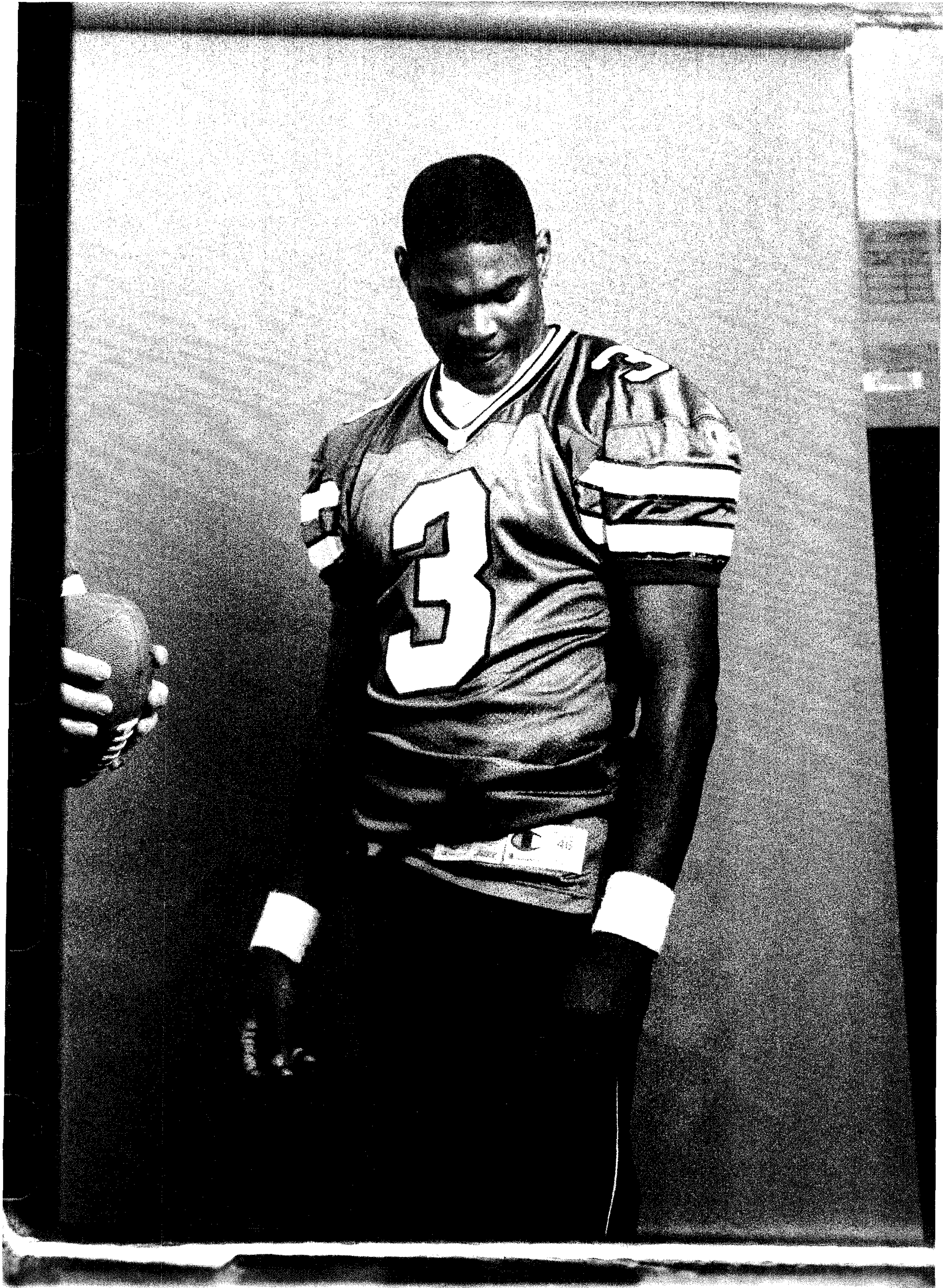
But don't look to Johnson to explain how it happened. An interview with him today elicits the same platitudes you'll hear from any athlete. He was "not trying to be a star," he says; he is "just going to play hard" and be himself, "not Magic Johnson but Keyshawn Johnson." That's the gist of it.

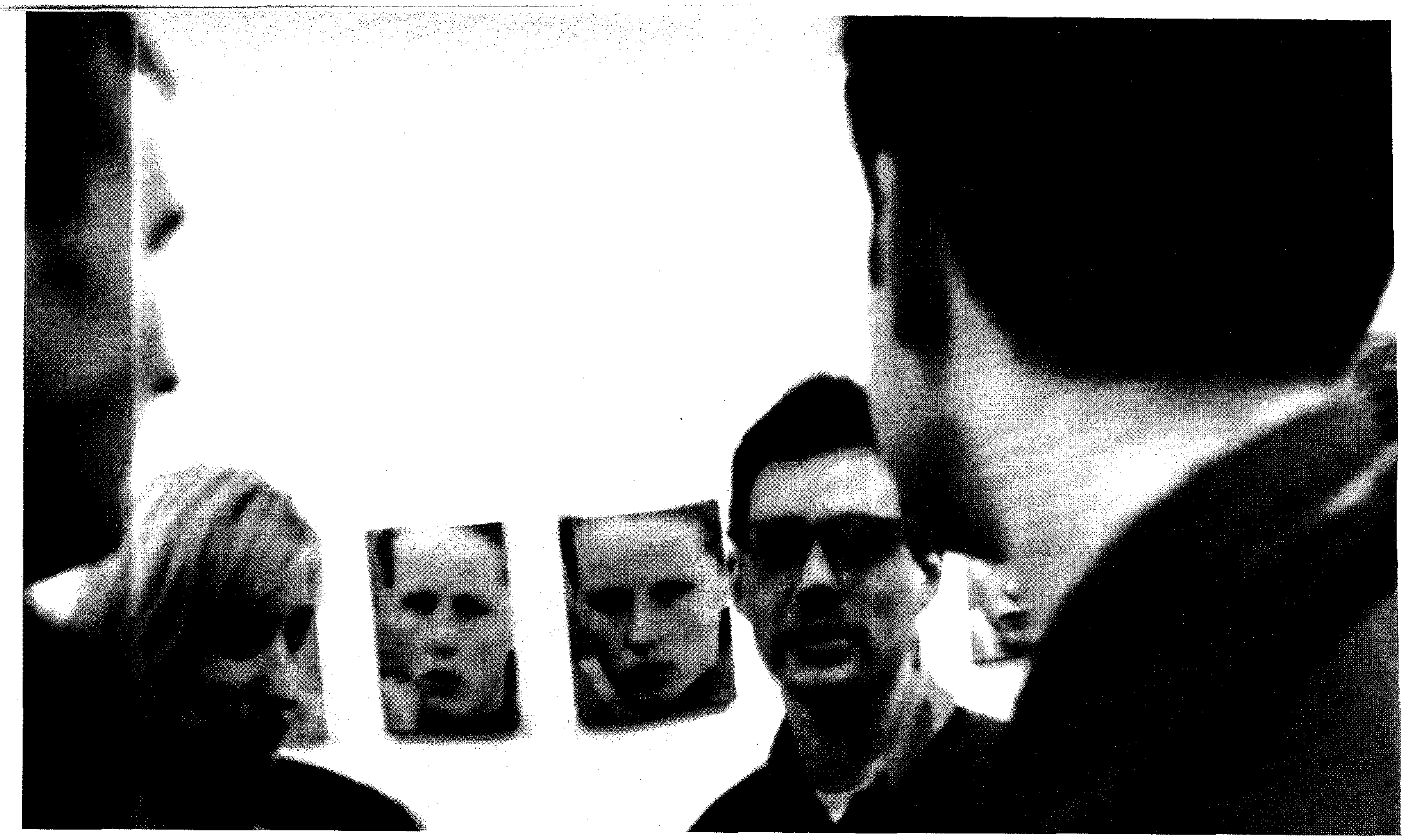
With his contract still in negotiation, Johnson's handlers in L.A. are keen on playing his exposure for maximum effect—discouraging magazine stories like this one, for example, unless the cover can be guaranteed, in writing. "I'm sure you understand," explained Ingrid Roberts, one of the many people suddenly in Johnson's service. "We're looking for the best exposure based on the quality of the proposal."

Of course, an athlete's expressiveness, the same as a dancer's, is ultimately a matter of what he does with his body, as the Jets' management well knows. "We're counting on him being enormously productive," says Gutman, the team president.

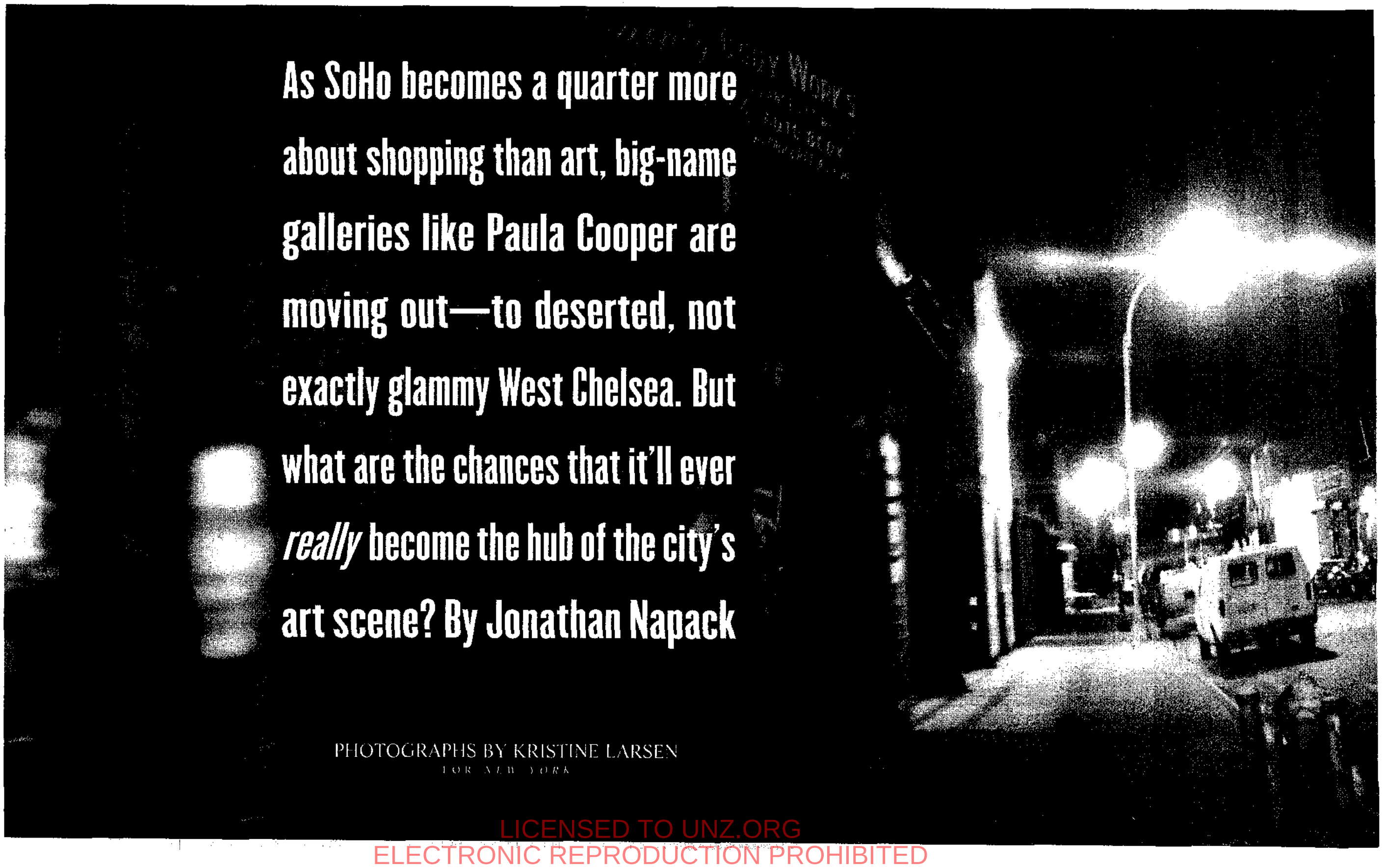
Clearly, though, Johnson's value to the Jets is something more. Whether he likes it or not, he's been given the starring role. Now he's got to play his part. ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDRÉ LAMBERTSON
FOR *NEW YORK*





CHELSEA! IT'S THE



As SoHo becomes a quarter more about shopping than art, big-name galleries like Paula Cooper are moving out—to deserted, not exactly glammy West Chelsea. But what are the chances that it'll ever *really* become the hub of the city's art scene? By Jonathan Napack

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KRISTINE LARSEN
FOR NEW YORK

NEW SOHO! MAYBE.

The Chelsea scene: Top, a party at the Matthew Marks Gallery; bottom, desolate West 22nd Street at night.

A bustling SoHo intersection: Increasingly, the formerly avant neighborhood is all about merchandise.

PERRY RUBENSTEIN, THE FORMER owner of SoHo's Rubenstein/Diacono gallery, is walking up Mercer Street on a mild spring afternoon. There's a sense of quiet, and for a second, a hint of the old SoHo gestalt is there—the melancholy columns basking in the gloam. But when he turns over to West Broadway, the illusion is shattered. The sidewalks, as usual, are crowded with tourists—Italians drooping under heavy shopping bags, Japanese girls in Comme des Garçons taking pictures of each other. It looks—and sounds—like the shopping mall at Heathrow Airport.

He passes the Mary Boone Gallery—which has since moved uptown after seventeen years in the neighborhood—then heads to 130 Prince Street, the site of his former gallery. Vendors on the sidewalk are hawking gray-market books and fake Russian jewelry, and street artists are selling their wares. "When they start selling Gorbachev dolls outside your gallery," says Rubenstein, who is now a private dealer, "you wonder what's happening to your audience." Now, he says, he's just like everyone else: "I come to SoHo for Dean & Deluca and Eddie Bauer."

Of course, mourning SoHo's transition from the nexus of the world's art scene to an overrun consumer Valhalla is something of a tired exercise at this point. Six years ago, art critic Robert Hughes wrote that the idea of the downtown art scene was becoming as anachronistic "as the notion that French painters wear berets and live in high studios in Montparnasse." Still, SoHo's newest commercial boom has had a particularly acute impact: Crowds are so dense that on any sunny Saturday, the sidewalks are as packed as a midtown block at lunchtime, and chain stores continue to drive even more of the art community out. Recently, four of SoHo's top galleries—Metro Pictures, Barbara Gladstone, Mary Boone, and Paula Cooper—have announced they're leaving the neighborhood. All but Boone are moving to the marginal, unproved industrial fringe of Chelsea's west side, betting that West Chelsea will become the city's next art mecca, that it's SoHo circa 1971.

Whether this is the case is a topic of lively—and often bitchy—debate. "The notion that this is going to become the South Fork of Long Island overnight is risible," says art writer Charlie Finch. "Even the cops are scared to go there. It's like *Blade Runner* on the Hudson." SoHo gallerist David Zwirner is similarly dismissive. "First of all," he says, "you should be able to take a train"—the closest subway stop is the C-and-E line at 23rd Street and Eighth Avenue—"and you should be able to get a decent meal." Adds Daniel Silverstein, a young SoHo dealer, "It's going to be tough getting people to schlep all that way for a bunch of nobodies. Believe me, it's hard enough on Broadway."

Still, West Chelsea's momentum is getting increasingly difficult to brush off. Since Matthew Marks opened a gallery at 522 West 22nd Street in 1994, five more galleries—Pat Hearn, Morris Healy, Annina Nosei, Jessica Fredericks, and Greene Naftali—have settled nearby. The Linda Kirkland Gallery opened just last week, and even more galleries will open this fall: the aforementioned Metro Pictures and Gladstone from SoHo. The real-estate developers the Lerner Group are opening a gallery building at 529–535 West 20th Street. The space is also to include artists' studios.

Chelsea has its share of pioneers and a bit of prehistory. Julian Schnabel once had his studio in artist Sandro Chia's building at 521 West 23rd Street, and during the eighties, Larry Gagosian opened his first gallery in the same building. (Gagosian plays his prescience down: "It was a fluke," he says. "It appealed to me exactly because no one else was there.") But West Chelsea in its current incarnation started in 1987, when the Dia Center for the Arts moved into a building on a desolate stretch of 22nd Street off the West Side Highway. Dia got favorable attention for its spectacular installations but remained more or less alone until nineteen months ago, when Marks moved in up the block.

Many think Marks is the principal reason West Chelsea is happening at all. The 33-year-old dealer opened his first gallery just five years ago and quickly attracted first-rank artists like Brice Marden—whose paintings sell for up to $750,000—and a lucrative trade in Picasso and other classic moderns. He began in a small space at 78th and Madison, but by the fall of 1993, he'd decided to expand. "The gallery was just too small," he says. "We had to bring some paintings in through the window." Marks looked in SoHo but found nothing that had what he wanted—"storefront, lots of space"—without a prohibitive price. Dia's then-director, Charles Wright, ran into Marks at a party and told him of a property on Dia's block, which Marks ended up buying. He opened his Chelsea space in October 1994 with a coup—new paintings by reclusive abstract painter Ellsworth Kelly. "It put the gallery on people's itinerary," he says bluntly.

From the start, Marks was intent on creating not only a gallery but a whole gallery *scene.* He stayed open on Sundays, when SoHo galleries are closed, and re-

Photograph by Kristine Larsen.

lentlessly lobbied others to see the light. “Matthew went to every one of us and said, ‘You’re crazy not to move to Chelsea,’ ” says one SoHo dealer. By last fall, he’d persuaded Paul Morris, a close friend who had worked for London superdealer Anthony d’Offay, and SoHo and East Village veteran Pat Hearn to move into the former garage at 530 West 22nd Street.

Morris and Hearn made attractive bait: They both ran voguish “younger” galleries that wouldn’t compete for Marks’s more well-heeled clients. Then, Barbara Gladstone and Helene Winer of Metro Pictures—who between them represent such heavy hitters as Matthew Barney, Robert Longo, and Cindy Sherman—bought a building on West 24th Street with Marks, where all three will open their galleries a few months from now.

There are several reasons dealers give for deciding to migrate west, but the primary one—in most cases—is economic. In SoHo, stores like Banana Republic and Williams-Sonoma compete for the same spaces the galleries do; and for really large artworks, one needs the kind of extremely sturdy floors commonly found only in former garages—like Gagosian’s and Boone’s SoHo spaces. “There is only so much appropriate accommodation in this quarter,” says SoHo gallerist Sean Kelly, “and it’s running out. And if you’re competing with people with more money than you, you’re going to lose.”

For Gladstone, it’s not just about saving money but about what she can do with all her newfound space. “We’ll be able to store everything here, and deliveries won’t get so tied up,” she says. “But more important, I now have 9,000 square feet of amazing space—two floors, a roof, skylights, the works—and I can do museum-level shows.” This is not just puffing—Gladstone is opening with Gary Hill, the sublimely mysterious video artist last seen in New York almost a year ago at the Guggenheim SoHo, who will be followed by the brilliant Russian installation artist Ilya Kabakov.

Paula Cooper says her decision to move was all about staying vital. “I’ve been in my current space since 1973,” she says. “I’m ready for something new.” She adds that cement floors will be nice because “they’re cleaner and the works look better on them. The real advantage is the fact that there aren’t any columns.” Cooper owns her Wooster Street space and presumably could keep the Chelsea operation afloat just on the rent from the new tenant; Nosei rented her own SoHo space—to Prada, which has opened its new Miu Miu store there—before moving to West Chelsea.

For dealers fed up with hordes of noncollectors who like to break up a long day of shopping by hitting a gallery or two, West Chelsea’s inaccessibility becomes a virtue. “You can’t deny what it’s like in SoHo,” says Marks, “the people who come in who aren’t serious.” For Gladstone, extra foot traffic has never translated into bigger sales. “You don’t sell four times as many pieces if four times as many people come in,” she says. They are all convinced that business will not be hurt by the move to a remote precinct. “Collectors will go anywhere,” says Perry Rubenstein, who lives and works in West Chelsea. “When Larry Gagosian was here, the limousines were lining up outside his door.”

PAULA COOPER COULD KEEP THE CHELSEA GALLERY AFLOAT JUST ON RENT FROM HER WOOSTER STREET SPACE. ANNINA NOSEI RENTED HER SPACE TO PRADA.

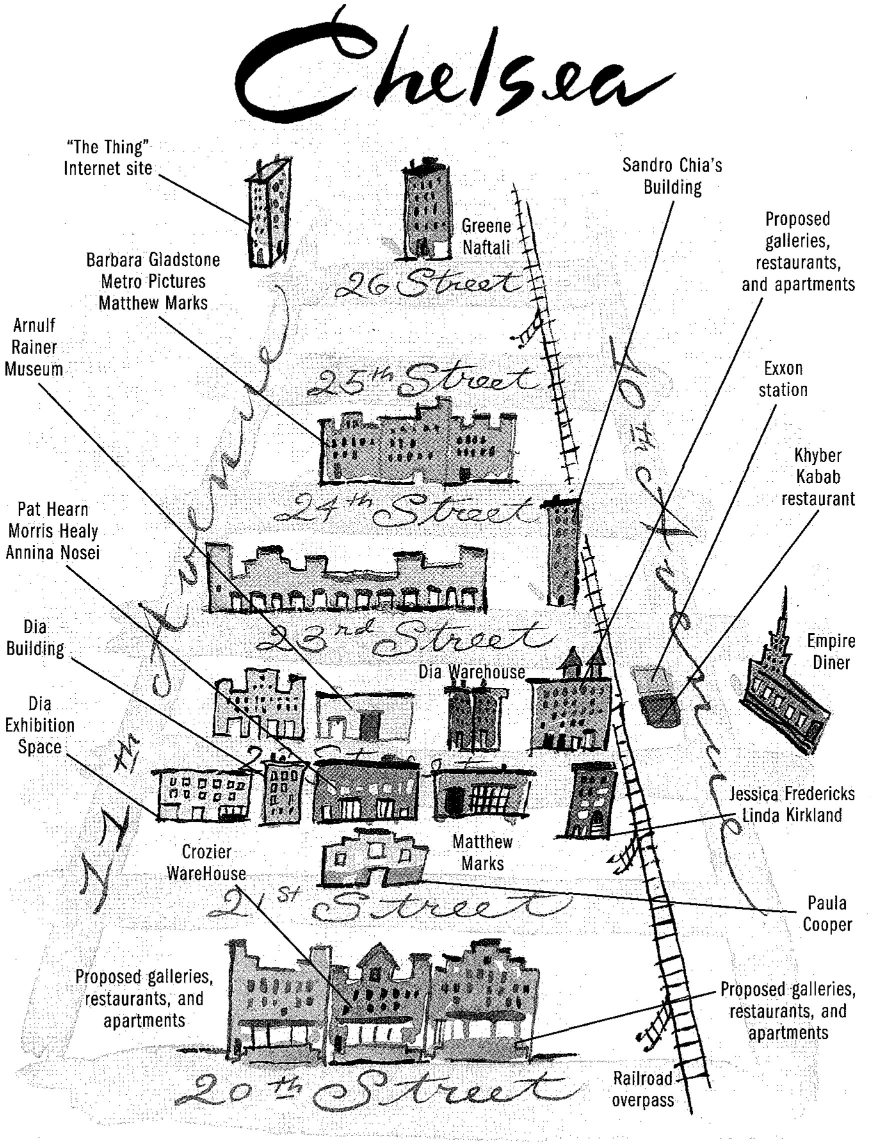
Some see a more devious plan afoot, however. The art business, they point out, is just emerging from a brutal recession. Collectors are starting to buy, cash is starting to flow, and the Chelsea gambit could put their fragile recovery at risk. “So many collectors tell me how bad they were treated in the eighties—they’d be forced to buy works in bundles, or be told they weren’t good enough for something,” says a SoHo dealer. “And now Matthew and Barbara are trying to re-create that! They want to play this power-manipulation game, dividing the other big dealers—Marian Goodman on 57th Street, Gagosian on Madison Avenue, and Luhring Augustine in SoHo—so they can create an elite group and shut out everyone else. And that’s going to backfire on everybody, because collectors hate that.” Art is an exotic microclimate, and the merest cold breath can apparently threaten its ecology.

But even if Leo Castelli himself announced plans to move to Chelsea tomorrow, it’s hard to imagine the area possessing SoHo’s allure. In broad daylight, Chelsea is desolate; after dark, it’s downright forbidding. On 20th Street, a fire hydrant lies ripped from its pipe on the sidewalk. Up on 23rd Street, flapping and squeaking sounds emanate from an overpass—bats, roosting in the girders. And there are other problems: The many taxi garages that have inhabited the area over the past few decades have riddled the ground with gas tanks, some of which leak. And that’s not even to mention the drugs and hookers.

West Chelsea partisans insist the arrival of amenities like restaurants is just a matter of time—*Look how empty SoHo used to be,* they all say. But it’s hardly a fair comparison. Twenty-five years ago, much of the city was undeveloped, and pressure on rents was exceptionally low. That sustained the artists’ scene in SoHo for a precommercial decade or so and allowed risky, low-margin businesses like galleries to take root. “Back in ’68, there was nothing here except this incredibly close-knit artist scene,” remembers Paula Cooper.

It’s a situation that probably won’t be replicated in West Chelsea. Because, while a num-

Left, Chelsea pioneer Matthew Marks; right, an Ellsworth Kelly show at the Matthew Marks Gallery.


Chelsea
"The Thing" Internet site
Barbara Gladstone
Metro Pictures
Matthew Marks
Arnulf Rainer Museum
Pat Hearn
Morris Healy
Annina Nosei
Dia Building
Dia Exhibition Space
Crozier WareHouse
Proposed galleries, restaurants, and apartments
Greene Naftali
Sandro Chia's Building
Proposed galleries, restaurants, and apartments
Exxon station
Khyber Kabab restaurant
Empire Diner
Dia Warehouse
Jessica Fredericks
Linda Kirkland
Matthew Marks
Paula Cooper
Proposed galleries, restaurants, and apartments
Railroad overpass
26 Street
25th Street
24th Street
23rd Street
22nd Street
21 St Street
20th Street
11th Avenue
10th Avenue

NOT EVERYONE IS SOLD ON CHELSEA. "EVEN THE COPS ARE AFRAID TO GO THERE," SNIFFS ONE WAG. "IT'S *BLADE RUNNER* ON THE HUDSON."

ber of artists do rent studios in the West Twenties, the *real* artists' scene—the place where the sort of vitality on which SoHo was built is most apparent—lies in Williamsburg. Real-estate prices being what they are, the likelihood that any Manhattan neighborhood during the next half-century will again be the place where artists live, create, *and* sell their work is nil. "The glue that held SoHo together was the artist-in-residence zoning," says Sean Kelly, referring to the 1971 zoning resolution that allowed joint living-working quarters for artists. "Chelsea doesn't have that."

Finally, there is the question of just how moribund SoHo really is. About a third of the 10,000 legal residents are still artists officially working and living in lofts. And while rental space in the heart of SoHo gets costlier and costlier, it's a completely different story below Broome Street, where the mall atmosphere wanes quickly and rents are significantly lower. Many galleries—American Fine Arts, Sandra Gering—are happy where they are for now. "We don't get the tourists with the ice-cream cones," says Jeffrey Deitch, who represents Jeff Koons and just opened a space on Grand Street. (It's not as though Chelsea is cheap: Rents are already rising. Lerner's gallery building is offering an enticing $9 per square foot per year, but that's only a sweetheart deal for one year; after that, the rent goes up. On more established blocks, the asking price has jumped as high as $20 per square foot—which doesn't begin to approach prime SoHo prices but is no bargain either.)

The bigger question, however, is not about the relative merits and weaknesses of SoHo or West Chelsea; it's whether New York itself is still the center of the universe. This year has seen important, exciting museum shows in Minneapolis, Los Angeles, Paris, and Athens—none of which traveled here. Last December, Los Angeles's Museum of Contemporary Art organized a brilliant history of conceptualism, "Reconsidering the Object of Art," in its reopened Frank Gehry space. The show was refused by the Guggenheim.

The real problem with the New York art world, says Perry Rubenstein, is that "no one's making art that anybody really cares about. Nobody manufactured the boom ten years ago—you can only go so far on hype. People genuinely got excited about Schnabel and Salle and Koons, and nothing's come along to replace that." Barbara Gladstone's genius at hyping her artists brought Matthew Barney accolades and a *Vogue* profile but failed to create more than a brief stir. "Last year, I couldn't imagine a more boring art season," says curator and SoHo Arts Festival director Simon Watson. "But this year confounded me by being even more boring. For three years, the art world's been belly-up. This year, the belly is moving. But what's in the belly?"

Still, while it's generally acknowledged that New York is diminishing as *the* center of creation, the city has so far kept its place as the brokering point, and it's common to find a collector from Brentwood traveling all the way to New York to buy a work by an artist from Santa Monica. The sheer size of the infrastructure here—dozens of serious galleries, compared with roughly twenty in Cologne and around fifteen each in London and Tokyo—gives a certain commercial staying power to the city.

So whether West Chelsea becomes the center of the art world or just another version of the mid-eighties East Village—a brief flash, then gone—doesn't really matter, because if Barbara Gladstone can show 9,000 square feet of Ilya Kabakov and new galleries like Sean Kelly can open in SoHo, then maybe there's some life left in the art scene here. "I don't care *where* galleries move," says Simon Watson. "As long as they stay alive, and in New York." ■

Illustration by Barbara McGregor.

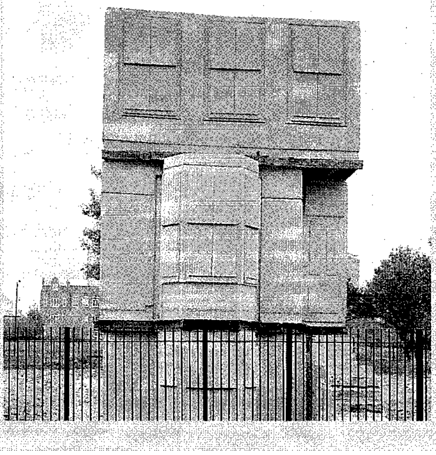
LONDON CALLING

They've already got a lock on the publishing scene—now Brits are staking major claims in the New York art world

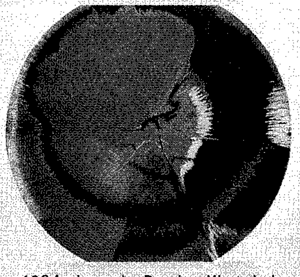
LONDON—FORMERLY KNOWN FOR towering, isolated geniuses like Francis Bacon—has in recent years developed a vibrant art scene, but as in the lower arts, there seems to be a bit of a problem keeping the talent at home: British critics, curators, and gallerists are moving to New York, setting up shop, and spearheading a typically immigrant-driven revival.

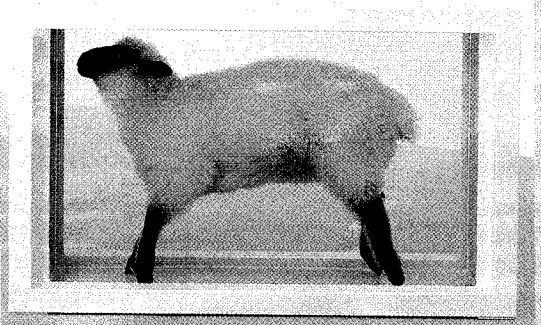
Two of the more highly anticipated art shows of the season have just been mounted, both featuring the work of British artists. There's Damien Hirst, the enfant terrible showing at the Gagosian Gallery, whose provocative work—dead pigs and cows sliced up and preserved in formaldehyde tanks, for instance—has earned him pop-star fame at home and outrage here (animal-rights activists quoted in the *Daily News* called his work "psychopathology masquerading as art"). And there's Rachel Whiteread, whose show opens at Luhring Augustine Gallery this week, and who is best known for *House*, 1993, a concrete cast of a demolished East London house that won the Turner Prize—British art's version of the Nobel.

"This is a very welcoming place for the British," says Bath-born dealer Sean Kelly. "We operate with a kind of lassitude that New Yorkers like."



Rachel Whiteread and her most renowned piece, *House*, 1993.



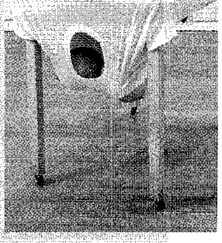


Two 1994 pieces by Damien Hirst, below.

Kelly came here in 1989 to set up the New York branch of the L.A. Louver gallery; two years later, in the midst of the crash, he started working as a private dealer, serving as adviser to the German artist Rebecca Horn and representing the installation artist Ann Hamilton. After three years spent building a stable of artists that includes Lorna Simpson, Joseph Kosuth, and Marina Abramovic, he decided to open a gallery, at a time when the market was still moribund. "The response we got was overwhelming," Kelly says. "People were so happy that somebody was doing something, that the art world wasn't dead in the water." Coming to New York, he continues, was a crucial step: "The British cut down anyone who's successful. That's why they'll never get back what they once had. Americans are so much more positive."

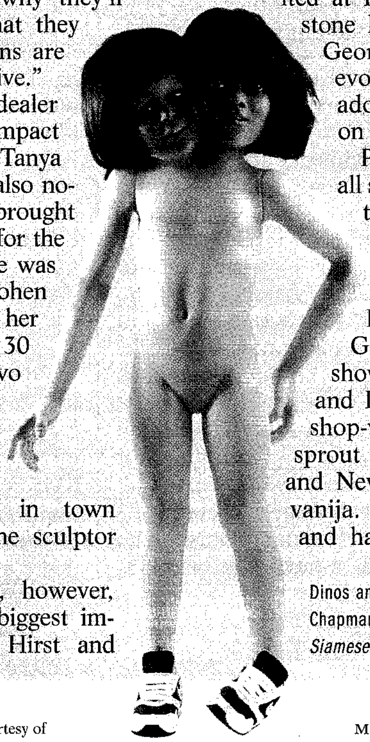
Another British dealer who's made an impact pretty quickly is Tanya Bonakdar—who is also notable for having brought Hirst to New York for the first time, when she was director of the Cohen Gallery. She opened her own space at 130 Prince Street two years ago and has already earned a reputation as one of the sharpest younger gallerists in town (she also shows the sculptor Charles Long).

It is the artists, however, who've made the biggest impact. Aside from Hirst and Whiteread, there are a number of emerging talents who possess the irreverent, embrace-the-trash take on mass culture that tends to go over well with American audiences. Among the more interesting works are Mat Collishaw's reconstruction of Jodie Foster's movie *The Accused;* Tracey Emin's tent, embroidered inside with the names of, as the piece is titled, *Everybody I've Ever Slept With, 1963–1995;* installation artist Sarah Lucas's *Bitch* (a table draped in a T-shirt with two melons for breasts and a kipper for a vagina), which was exhibited at Barbara Gladstone last year; and Georgina Starr's evocations of adolescent dejection, currently on view at Gladstone.



Bitch, by Sarah Lucas.

Perhaps predictably, the Brits all seem a bit put out over having to travel across the ocean for recognition. "The art world's more exciting in London now," says Gavin Brown, whose gallery, called Gavin Brown's enterprise, shows young British artists Jake and Dinos Chapman—they make shop-window mannequins that sprout sexual organs and wounds—and New Yorkers like Rirkrit Tiravanija. "New York works too well and has become too professional, but overall, the culture is more vital here. This is still where the future is."



Dinos and Jake Chapman's *Siamese Twat.*

Photographs: clockwise from top left, courtesy of Gagosian Gallery (2); Rankin/Katz/Outline; courtesy of Barbara GladstoneGallery; courtesy of Gavin Brown; Malcolm Venville; courtesy of Karsten Shubert.

[THE *NEW YORK* INTERVIEW]

Two Tall Women

Broadway's grandest dames—**Zoe Caldwell** and **Cherry Jones**—on rotten seafood, dangerous oxygen, and the Tony awards

BY MICHAEL MUSTO

WITH THE BROADWAY SEASON WINDing down into its "I'd like to thank the Academy" phase, I rounded up two of the theater's most honored actresses at Sardi's for a midday reward of my own. The pair epitomized two generations of high-end Broadway star quality—and they know each other. Zoe Caldwell is 62, a three-time Tony-winning grande dame who makes a rich and startling Maria Callas in *Master Class.* In person, she's wise, elaborately theatrical, and just a little intimidating, but if you throw her back some attitude, she'll only *look* like she's going to bite your head off. (In fact, she's quite lovable.) Cherry Jones—last year's Tony winner for *The Heiress*—is quietly magnetic spinster Hannah Jelkes in *The Night of the Iguana.* Offstage, she's eager, accessible, a bit self-deprecating, and adorably in awe—39, but very much the young one. Their interplay was a little bit like *All About Eve* minus the raw ambition, via *The Dresser* minus the subservience. They love their craft, they love the theey-yatah, they love each other, and they're certainly not waiting for Hollywood to call. Since it was Sardi's oysters that famously felled Zoe onstage in February, I thought it only apt to start with some mollusk joke, but the actress promptly made a mock-shushing gesture and I quickly changed the subject.

Michael Musto: I'm thrilled that you're both here.

Zoe Caldwell: Well, it's very rare that I even veer out today. I live the life of a nun. A less-swell life than a nun.

Cherry Jones: Because it's relentless. [*To Zoe*] This past year was my first in dealing with what you've been dealing with forever, and I was astounded that it never ends. The benefit requests and the dinner requests and the luncheon requests, and they're all worthy, but you have to prioritize. It's not like we're cancer surgeons, but you *do* have to be at your absolute peak every night. [*To Musto*] Is this how you always take notes? It's like Eugene O'Neill or something. Didn't O'Neill write *Emperor Jones* on three pages of paper that looked like that?

Musto: Oh, this will be much better than *Emperor Jones.* Anyway, do you think obsessively about the Tonys? Like, "Oh, my God, am I going to get nominated? Will I win?"

Jones: Not at all! Not at all!

Musto: Oh, come on. I think about it all the time, and I wasn't even in anything!

Jones: The first time I was nominated, for *Our Country's Good,* it was a total fluke and I shouldn't even have *been* nominated, certainly not in that category. So that was Cinderella-at-the-ball time. And last year was an utter delight, but it's such a sideline to what we do, and if you start thinking that way, you spoil the fun of the work.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NIGEL PARRY/CPi
FOR *NEW YORK*

BRING IN 'DA DIVAS: ZOE CALDWELL (LEFT) AND CHERRY JONES UPSTAIRS AT SARDI'S.

Musto: [*Pointing to Zoe*] She's probably going to win, don't you think?

Jones: Yes, I think so.

Caldwell: I don't think about it. [*After some prodding*] Of course it crosses your mind, and in a season like this, which is a very strong season, it's nice to be nominated, because it's from your peers.

[*Cherry asks for decaf, water, and fish soup; Zoe demands* warm *Pellegrino.*]

Musto: Cherry, I thought it was great that you thanked your lover, Mary, in your Tony speech.

Jones: It's so interesting to me that poor Mary got lumped at the end of a long list of names and I got so much attention for thanking her. It was the most natural thing in the world for me to do. I threw Mary in because I couldn't bear not to, but it was completely unnecessary because our relationship is such that she wouldn't have felt at all slighted if I hadn't.

Musto: Were you proud of her for that, Zoe?

Caldwell: It just seemed natural. I wasn't proud or not proud.

Jones: You probably didn't even know who Mary *was*.

Caldwell: I knew! I watch you like a hawk.

Jones: Zoe said that to me after seeing me in *The Heiress*—"I was watching you like a hawk." I loved it!

Musto: Zoe, I'm so afraid you're going to point at me and say, "You don't have a look," like you do to audience members at *Master Class*. Do I?

Caldwell: [*Long pause*] You have a look. Usually, when I point to people, they laugh, but sometimes I pick people who aren't sure of themselves at all and they get all hurt, and that makes me sad. I wish I could jump down and say, "It's okay."

Musto: But it's not okay. They should get a look.

Caldwell: You know, Cherry and I worked together. I directed her in *Macbeth*.

Musto: No way!

Caldwell: I wouldn't be so bold as to say it, otherwise.

Musto: I wasn't accusing you of lying. But isn't that the bad-luck play?

Caldwell: We've thrown discretion to the winds at our theater—we quote it and speak it and we don't care.

Musto: But then, you did have that attack onstage.

Caldwell: Yes, but if that's the most evil thing that occurs, I'll be okay.

Jones: My sister in Tennessee says, "I eat my oysters fried, because then I know it died."

Caldwell: I'm *so* bored with oyster jokes. [*To Musto*] When you started off talking about *oysters* at the beginning, I thought, "Oh, no, it's going to be *that* kind of an occasion."

Musto: I just thought I'd get it out of the way. Though I did just bring it up again.

Caldwell: So now it's really out of the way. Next time you're out!

Musto: It's a deal. Tell me, how do you feel about being called divas?

Caldwell: People get a word and flounce it around. I'm not a diva, Cherry's not a diva. None of us who are called divas are divas. I mean, *Callas* was a diva and Beverly Sills and Leontyne Price are divas, but *we're* actresses. Diva means "the first voice."

Musto: So you're prima donnas?

Jones: No!

Musto: What kind of reputation do you think you both have? Hardworking, dedicated, nasty, troublesome?

Jones: Hardworking, responsible, professional.

Caldwell: Yes!

Musto: Has anyone refused to work with you?

Caldwell: Well, no one has knocked on my door and said, "We don't like you and won't work with you!"

Jones: Most everyone in the theater is so utterly delightful.

Caldwell: Well, not *every*body. There are pockets of resistance, I'm sure. But for the most part, when actors see another actor be superb, they *joy* at it!

Musto: Were you suicidal when you didn't get to do the movie of *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*?

Caldwell: Oh, no, they wouldn't have chosen me. I wouldn't have sold a ticket, because I'm not a film actress. I can make love to audiences, but not to a camera. Theater's such a human thing. We are alive, they are alive, we are alive at the same moment as the audience is alive. Without the audience, we are nothing. You need three things for the theater—a text, actors, and the audience. Everything else is an added attraction. I don't understand in any way how to be at ease in front of a camera. But I can do *anything* in front of 1,000 people.

Musto: Sort of like Madonna.

Jones: [*Blurts to Zoe*] I want exactly what you've had!

Musto: Her husband?

Jones: [*Laughs*] I certainly would love her husband [producer Robert Whitehead] as a dear friend, because he's a gentleman in the true sense of the word—he's a gentle man. What I mean is to have attained a modicum of celebrity while still keeping the utter respect of one's peers. I would lose my mind if I ever acquired fame on a level even slightly higher.

Caldwell: You *can* take it higher than you are now, but you must be the disciplinarian of it for your own protection. I beg you to do that!

Musto: You mean, Cherry, if a big movie studio called you to do *Pretty Woman Part Deux* for 5 million bucks, you'd slam down the phone?

Jones: I always tell my agents, "I only want to look at things that have social worth and at the very least do no social harm." I don't want to waste one minute of my life doing something I can't be truly proud of on every level.

Musto: I could be proud of 5 million bucks on *any* level. Now, judging from your performances, I can tell that you both love your characters to distraction.

Caldwell: Yes! I deeply love Maria Callas!

Musto: Me too, but I wouldn't want to be friends with her.

Caldwell: Well, there's no chance that either of us will be at this point. That's *way* down on our list of worries.

Jones: When I started *Iguana,* my problem was, I loved Hannah *too* much. I put her up on a pedestal. Perhaps I do not have the spiritual maturity yet to have tackled her at my age. But she's taking me by the hand and leading me to her bit by bit.

Caldwell: My Maria is quite different, too. I'm not afraid anymore.

Musto: Because you remember your lines now?

Caldwell: [*Grimacing*] I *always* had the lines, but I didn't have Maria. *Now* I have Maria!

Musto: Do you think Callas would enjoy your performance, or is she rolling?

Caldwell: [*Startled*] What? Well, I sure am serving her. I'm not getting any hostile vibrations from the land of the great divas.

Musto: It's great that you don't play her as just a bitch.

Caldwell: Well, she wasn't just a bitch. No one is ever *just* a bitch.

Musto: I guess you never met—well, never mind. How do you feel about Patti LuPone stepping into your role?

Caldwell: I feel it's the best thing Patti could do at this point. With the whole rum-tiddy-tum of *Sunset Boulevard,* I think she's reached an age and a stage where as an actress she must look at something quite, quite different. I think it will be thrilling for her. I told her she'll have to work harder than she's ever worked in her life, and she'll be triumphant, but she won't be anything to do with me—that would be really awful!

Musto: I thought they'd replace you with Nathan Lane.

Caldwell: Well, that's just smart-ass talk.

Musto: I hope Patti doesn't think it's a musical.

Caldwell: I'm sure Patti doesn't think it's a musical. Patti, if you *really* want to know, is the first actress in New York who was deeply moved and affected [by *Master Class*]. She wrote me the most extraordinary letter. She knows *deeply* what Maria is about.

Musto: Well, all right, all right, tell me who else you admire.

Caldwell: When I went backstage after *Two Trains Running,* I knocked on Laurence Fishburne's door, and usually I say, "Hello, I'm Zoe Caldwell . . ." But he opened the door and I said [*gasps in silent awe for a good ten seconds*] and ran. And to this day, he doesn't know *who* that crazy old lady was.

Musto: And our Cherry here?

Caldwell: Her Lady MacDuff made you weep in a production that didn't work. Cherry isn't afraid to be accessible. It's that marvelous thing of knowing exactly who you are. I say to one of the girls in the play, *"Know who you are!"* That's what it's all about.

Jones: [*To Zoe*] I'm embarrassed to say I don't remember what you said to me, but I remember it opened up the world to me for my character. It was wonderful to have a director who was also an actress . . . *older* than myself [*I choke on my shrimp, but Zoe keeps smiling*] who knew exactly the dilemma I was facing.

Caldwell: The production had been bruised by too many different directors. *I* came in for the last three weeks, which is not enough time to do much of anything.

Jones: We'd been through five MacDuffs, and had to rehearse on a proscenium stage at a municipal hockey rink in Baltimore. Christopher Plummer had been injured and was in a wheelchair with a neck brace, and Glenda Jackson was pushing him around, and we were all bundled up in our winter coats on a hockey rink.

Musto: So I was right about the bad-luck thing.

Caldwell: Chris was an astonishing Macbeth. And it was so thrilling to me when I saw what's-his-name who played *The Father.*

Jones: Frank Langella.

Caldwell: Frank! Well, you see, I'd always seen Frank Langella being full of mannerisms, so I went to see *The Father* a little unwillingly. Well, I know he's difficult, but nevertheless he was extraordinary on that stage! He's so clean now. [*To Cherry*] You know the backstage stuff, which I don't. That's why you're nodding your head. [*Cherry laughs but won't spill.*]

Musto: Speaking of backstage stuff, Zoe, your co-star, Audra McDonald, says she once checked herself into a psychiatric ward.

Caldwell: That was a long time ago.

Jones: Most of us need to do that at some point in our lives.

Caldwell: Well, Audra's a true theater star. The minute she comes onstage, she takes away that dangerous oxygen.

Jones: What a wonderful phrase. *Dangerous oxygen!*

Musto: Who else has that quality—besides me?

Jones: I was high from Holly Hunter's performance in *The Piano* for weeks. It makes you think, "What am I doing?" It was so hard to go to work that night. You know, I went to school with Holly when she was just a tiny baby from Georgia. I remember scolding her for doing some B film and saying, "You have to be very careful about the choices you make." But she knew what she wanted, and she went for it. That woman is pure will.

Caldwell: It shows in her body.

Jones: She's an extraordinary athlete, dancer, gymnast. I'm not a dancer. I'm klutzy and clumsy. I carried the bass drum in the school band.

Caldwell: You're not clumsy. I saw you handle those clothes in *Macbeth.*

Musto: All right, already, I'm convinced—you're both hardworking and professional! But does either of you ever have goofy moments when you're just plain wild and reckless?

Caldwell: I feel like that's my life—wild and reckless. But you have to be disciplined—that's why I'm leaving the show on June 29.

Jones: Zoe writes poems about squirrels.

Musto: [*To Zoe, after an awkward silence*] When you played Medea, didn't you ever want to just crack up in the middle of it?

Caldwell: No. And you only asked that because you're a writer and not an actor.

Musto: Please! I went to HB Studio one summer.

Caldwell: You did? It must have been the kindergarten class.

Musto: Come on, you mean Medea never laughed?

Caldwell: Not after the betrayal. No, *sir.* There wasn't a lot of laughter around that house in Corinth.

Musto: But there was a lot of dangerous oxygen. Thank you both for your time and for indulging my wisecracks. Good luck on Tony night.

Jones: I was fascinated by your blunt pencil.

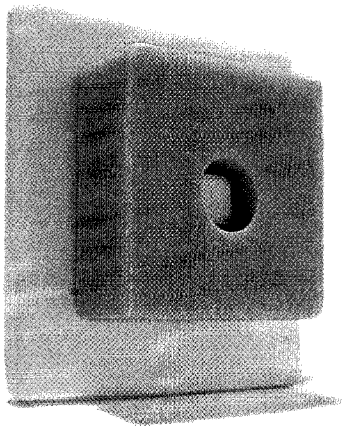
Caldwell: You *tried* to inject frivolity, but we knocked you down. [*The women go upstairs to be photographed, but when they're asked to look at each other, Zoe insists that they switch places so her "bad side" won't show. This reveals Cherry's "bad side," but she laughingly goes along, saying, "I'll do it for Zoe!"*] ■

> **Caldwell:** I don't understand how to be at ease in front of a camera. But I can do *anything* in front of 1,000 people.
> **Musto:** Sort of like Madonna.

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

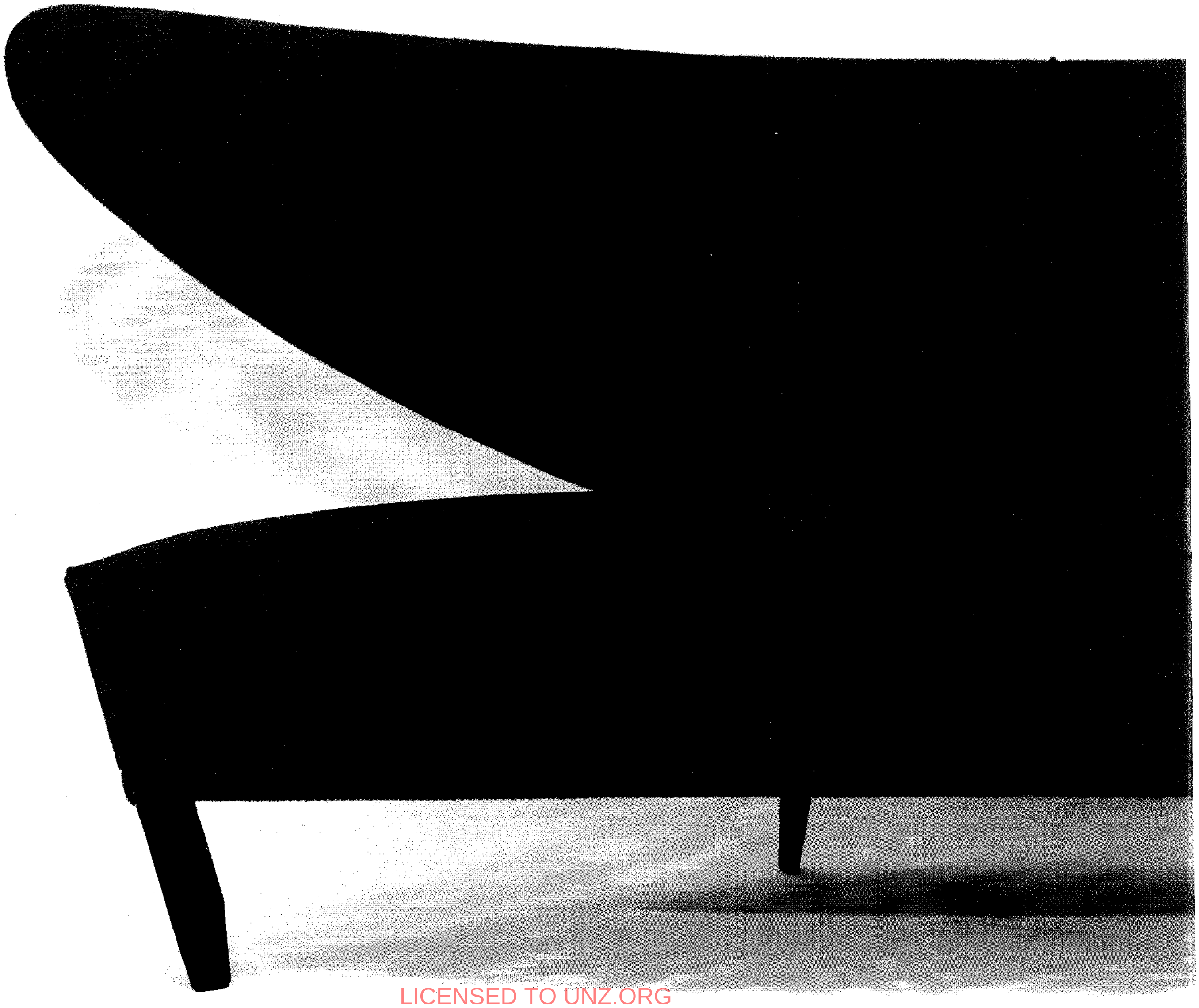
BY CORKY POLLAN



A Stickup

First admire the clean lines, then the ingeniousness. These soaps and holders were the clever idea of Catherine Lévy and Sigolène Prébois, who launched Tsé & tsé associées in Paris in 1992. The pair pledged to design only things they themselves would want to own, and their personal hankerings proved to have a wide appeal. The porcelain holders can lie flat or be mounted on the wall (they have adhesive backs); the mint-, ivy-, or honey-scented soaps keep their square shape even after numerous washings (soaps, $8; holders, $25).

SHI/*233 Elizabeth Street/334-4330*



Photographs: clockwise from top left, Norman; Steve Wisbauer; Ann Stratton; Francesco Mosto.

Nappy Sack

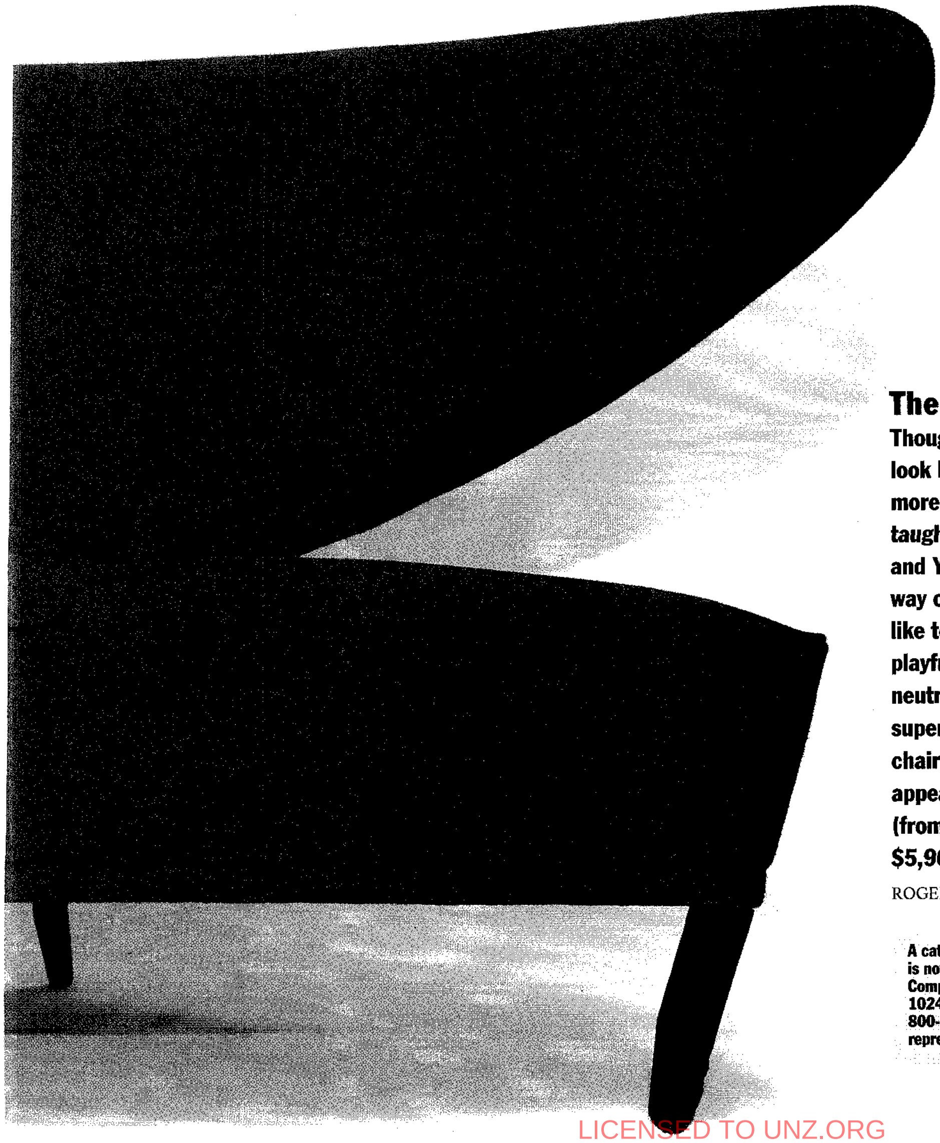
Most diaper bags are so cutesy they seem to have been designed for baby, not the mom or dad who winds up lugging them. Designer Eva Centeno's new baby bag, on the other hand, is a nylon backpack with Prada aspirations. Though it's sleek and dernier cri, Centeno has incorporated *all* the essentials: an insulated front pouch for bottles, a roomy interior for clothing, and a zippered bottom that holds diapers, wipes, and a detachable vinyl changing pad ($98).

MIMI MATERNITY/*1125 Madison Avenue/737-3784*

Applied Arts

Découpage artists have been known to apply flower, fruit, and animal cutouts to every bare surface in sight. John Derian chooses lamp shades as his canvas. He's been cutting and pasting professionally for the past six years, applying numbers and script from antique ledgers to blown glass, creating shades in stripes, plaids, swirls, and grids (shades with bulb clip, $90 to $110; hand-cast metal base, $90).

JOHN DERIAN COMPANY/*6 East 2nd Street, near the Bowery/677-3917/ Open Saturdays and Sundays*



The Moderns

Though Roger Crowley's sofas and chairs look late-modern, his theories sound a bit more post-. Crowley, an architect who *taught the history of furniture at Harvard* and Yale, views furniture as "an inverted way of thinking about architecture." He'd like to see structures evolve around the playful form of a chair. Bored with neutrals, Crowley covers his pieces in supersaturated colors. His sofas and chairs are surprisingly cushier than they appear and lend themselves to sprawling (from $1,300 for a leather ottoman to $5,900 for a wool settee).

ROGER CROWLEY/*439-6002, by appointment*

A catalogued archive of the past year of "Best Bets" is now available on *New York* Magazine Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York* Magazine representative. Current CompuServe users, *go* NYMAG.

THE GOODS **CHRISTOPHER BONANOS**

House Blend

Making espresso isn't the toughest culinary task—but choose your tools wisely. A guide to attaining the **lovely, dark and deep.**

IF YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD COFFEE BAR HAS you hooked on thick, intensely flavorful espresso, you've probably been tempted to try making it yourself. It seems cost-effective, urbane, and altogether beat-the-system-ish: If a takeout cappuccino costs $3, and an inexpensive machine is only about $50, why leave the house on Sunday morning? So you spring for one of those sleek black numbers—and the stuff it produces is not just mediocre but downright terrible. Before long, the machine either (a) becomes strictly ornamental, and takes its place on a high shelf alongside the pasta machine and the bread-maker, or (b) gets fobbed off on a friend, who, it is hoped, will have more of an aptitude for operating the damn thing than you did.

What went wrong? The fact is, getting good espresso takes some fiddling with machine, ingredients, and technique. The espresso pulled in a café or coffee bar—properly—has a delicate top of *crema,* that tan foam that is the object of fetishistic rapture among coffee freaks. Producing *crema* is inherently beyond the ability of most low-end home machines, no matter how much one fusses with them—and even with good equipment, you have to take pains. "People approach these things like a Mr. Coffee, and they're not," says Peter Longo, the owner of Porto Rico Importing Company on Bleecker Street, the premier coffee-equipment store and roaster in the city. "Making good cappuccino is a labor-intensive process." And for many people, what one makes in the kitchen is, and should be, different from what's expected at the bar: If you want a demitasse of the deep-black coffee Italians make at home, just buy a stove-top *moka*—the eight-sided Art Deco–ish pot found in any cooks'-supply shop. They come in one- to sixteen-demitasse sizes, and most cost less than $25.

But if you want a real café espresso, one that's comparable to what you get on MacDougal Street, let alone in Naples, you need a machine. Good espresso results when hot water (about fifteen degrees below boiling) is forced through coffee grounds at very high pressure. Doing so requires either a deft hand on a manual-lever machine (about which more later) or a high-pressure pump. Period. Low-end machines try to do the same thing with a little boiler and the modest pressure it produces. Mauro Cipolla, of the Seattle roaster Caffè D'arte, explains why they don't work: "The steam is too hot, so you get overextraction from the heat. And the pressure is too low, so you get underextraction from that." The resultant coffee tastes thin and burned. If you buy a machine without a pump, what you've got, effectively, is a very expensive automatic-drip coffeemaker with a very small filter basket. You might be able to produce something with mild espresso character—but it's no better than what comes out of a *moka,* and usually worse. Nor will these little boilers have enough pressure to foam milk. The lowest-priced machines out there, those $49.99 models on sale every week, available in black or white, fall into this class. Fortunately, if you avoid the steam-pressure models, most others are adequate, at least for straight espresso. Simple pump machines usually cost around $150. These basic ones all perform about the same, so companies try to differentiate them with various frills; some include an instructional video, some a pitcher for frothing milk. Two inexpensive choices, both perfectly fine: the Salton Cappuccino Dolce ($169) and the DeLonghi Model BAR-14 ($114). Both have little gadgets that sit in the filter holder and help the machine build up enough pressure to produce *crema.* Neither really has enough oomph to foam milk well, but the $25 solution to that is a separate milk steamer.

Go for a better machine, and you won't have to invest in a separate frother. And, as usual, the more expensive

Paradise Italian-style: La Pavoni's handsome—and pricey—machine.

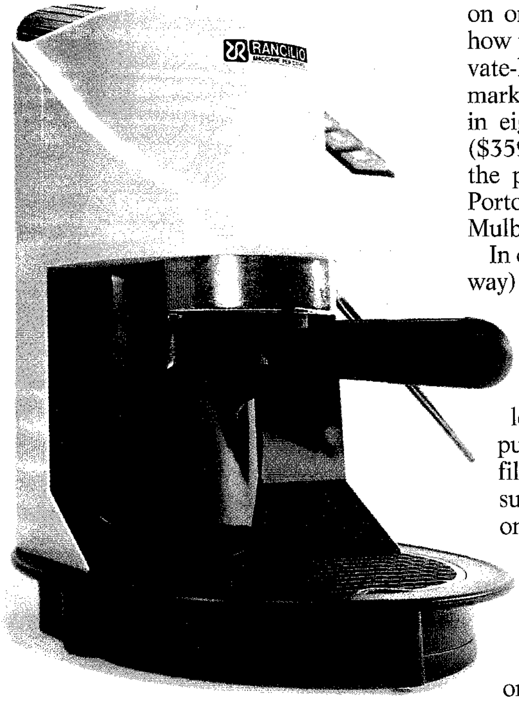
ones just *seem* better, viscerally. They sit sturdily on the counter instead of rattling around; they're built with more metal and less plastic. Heavier mechanisms make more than an aesthetic difference: They hold the heat better, and keeping everything that touches water and coffee hot, even the cup, will improve your espresso. (Regardless of the machine, you should always run plain water through, without grounds, to heat all the parts up, so the first espresso you pull won't be insipid. Even so, fastidious drinkers toss that one out.)

Choices in the $300-to-$400 range are mostly excellent. Porto Rico Importing (201 Bleecker Street; 477-5421) sells a machine called the Saeco Rio Vapore; Starbucks sells the same one under the private-label name Estro Vapore ($299). Its "portafilter"—the little basket-and-handle assembly the grounds go in—is solid and holds heat beautifully. It also incorporates a neat little valve: The machine signals you when the pressure is high enough, and you don't open the spout until then. The Saeco is easier to use than many others, and I'd recommend it if you're not keen on experimentation. (Both Starbucks and Porto Rico will give you a demo when you buy any espresso machine. *Don't skip it;* the little tips—like exactly how fine to grind the beans—make all the difference.) The highest-end Estro, the unfortunately named Magic De Luxe, does absolutely everything itself—you add coffee beans, put a warm cup under the spout, press a button, and wait. It even dumps the grinds in a neat trash bin. (It had better, for $1,350.) No portafilter, no splashes on the counter, no grounds in your sink. (Call the distributor, Java Break: 875-0345.)

> *"...People approach these things like a* **Mr. Coffee, and they're not**—*it's a labor-intensive process..."*

Most machines from the two big German names, Krups and Braun, are those inexpensive and unsatisfying steam-pressure types, but a pump-based Krups model that carries the imposing label "Semi Commercial Maximo" is actually rather effective. It's built to look like a coffee-bar machine, in that squat-horizontal-box idiom, but is relatively easy to use, especially for frothing milk. List price is $330; look for it at Gracious Home, Zabar's, or Broadway Panhandler.

If you're looking in that price class, however, I'd probably recommend a model from the fine Italian manufacturer Rancilio. The Cafe Rialto sells for about $375. It's far more solid than most; the case and portafilter are astonishingly heavy, and the feed tube from the water tank even includes a water-softening filter. I found it to require a little more practice, maybe because I expected better results from a better machine. But after some messing around with grind and preheating, I got excellent coffee.



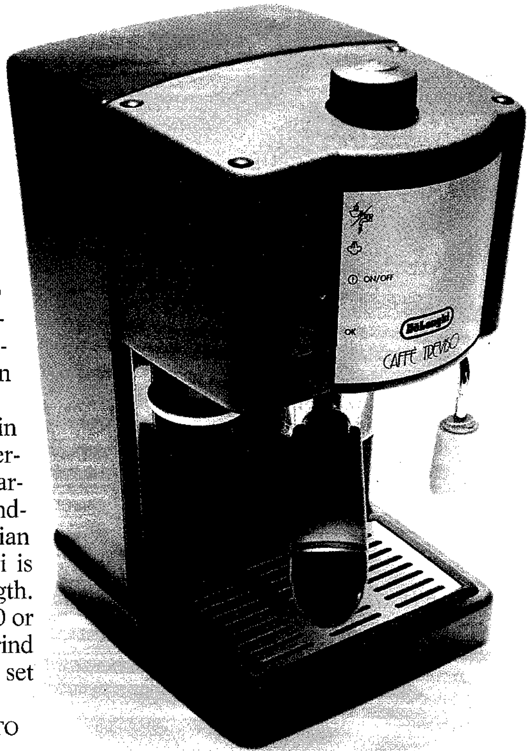
When you're shopping, you'll also see lever espresso machines. Beautiful sculptural objects—exemplars of Italian design, right up there with Alfa Romeo roadsters, Olivetti typewriters, and Armani suits—these machines use a piston, operated with a long handle, to force hot water through the grounds. (Many coffee-bar tenders still speak of "pulling" an espresso, though they usually do so by pushing a button.) The speed with which you draw, the fineness of the grind, and various other factors affect the brew. Accordingly, using these machines takes a certain skill, but they offer more control over what you're producing; a well-trained *barista* knows the difference between a *ristretto* (short-pull espresso), a *luongo* (long-pull), and further variants. It's like dealing with the touchy manual transmission on those Alfas.

Most of the piston machines sold in the U.S. are made by la Pavoni. The overall design (though not the Pavoni's in particular) dates to the twenties: The hand-pulled-piston machines used by Italian *baristas* are spring-loaded; the Pavoni is powered solely by the operator's strength. They're beautiful, but they sell for $600 or so and require endless futzing with grind and timing for results. If your heart is set on one of these, and you already know how to use it, consider the bare-bones private-label model made by la Pavoni and marked CARINA FOR ZABAR'S. It's available in eight-cup ($298.98) and sixteen-cup ($359.98) versions. You'll spend more for the prettier brass-and-copper Pavoni at Porto Rico Importing or at Forzano (128 Mulberry Street; 925-2525).

In contrast (in terms of ease of use, anyway) is the Nespresso System, a machine made by Krups in conjunction with Nestlé and found all over Europe in, for instance, airports' first-class passenger lounges. Instead of putting loose grinds into the filter holder, you put in a little sealed aluminum capsule filled with preground coffee. The results are predictable and good. You can only pick from the seven coffees that come in this form—including various roasts and decaf blends—and you're tied to the non-free-market prices for these proprietary ampules. A package of ten capsules—one capsule makes one shot of espresso—usually costs about $4, fine unless you drink four or five espressos a day. (Model 986, $199, including 20 capsules; Model 554, $399, with 40; available at Williams-Sonoma, Bloomingdale's, and Macy's.)

The really committed coffeehead also has a top-of-the-top-of-the-line choice. Starbucks offers a home model similar to the machine that's behind the counter in each of its million stores. The Protèo Professional is an option for the serious obsessive—when you order, you choose whether you want it with a water tank or a plumbing hookup—and carries an enthusiast's price: $1,995. ■

Above, Rancilio's rock-solid Cafe Rialto; below, a bargain solution from DeLonghi.



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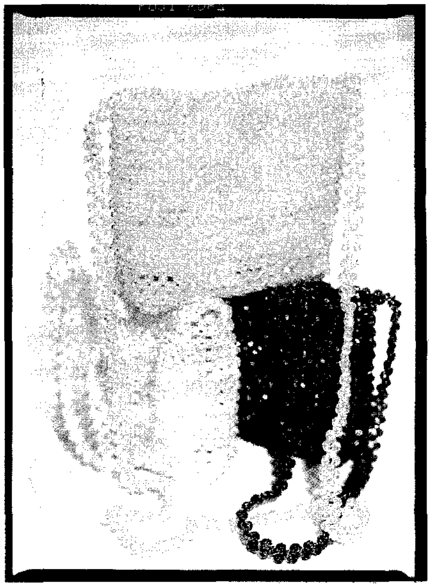
Pied-à-Wear

DOES THE IMAGE OF A SHOWROOM, APproximately 2,000 square feet, with more than 4,000 pairs of designer shoes priced between $35 and $79, provoke paroxysms of glee? Mark Jordan's sample-and-stock-clearance sale has, priced below wholesale, brands like Bruno Magli, Evan-Picone, Charles Jourdan, and Stuart Weitzman. A Saks Fifth Avenue loafer is $47, as opposed to $149. A $155 Calvin Klein red suede pump is $49. *Mark Jordan, 23 West 36th Street (714–2929); M.C., V., no checks. Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. noon–4 p.m.; 5/6–5/14.*

Repro Man

HERE'S A BRILLIANT EXCUSE TO REDECORATE your country house: Golden Oldies, a showroom with antique, vintage, and replica furniture in mahogany, oak, walnut, and pine, is having a sale. Antique pine coffee tables that ran $350–$750 are $275–$450. A mahogany davenport desk that was $750 is $485. Armoires, beds, earthenware, chests, toys, chandeliers, and more are all similarly reduced. *Golden Oldies, 132-29 33rd Avenue, Flushing, N.Y.; V., M.C., checks; Mon.–Sat. 9 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Fri. till 8 p.m. Delivery available, complimentary limo service to and from Manhattan; call 718-445-4400 for info; through 5/31.*



Erickson Beamon's beaded purse (toted by Naomi Campbell and Sandra Bernhard) retails at Barneys New York for $575; Bottega Veneta's goes for $390. But Focus Paris's satchel—albeit without a lining—is a mere $29 (17 East 37th Street; 545–1535).

Vegging Out

YOU'VE SEEN MARK ROSSI'S MERCH—everything from bookmarks to bath mitts to those velvet pillows shaped like vegetables—at places like Bergdorf's, Barneys, ABC, and Wolfman-Gold. This season's sale has $20 soap dishes for $5, $28 hand towels for $10, and $150 pillows for $60. *Mark Rossi, 668 Greenwich Street, Suite 339 (924–0522); cash only; Mon., Tues. noon–6 p.m., Wed. till 4 p.m.; 5/6–5/8.*

And Then There Were Three

USED TO BE THAT YOU COULD INDULGE IN Chaz & Wilson's $9.95 dinner-entrée special only on Mondays and Tuesdays. Now they've added Thursday. (Can Wednesday be far behind?) New York sirloin, braised salmon, and seared tuna are just a few of the dishes you can savor for less than a ten-spot. *Chaz & Wilson, 201 West 79th Street (769–0100).*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

A Hasty Retreat

IF WINTER LEFT YOU HANKERING FOR cathartic personal rejuvenation, head up to Killington, Vermont, where Jimmy LeSage's New Life Fitness Vacations is having a special on long weekend (Thurs.–Sun.) jaunts. Through the end of June, it's $399 a person ($200 off the usual $599) for room, meals, exercise classes, hiking, and full-body massage. *For information, call 802-422-4302; for reservations, 800-228-4676; 5/9–6/30 (except Memorial Day weekend, 5/24–5/27).*

Den of Things

THE SALON IS REALLY A SHOP, BUT IT HAS that parlor kind of feel. Tucked away on the first floor of an Upper East Side brownstone, alongside an overstuffed couch and coffee table (not for sale), there's an unpredictable mix of clothing ("wearable art," it's called) and miscellaneous *objets.* Now on sale are suits that were $590, for $295. SAVE THE CREATURES posters are reduced from $95 to $25. Polartec fleece jackets (with removable sleeves and turtleneck dickey for those with fickle body temperature) were $95, now $45. The store also carries the work of an artist who will do a sculptured replica of your pet. *The Salon, 30 East 74th Street (327-2548); A.E., M.C., V., checks with I.D.; Tues., Wed., Fri. 11 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 7 p.m., Sat. till 4 p.m.; 5/7–5/11.*

Nantucket Nectars

THE PRINCETON-BASED COMPANY A TOUCH Of Ivy sells Laura Ashleyesque and Ralph Laurenish home accessories to Gracious Home and ABC. The owners are so enthusiastic about their breezy Nantucket home collection, they've rented a storefront on Lexington Avenue to host a monthlong sample sale. Items priced wholesale and below include a paisley picture frame, was $37, now $18.50; pillow with bows, was $54, now $26.95. *A Touch Of Ivy, 864 Lexington Avenue, near 64th Street; A.E., M.C., V., checks, 5 percent discount with cash; Mon.-Sat. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; through 5/31.*

Much Needled

KATHA DIDDÈL'S HOME COLLECTION INcludes needlepoint and linens. Priced wholesale and below at this year's sample sale are items like a needlepoint rug that was $8,000, now $1,800. *Delmonico's Hotel, 502 Park Avenue, at 59th Street (725-6045); A.E, M.C., V., and checks with I.D.; 9 a.m.–7 p.m.; 5/7–5/9.* ■

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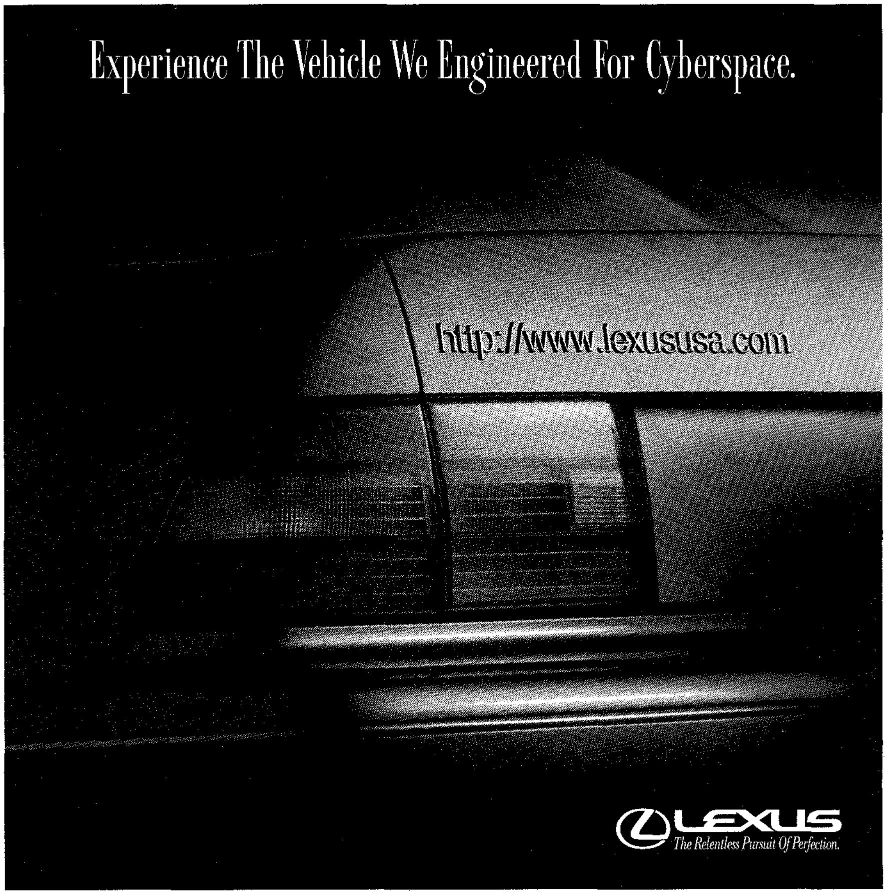
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DAVID DENBY

The Bad Old Days

'Mulholland Falls' is that rare thing, a bad movie you can't stop thinking about; Jim Jarmusch's 'Dead Man,' however, is more tediously bad.

IN **Mulholland Falls,** A PECULIAR NEW POLICE MOVIE, OF the haberdashery school, Nick Nolte breaks the bones of bad people while wearing magnificent hats. The picture is set in Los Angeles in the mid-fifties, and Lieutenant Max Hoover (Nolte) and his buddies (Chazz Palminteri, Michael Madsen, Chris Penn) have the power to beat up and even eliminate anyone they think dangerous to the city. Answering only to the chief of police, who absolves them of all responsibility, the men bust into parties and thrash svelte gangsters in tuxedos; occasionally, they roll someone off a cliff. Everywhere the men go, roaring around town in their open car—a black Buick Roadmaster convertible—they dress in custom gray or blue and matching chapeaux. The movie seems slightly mad: The four brutal cops might be burly mannequins in an old ad from *Life* magazine—thick, heavyset men, their faces shut off beneath the hat brims. One gets the feeling that the producers, Richard D. and Lili Fini Zanuck, or perhaps the director, Lee Tamahori, really wanted the movie to be about those hats; someone badly wanted to escape into period style and the kind of chic brutality that makes audiences feel good in a righteous way, as they did at a Nixon-era Eastwood movie. But at the same time, *Mulholland Falls* is suffused with guilt. It is guilty over the atom bomb and radiation, and guilty over sex, which appears to be only slightly less dangerous than radiation. The heaviness of the style and the lugubrious dismay, working together, make for an impacted experience.

A little common sense and some appreciation of the virtues of speed and lightness would have done wonders for the material. It's not as if the participants lacked talent. Cinematographer Haskell Wexler glamorizes the stucco and Hispano-Beverly style of architecture, and there are some stunning images of the convertible with the four men in their suits riding absurdly across the vast desert to a nuclear-test site. Novelist Pete Dexter worked up the screenplay from a story he wrote with Floyd Mutrux, and Dexter set up the basis of a good mystery in a bit of home-movie footage, shown again and again, which contains the clues to a crime. The footage begins at some sort of military base, and continues as a view through a one-way mirror in an apartment belonging to a young woman (Jennifer Connelly) who makes love to a general (John Malkovich). The general is the head of the Atomic Energy Commission; the girl is his mistress. The footage is raw black-and-white, and the participants, as they undress, pass in and out of the frame. Despite all the talk in recent years of Hollywood movies awash in sex, there is, in reality, less sex in movies now than there was, say, 25 years ago. But this footage is actually dirty. That is, it makes us feel like voyeurs when looking at it, but it's so juicily erotic we can hardly look away. When Max views the footage, he blanches—he also had an affair with the girl. The body in question, Jennifer Connelly's, is built in the full, plush style of such forties and fifties Hollywood beauties as Lana Turner and Rita Hayworth. When she looks at a man, she has the rapt, lost-in-desire dreaminess of Marilyn herself. She may be a projection of male fantasies—sultry and available—but she has her own mystery and dark heat. Looking at that footage, we can well believe that the men need sex with this woman so much they

Left to right, Christopher Penn, Nick Nolte, Michael Madsen, and Chazz Palminteri in *Mulholland Falls.*

would wreck their lives to get it.

Lee Tamahori, whose *Once Were Warriors,* set in his native New Zealand, was a strong piece of work, puts powerful erotic currents into his films. But the rest of his work is uncertain. For some reason, Tamahori paces the dialogue very slowly, as if stolidity were some affliction special to the fifties, and one grows tired of watching Nolte's cop, who is supposed to be smart, sit and cogitate like the dullest kid in math class. The banter among the men is stiff and unfunny, though that may have been intentional. In any case, it doesn't work. Dexter and Tamahori are trying to get at the repressions of the fifties—the hidden anxieties that explode in violence. But their touch is way off. The men jeer at a jittery homosexual (Andrew McCarthy), and the audience is clearly meant to see them as frightened of what they don't understand. But since the rest of the movie asks us to identify with the men's freewheeling ways, the audience may also feel that they're supposed to think it all right to jeer at "fruits." Tamahori stages the violence too rapidly; he treats us like bums, as if we were so eager for knuckles mashing faces we could be satisfied without the slightest attempt at realism. In all, the movie sells violence mindlessly. The cops, a sort of in-house vigilante squad, hit people without asking any questions. Presumably, they hit the right people—we're told they keep the mob from getting a toehold in Los Angeles. Ah, yes, the good old days before suspects had rights, when gangsters couldn't beat the rap on constitutional grounds! Throw the body off Mulholland Drive! But is Dexter serious? Does he believe that someone like, say, Mark Fuhrman is a kind of hero? The fifties were actually the heyday of the Mafia; the mob was pushed back only recently, in the post-Miranda era—a large historical fact the moviemakers don't trouble with. The movie touches on the shamefulness of exposing American soldiers to nuclear radiation, but no one expresses any guilt about killing people while wearing a badge. The different parts of *Mulholland Falls* don't hang together. The picture is sadistic, morally troubled, and melodramatic all at once. Yet it's not a disaster. I would call it hauntingly bad: Certain images may stay in mind for a long time.

MY WIFE'S 96-YEAR-OLD GRANDMOTHER claims she hasn't slept in years, but not even she could sit through Jim Jarmusch's new movie without entering the land of dreams at least once. **Dead Man** is a ghastly put-on Western, a mystical-absurdist opus in which Jarmusch treats the task of entertaining an audience as some sort of bourgeois error that should be renounced by every true artist. Renounce it he does, and the movie dies, which is a pity because it begins well. Johnny Depp, as William Blake, a prim little accountant, his tiny features perfectly composed under a bowler hat, travels west by train, and Jarmusch rhythmically alternates shots of the changing landscape, the train wheels, and the interior of the passenger car in such a way as to suggest both lulling peacefulness and an undertow of anxiety. As Depp drifts off, people mysteriously disappear from his car. What's going on? A mild fellow, Blake wants only to claim the job that has been promised him out West, but when he arrives at his destination, a crude factory town, the place is as harsh and alienating as the far side of the moon, and the job has disappeared. Robby Muller shot the movie in handsome black and white, and at first, the cinematography formalizes and distances the old wood buildings and the squalor. We're ready for more.

Accused of murder, Blake escapes, wounded, into the country, and falls under the care of a large, philosophical Indian, Nobody (Gary Farmer), who speaks perfect English and persists in treating him as *the* William Blake—the poet William Blake. When Jarmusch repeated this feeble joke, I felt a pang of despair. Nobody, who communes with many spirits, is loving and cruel and unfathomable and profound and a great many other things, and though a little of him goes a long way, Jarmusch keeps bringing him back. The stallion-voiced Michael Wincott shows up as a murderer who won't stop talking, and so does Iggy Pop, as a skinner (or something) quoting the Bible, and as Blake's experiences got stranger and stranger, and the conceits and whimsies piled higher, I slowly but unstoppably joined my wife's grandmother in la-la land.

What makes the movie so uniquely tiresome? The black-and-white cinematography, however handsome, becomes monotonous—perhaps because Jarmusch doesn't move people around much. Jarmusch attempts to connect Blake's increasingly violent and absurd experience to the visions in William Blake's poetry, but he hasn't the dramatic imagination to make those connections beyond the level of vague pseudo-smart jokiness. And it won't do to repeat, again and again, the sight of people just shooting each other without taking cover, as if Westerns were a genre for idiots and moral infants. Jarmusch does represent a certain New York downtown sensibility, but I'm afraid it's the wrong part of downtown. When Andy Warhol made *Lonesome Cowboys,* which was *his* version of a put-on Western, Viva, naked, lay with beautiful cowboys, and potbellied Taylor Mead addressed us in his nasal MacDougal Street whine. The movie was scandalously lazy, but at least it was funny. Jarmusch has found a new, unamusing way of insulting the audience. ■

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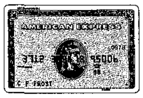

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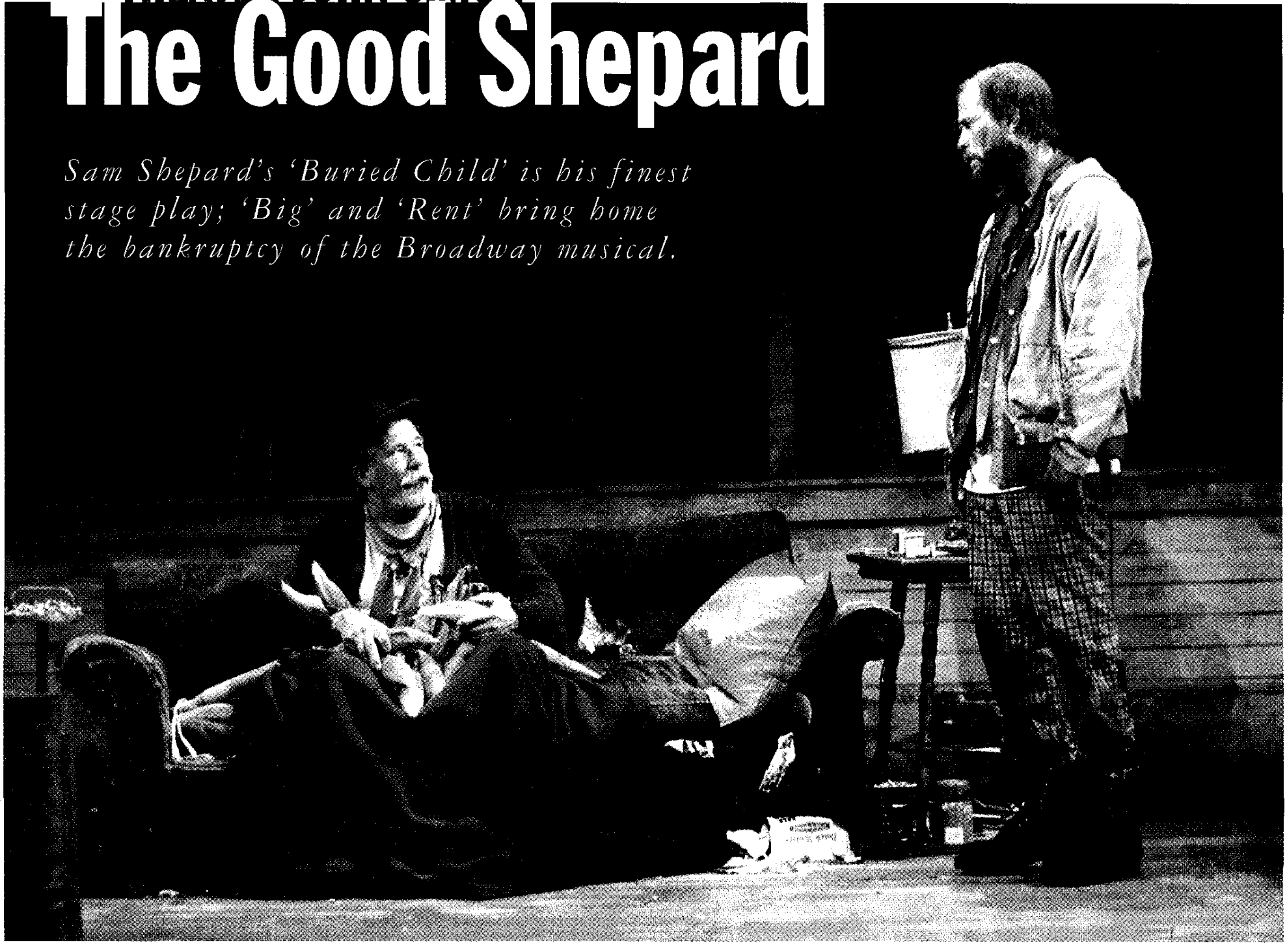
THEATER JOHN SIMON

The Good Shepard

Sam Shepard's 'Buried Child' is his finest stage play; 'Big' and 'Rent' bring home the bankruptcy of the Broadway musical.



Sleeping dogs: Terry Kinney (standing) and James Gammon in *Buried Child.*

Buried Child IS SAM SHEPARD'S BEST PLAY. IT IS what the French call *misérabiliste* theater, but as good of its kind as they come, as much of a classic as *Christina's World* or a George Price cartoon. The central concept of a rural American family going down the drain because of—literally—a skeleton in the closet may be a bit schematic and the symbolism-cum-absurdism a tad dragged in by the cat. Even so, the flamboyant blend of the comic and the horrific, the verbally teasing and visually terrifying—in short, the hair-and-hackle-raising humor—takes you to a Shepard country where, laughing and shuddering, you never know when you'll be rolling in the aisle or scared out of your wits.

It is useless to try to retell the plot, minimalist yet convoluted, but sense can be made of the seemingly preposterous: Shepard gives us his family's and his country's history as reflected in a fun-house mirror, the very distortions grinning their way to the core of an insidiously incisive truth. The couch-bound grandfather (James Gammon), cursing his family and world as he revels in his filth; the mild-mannered near-idiot son (Terry Kinney) who keeps bringing in things that grow or fester outside; the one-legged and violent elder son (Leo Burmester) who practices petty viciousness on other people; the grandmother (Lois Smith) who berates everyone and hangs out with an addled priest (Jim Mohr); the grandson (Jim True) who escaped to the city, returning years later with his saxophone and a girlfriend (Kellie Overbey) who wants out of this madhouse in which none of the family recognize her boyfriend—all of these compel us to join their metaphysical staggers between farce and melodrama.

Gary Sinise has directed this Steppenwolf production with the trademark Chicago athleticism whose physicality sometimes detracts from the deeper meaning; he also introduces non sequiturs such as Grandma's leaving white-haired and returning a flaming redhead. But he does keep the mayhem spinning, even if the finish is less devastating than it might be. In the remarkable cast, only Jim True strikes me as too dopey a beanpole for what is, after all, the nearest thing to an authorial alter ego.

The set by Robert Brill, costumes by Allison Reeds, and lighting by Kevin Rigdon are fittingly, frighteningly good. And to think that it took Shepard's masterpiece 18 years to reach Broadway! But at least it gets there in style.

STYLE, OF COURSE, IS WHAT OSCAR WILDE'S **An Ideal Husband** has in spades, but it also has something audiences that know only *Salome* and *The Importance of Being Earnest* do not know: enormous wisdom among the sparkling epigrams, dizzying paradoxes, and farcical masterstrokes. Also something even beyond wisdom: a vast, forgiving kindness for the fallible and peccant human race, a wit that—amazingly—always manages to skirt malice.

Peter Hall's production, transferred from London se-

Photograph by T. Charles Erickson.

mi-intact, does justice on the whole to this bewitching balancing act of a play, as serious as only the best comedies are. Martin Shaw, Anna Carteret, Penny Downie, David Yelland, Dulcie Gray, Michael Denison, and Victoria Hasted are all fine in the leads, even if only the last two, and Denis Holmes as a philosophical butler, fulfill all of one's expectations.

Carl Toms's costumes are suitably splendid, though his scenery is a bit measly, whereas the recorded Elgar music may be a trifle too grand. Never mind. Peter Hall's staging is delightful, humanizing such parts as need it, and playing volleyball with the rest: Art and artifice blend with exquisite seamlessness. I could go on at length but prefer to let you reel for yourselves from enchanting surprise to surprise.

THE MOVIE *Big* WAS LARGELY ABOUT TOM HANKS, THE epitome of the American male as perpetual adolescent, whose miraculous change from 13 to 30 is not so much about children fantasizing themselves into adults as about grown men sleeping with sexy, full-blown women while still indulging in boyish toys, games, and sports, and, when scared, comfortingly restored to childhood and mother.

Viewed rationally, *Big* leaves a bad aftertaste. What will it do to a kid, Josh, to have had an affair with a grown woman, Susan? And what will it do to Susan to have found the perfect mate in a piece of jailbait that leaves her forever? There are wholesome fantasies—Dorothy's return to Toto and losing those straw and tin men will not do her permanent damage. But I fear for Susan and Josh.

Big: The Musical, without closeups of Hanks's sweetly befuddled face and precocious delight in adult sex and in virtually running a huge toy company, must lose something vital. As Josh, Daniel Jenkins is as good as you can find on Broadway today, but Hanks's hand-me-downs sometimes hang on him like men's clothes on a boy. The musical grapples earnestly with the various magic transformations and changes of locale, and the hero of the venture may well be Robin Wagner, whose sets are the most piquant fusion of fairy tale and reality, humor and charm, and whose quick-change artistry even the movies might envy.

Still, this is yet another of those current musicals à la *Victor/Victoria* amid whose plenty the score is the biggest lacuna, though in this case John Weidman's gagged-up book is scarcely better. David Shire's tunes are, at best, serviceable, Richard Maltby's lyrics somewhat stronger; but only one song, "Dancing All the Time," has real impact. Yet there are also the clever costumes of William Ivey Long, Paul Gallo's imaginative lighting, Mike Ockrent's fetching direction, and the gladsome choreography of Susan Stroman. The dancers are a jolly mixture of adults and children, all first-rate, and there is excellent performing from both main kids: Patrick Levis is a dignified and touching Young Josh, and Brett Tabisel a veritable pocket Milton Berle as his chum, Billy.

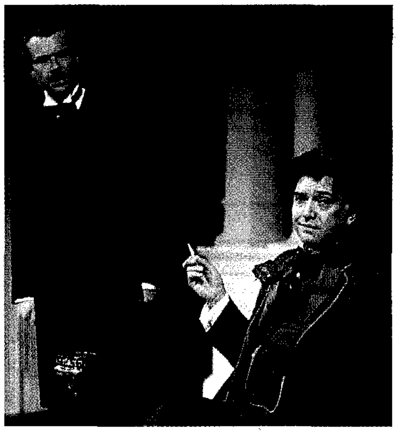
There is pleasant work also from an urbane Jon Cypher and a delectable Lizzy Mack. But *Big*'s other strong suit, after the scenery, is bringing together two of the most gifted, appealing, indeed irresistible young actresses in our musical theater: Barbara Walsh and Crista Moore. To find both of these dazzlers in one show—though there isn't enough of Miss Walsh (Mom) and there can never be enough of Miss Moore (Susan)—may just be sufficient raison d'être for a middling show. Or maybe not.

AT THE OPPOSITE END OF THE MUSICAL SPECTRUM IS **Rent,** now trumpeted to Broadway by a tornado of hype, some of it posing as criticism. On East 4th Street, *Rent* was tolerable, befitting the East Village locale of this modernization of *La Bohème.*

Then if you consider the death of its hardworking, hard-luck young author, Jonathan Larson, on the very verge of success, matching the show's story; and if you further consider the turning of TB and wine into AIDS and drugs with a sufficiency of homosexuality, transvestism, and multiculturalism added, you surely have the formula for today's success. *Downtown,* that is.

But what about uptown, with the much steeper prices? The Nederlander Theatre has been tarted up inside and out with countercultural, grunge chic, and the junkyard-and-flophouse set has been meticulously enlarged but otherwise left unchanged. Unchanged, too, is Michael Greif's mostly aimless direction, which, on a larger stage, sets the characters even more adrift, except when, all too often, it brings them to the lip of the stage in a singing police lineup. It may be all right for rock concerts to imitate stage shows, but the reverse seems to me a most unbecoming sort of slumming.

Larson's eclectic score is, to be sure, based on rock, its verbal and musical echolalia well nigh unendurable. *Rent* does its level and leveling best to convince us that rock is music for people who don't know what music is. Listen to the endless iteration of simplistic musical phrases, banal but attitudinizing words, and rhyming-dictionary rhymes, with things like "Heidegger" and "Carmina Burana" dropped in to slay us with their sophistication. When you put *Big* and *Rent* side by side, the conclusion that both the old-style and the new-style musicals may have run their course is near-inescapable. We need a fresh genius to show us the way, and Jonathan Larson, either toilingly alive or prestigiously dead, alas, is not it.



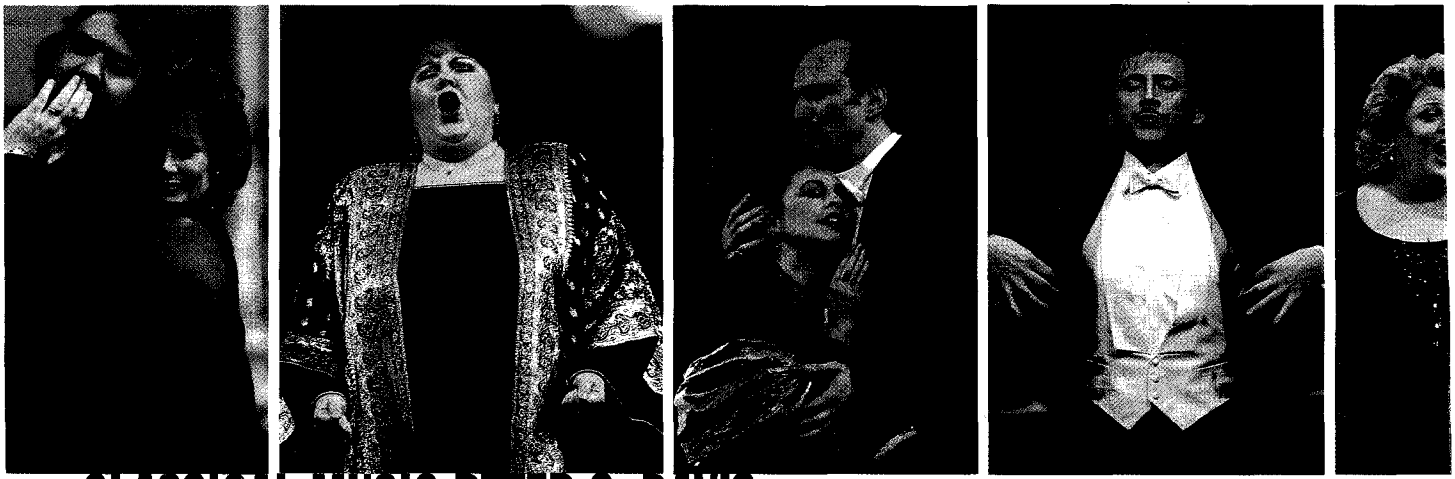
Check Mate: David Yelland and Martin Shaw in *An Ideal Husband.*

"...style, of course, is what Oscar Wilde's 'An Ideal Husband' has in spades, but it is also as serious as only the best comedies are..."

Emblematic, for me, of what is wrong here is the pretentiousness that is not backed up by culture. Thus the first act finale is the signature song "La Vie Bohème," which is illiterate French for *la vie de bohème.* You want to yell at the stage "Bring in 'da *de.*"

This said, there are some talented performers, as well as some untalented ones. The winning cast members include Jesse L. Martin as the easygoing Tom Collins; Wilson Jermaine Heredia as the drag-queen Angel; Idina Menzel as Maureen, the performance artist; and Taye Diggs as the yuppified landlord. Among the losers are Anthony Rapp as the nerdy Mark; Fredi Walker as the lesbian lawyer; and Daphne Rubin-Vega as a charmless Mimi, whom the plot has the cravenness to bring back from the dead. All in all, *Rent* is a musical for the politically correct, the terminally trendy, the believers in everything the media tell them, and those who set stock by that most discredited of prizes, the theatrical Pulitzer. ■

Photograph by Mark Douet.



Gala monster: Left to right, Bryn Terfel and Kiri Te Kanawa; Jane Eaglen; Catherine Malfitano and Dwayne Croft; Vladimir Chernov; Deborah Voigt and Plácido Domingo; Waltraud Meier.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Days of Levine and Roses

To glorify its most valuable player, the Met staged an eight-hour marathon, an overstuffed mélange that ranged from the superb to the just plain strange.

IF ANYONE STILL WONDERS WHY THE Metropolitan Opera can't do without **James Levine,** now the company's artistic director and its major musical presence for the past 25 years, the singers who appeared onstage during the conductor's anniversary gala gave some compelling reasons. With few exceptions, all today's opera stars seem to adore working for the Met's most valuable player, and more than five dozen of them interrupted busy schedules to come to New York and sing for the maestro on his big night. Say what you will about Levine—and his detractors have always had plenty of complaints about this consummate musical politician—but no conductor who wields comparable influence over other major opera houses attracts more famous voices, the one commodity that the Met has prized above all since it opened for business in 1883. I wouldn't say that the luminaries who gathered on this particular Saturday night are the best in the world today. But they are certainly among the most high-profile and highly paid, and for a gilded Met audience at a high-priced gala, fame and quality generally mean the same thing.

Conductor James Levine, now less of an anonymous workaholic.

Quantity and quality also often seemed synonymous at this overstuffed eight-hour evening of 43 operatic excerpts. Am I the only one who gagged when, shortly after midnight, Brünnhilde's Immolation Scene, a cosmic operatic finale if there ever was one, immediately led into La Périchole's frivolous *griserie*? Jane Eaglen sang Wagner with imposing majesty, and Frederica von Stade couldn't have been more charming as Offenbach's tipsy street singer, but the juxtaposition was deeply unmusical. That hardly seemed to bother Levine, who conducted everything during the long evening with his customary high-tech proficiency and enthusiastic dispatch.

The superb, the sentimental, the so-so, the sickening, the just plain strange—Levine presided over it all with equal relish and lack of discrimination. In the first category, I would place Renée Fleming's lusciously curvaceous *"Depuis le jour"* from *Louise,* and Alfredo Kraus, at 71 still able to give lessons in style and subtle vocal coloring in Werther's *"Pourquoi me réveiller?"* It was also good to hear Waltraud Meier work up such a head of steam over Isolde's Narrative and Curse, even if she may soon blow out her already overextended mezzo-soprano with such strenuous music. On the other hand, it was revelatory to find Catherine Malfitano for once choosing a role (Tatiana in *Eugene Onegin)* both scaled to her vocal capacities and suited to her temperament. In the shameless nostalgia department, nothing raised the crowd to a greater frenzy than Birgit Nilsson's tribute: a few bars of Brünnhilde's battle cry topped by a clarion high B that sounded pretty much the same—firm, unpressured, square on the note—as when I first heard her sing it 40 years ago.

It was less salutary to have June Anderson, Ghena Dimitrova, Aprile Millo, and Sharon Sweet give official notice that the Verdi soprano is, for the moment at least, extinct. I'll also draw the veil of charity over the strained and mannered contributions of Grace Bumbry, Ileana Cotrubas, Maria Ewing, Gwyneth Jones, and Jessye Norman, senior sopranos who should give thought to other occupations. Not everyone could make it—Cecilia Bartoli, Hildegard Behrens, Nicolai Ghiaurov, Marilyn Horne, and Luciano Pavarotti pleaded illness—but there were still Plácido Domingo, Roberto Alagna, Angela Gheorghiu, Bryn Terfel, Thomas Hampson, Dawn Upshaw, Samuel Ramey, Kiri Te Kanawa, and dozens of lesser lights to enchant the fans and blow

Photographs by Beatriz Schiller.

congratulatory kisses toward the podium.

Of course, Levine's value to the Met consists of more than his ability to charm the world's singers and lure them to New York, and this celebration reminded us of that too. The excellence of the orchestra he has trained, which sounds good even when placed in lesser hands, and the 1,557 performances of 68 operas he has conducted to date are statistics that indicate his commitment to the house. Rehearsing, coaching, recording, conducting orchestral concerts, and accompanying singers in recitals—Levine's industry is astonishing. So is his immense popularity with the local press, which has sung his praises with scarcely a sour note while he has been busily at work these 25 years. Levine himself once told me how amazed he was that a musician so exposed in New York has never suffered from a critical backlash in his hometown (as opposed to London, where he often gets brutal reviews).

Many other observers of the Levine phenomenon are amazed, too—not so much that he may be overpraised but that the writing about him hereabouts, good or bad, is so superficial. If there ever has been a newspaper or magazine essay that explores Levine's rehearsal methods or analyzes his special interpretive profile, one that has put a historical perspective on his conducting or even attempts to tell us who he really is, I have missed it. But then, there are precious few outlets left for serious writing about the performance of classical music in the popular press, and Levine may well have benefited from that, although perhaps negatively in the end. Think of all the ink spilled in years past over New York–based conductors like Bernstein, Toscanini, Mahler, or Anton Seidl (a conductor so beloved that his funeral, in 1898, was actually held on the Met stage). True, Levine and his hard work on behalf of the Met has been duly saluted, with predictable anniversary tributes in all the predictable places. But for better or worse, no figure of equivalent prominence and importance in New York's musical life over the past century has been less closely scrutinized or thoughtfully assessed.

By now I get the nagging suspicion that no one cares enough to try. For most people outside his closed circle, Levine's public persona is essentially that of a faceless workaholic who, when not rehearsing, conducting, and recording at the Met, is rehearsing, conducting, and recording somewhere in Europe. When Levine does give one of his infrequent interviews, either in print or on talk television, it is usually under carefully screened, unthreatening circumstances that he or the Met can control. Topic guidelines are carefully spelled out, copy approval is insisted upon whenever possible, and the overall picture he paints, no matter the subject, is generally unrealistically rosy. Although he has plenty to say once he gets going, Levine seems to be constantly hiding in a cloud of words, and when all the verbiage is boiled down, one is left with a strangely artificial, even slightly unreal personality—"Negotiating a point with Jimmy," an exasperated singer once told me, "is like punching your fist into a pail of water." Some would say that all this is irrelevant to his music-making, but no great musician has ever developed or flourished in an emotional or intellectual vacuum, and the public has never given its long-term love and loyalty to a music box. I'm sure I'm not the only one who finds the typical Levine performance all too often characterless and, despite the instrumental brilliance, lacking a spiritual core and a strong personal imprint.

These are things Levine might think about as he anticipates his next quarter-century at the Met, since it appears that he has no intention of moving on or looking for new challenges. If he does stay put, he would be, in theory, poised to fulfill himself as a conductor and musician where he feels most comfortable. Seldom has the Met been better positioned to create excellence, with so much of the complex machinery necessary to produce first-class international opera in place and in working order. Now that general manager Joseph Volpe has emerged from the shadows and is flexing administrative muscle, Met management appears to be in strong hands after a long period of uncertainty, although the company's chronic secretiveness and the press's lack of curiosity about what actually goes on behind the scenes still has outsiders guessing about the future. Levine is sure to be a major figure, even if his "artistic director" title is looking increasingly honorary as Volpe assumes more power. Even that may be good for Levine, a prodigious natural musician whose potential was clear the moment he first stepped on the Met's podium in 1971. Perhaps he will surprise us all by taking a deeper look into the masterpieces he conducts night after night, and finally grow into the conductor of character and substance we all hoped he might become. ■

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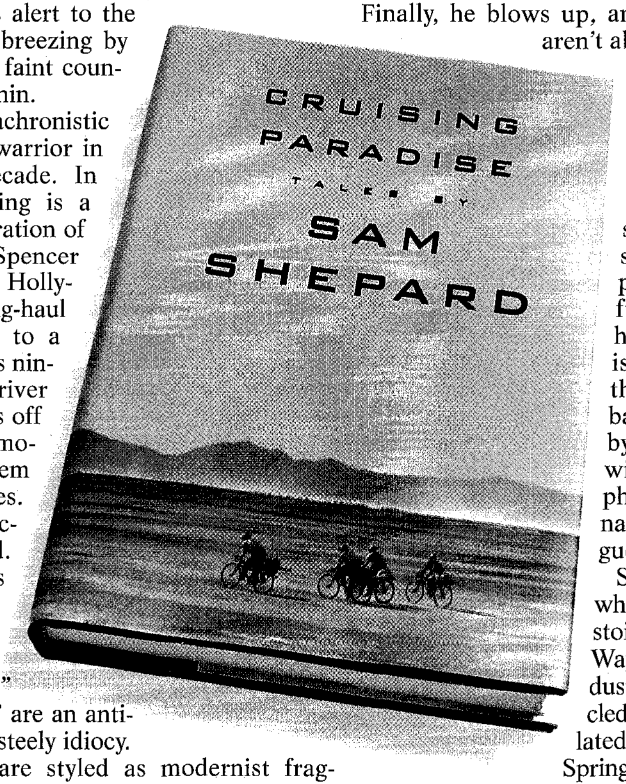
BY JAY MCINERNEY
Alfred A. Knopf; 271 pages; $24

THE 40 "TALES" OF SAM SHEPARD'S *Cruising Paradise* reek of sagebrush authenticity, though at times it seems like a sprayed-on scent: Eau de Hondo, True Grit in a can. The tales are shorter than stones, fuller than anecdotes, and each one comes stamped with a trailside dateline: Kadoka, South Dakota; Papantla, Mexico. The narrator, who sounds like Shepard himself—writer, actor, footloose tanned white male—blows down the road like a tight-lipped Beat adventurer, loving and losing women, braving hailstorms, burying relatives, drinking in the dives. He's alert to the tacky, sad landscape breezing by him and tuned to the faint country-western music within.



Shepard's is an anachronistic project. He's a road warrior in the frequent-flier decade. In fact, his fear of flying is a theme, as is his celebration of the blacktop. In "Spencer Tracy Is Not Dead," a Hollywood actor takes a long-haul limo ride from L.A. to a film set in Mexico. His nincompoop German driver wears a tux and pisses off the real American motorists by passing them at Autobahn velocities. In the backseat, the actor cringes, pained. The code of the road is a sacred text to him. At the border, a Mexican driver takes over, whose "Indian face" and "sad, gentle eyes" are an antidote to the German's steely idiocy.

Though his tales are styled as modernist fragments—suggestive freeze-frames snapped between mileposts—nostalgia drives Shepard as much as wanderlust. Old Mexico, roadside America, and Old Hollywood are where it's at for him. He's a folksy snob. Characters in the passing scene are rated on a kind of soul meter. Testing low are California rich people, masochistic music groupies, and European movie crews. Testing high are peasants and broken-down locals. Much is made of the make of a car one drives, a Chevy being the best. Shepard is an intellectual greaser trapped in la-la land. He longs for the time when machines (and men) were simple enough that you could take them apart and fix them yourself in the backyard.

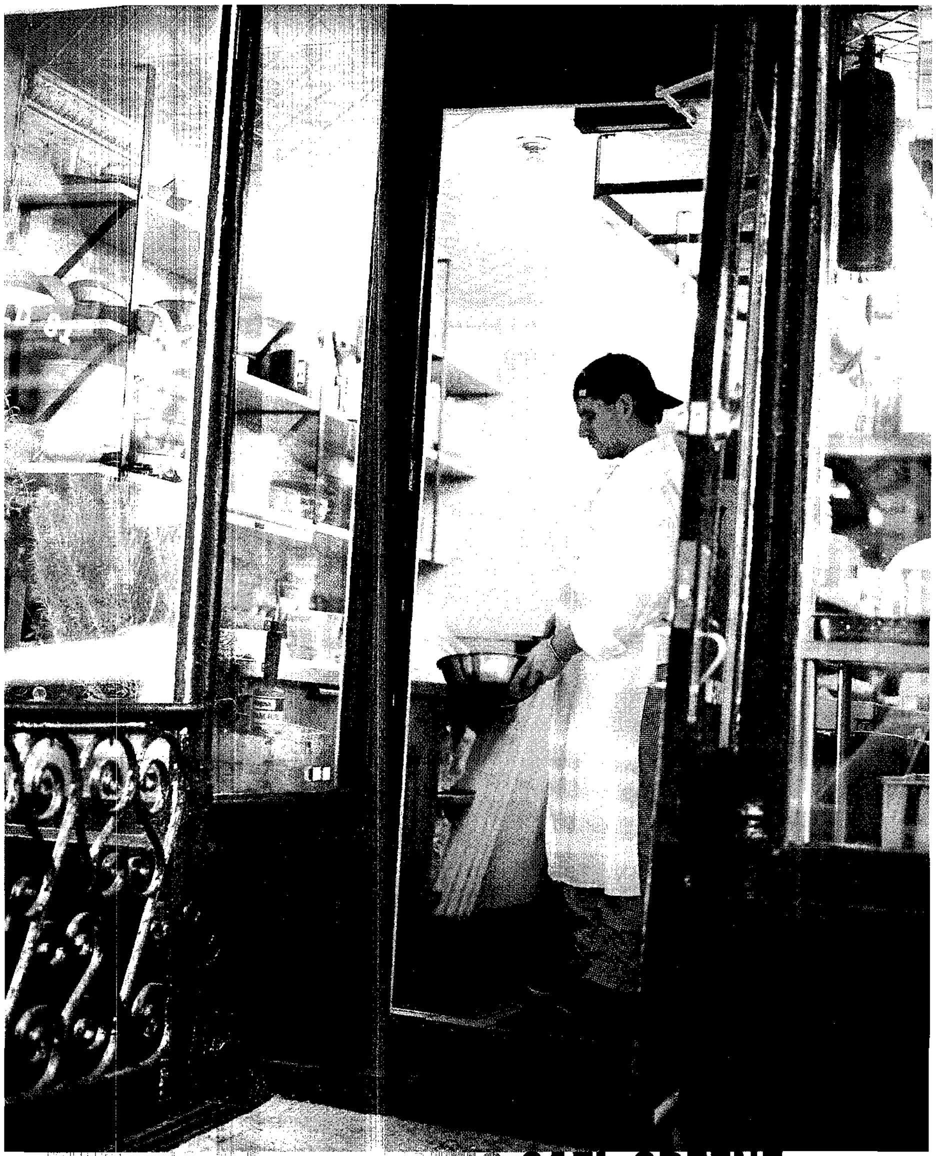
His pose is familiar and charmingly postwar—Shepard's engine runs on leaded fuel—but his eye for the absurd is eagle-keen. The stories set on film sets are the best. In "Tecolutla River," the narrator stalls in a rusty truck while crossing a Mexican stream. The cameras are rolling, the vehicle is sinking, and the actor sitting beside him keeps on acting, pulling faces while the current rises. In "Winging It," the narrator grows befuddled while trying to play a foolish scene in which he discovers a childhood friend hanging from a rafter. The doofus director makes pretentious suggestions; the actor struggles awkwardly to please. Finally, he blows up, and it's a take. Most movies aren't about anything, we sense, and making them is a boring hassle. Glamour's a wick of the lens, and aura's all editing. There's no there there backstage.

That's easy for Shepard, a star, to say, but he generally says it well nonetheless. His prose is clean, with few nonfunctioning ornaments, and his playwright's ear for voices is pure. Several stories take the form of little scripts—bare, scoured dialogue framed by desert silence. A runaway wife calls her mom on the phone to say she's changed her name. A Texas cockfighter argues with a girlfriend.

Sadly, the sentiments are somewhat pat, falling sometimes into stoic baloney about the Outlaw Way and Man's Aloneness. This dust-bowl desolation seems recycled and brings to mind the calculated hoboism of the new Bruce Springsteen songs. Shepard is drunk on myths that he helped popularize, and he's backtracking over some deeply rutted roads.

LIKE *Get Smart* OR *I Dream of Jeannie,* the title of Jay McInerney's new novel puns on its central character's name. Importantly, though, the book is not a sitcom; it only reads like one. *The Last of the Savages* tells of one Will Savage: blue-blood- *(continued on page 110)*

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.



Open-door policy: The kitchen at Butterfield 81.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Cultural Exchange

The Upper East Side swanks like Butterfield 81; Typhoon is a brewery, yes, with great Thai food.

'WHAT'S SO GREAT ABOUT the food here?" Iolanda Quinn cries with clear disdain. She is seated among the entourage of Earle Mack, the governor's new champion for the arts, at the next table, a derrière away from me. "My warm foie gras is cold."

"Nobody said it was great," I correct her. "Good. Not great."

"Why are we here, then?" she asks, glancing about the small islands of light in the dim brown joint that is **Butterfield 81,** an instant hit with social greyhounds and minks of a certain age—somewhere between senior-citizen discounts and fortyish boom babies. "Why do these big important people come here?"

"It's new," I tell her. "And hot. And in this light we all look like we've just come back from a three-month vacation." Yes, the gang's all here—though the paint is still sticky—quite taken with the modish, moderately priced food: a boldly classic Caesar, sprightly tuna tartare, the fatty chunks of short rib on the bone with a horseradish-mustard glaze, and toasted-barley risotto. Best book ahead if your name doesn't tingle, or you'll be doomed to sup hours before sunset.

Butterfield, named for the East Side telephone exchange that John O'Hara immortalized, is determinedly dusky and brown—from leather banquettes and pressed-tin ceiling to bare brown tabletops. I'm nearsighted, so it takes a couple of trips to the loo through the dim to survey the uptown soap opera: Robert and Blaine Trump, Liz Tilberis, the Zagats, beau monde blondes in Bill Blass. Owner Ken Aretsky himself lives just two blocks away, so clearly he knew what was needed in this neighborhood's sea of trattorias.

Unceremoniously canned last March from his executive post at '21,' Aretsky was feeling downsized but not out. Soon, he purchased the townhouse of Christ Cella and was plotting a comeback—big, sounding suspiciously like '21.' (It will open this September.) During construction, his wife and he fled to Paris and joined the legions in love with L'Ami Louis, a scruffy little bistro favored by the city's Grands Fromages. He was suddenly driven to build small, too, and created Butterfield in the rectangular box that was Pinocchio for two decades: an American bistro in the spirit of L'Ami Louis, less aggressively priced, with entrées from $15 to $24. From the sidewalk, passersby can look into the kitchen where Aretsky's daughter Beth, a graduate of Hyde Park's Culinary Institute of America, tends the wood-burning grill with John Karangis, a fellow veteran of the Union Square Cafe.

I'm not going to carry on about how the boundaries between cultures are shattered, how Italian the American kitchen is now, with its balsamic vinegar and inevitable risotto—this one, with wild mushrooms, garlic, and leeks, seems miserly, one night too mushy, the next slightly pebbled. And the crostini are rather odd in translation—sautéed broccoli, white beans with frisée, and charred tomato with both mint and basil. But a side dish of polenta and tomato sauce with a melt of robiola cheese is my idea of a heavenly dinner. My fussy, calorie-counting companion would be happy with nothing more than the huge wild-mushroom-stuffed baked potato. And a salad of baby greens in a roast-tomato vinaigrette with minced-black-olive croutons.

Aretsky knows this crowd's food moods. For some, only fish will do—tender and rare sliced tuna "sandwich" (a near invisible rectangle of toast) with mustard-vegetable slaw and a splurge of onion rings, or red snapper with clams, artichoke, tomatoes, and mam-

Photographs by Simon Watson.

moth corona beans. Cholesterol backlashers want grilled rib-eye with roasted garlic potatoes and ratatouille, a first-rate burger with fries and onions charred on the grill, or luscious chili-rubbed pork tenderloin—we asked for it "pink"—with mashed sweets and a vegetable salad.

The smoke of the grill perfumes asparagus on the too-dry herb-roasted chicken and a tomato here and there. Why not use it more? And lobster "hash" should be chunks of caramelized lobster and potato—not bland julienne, though I'd welcome its lemony spinach topknot with most anything. All the angel-food-cake fans found this one too dry. Perhaps there could be more chocolate on the banana split, but the praline crunch makes up for it. A buttery cookie disk makes a pleasing green-apple tart. And a sticky rich ice-cream-capped tuffet of chocolate is a delicious excess of brownie. Too bad the waiter spoiled the joy of leaf-brewed tea by forgetting the strainer.

Butterfield 81, 168–170 East 81st Street (288-2700). Dinner, 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. Sunday and Monday, till 10:30 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday. A.E., M.C., V.

Thai pickles at the Typhoon Brewery.

> *"…I must confess, I find the romance of couturier brews unfathomable. For me, what really counts is that Typhoon already has the* **best Thai kitchen** *in town…"*

THOSE SLEEK STEEL VATS WITH THE RUBE Goldberg umbilicals look quite alien on East 54th Street. But eventually, they will be bubbling away, dispensing fresh pale ale and a Continental-style lager for the troops of young midtown executives—mostly men—already crowding the long ground-floor bar of the **Typhoon Brewery.** I must confess, I find the romance of couturier brews unfathomable. For me, what really counts is that Typhoon already has the best Thai kitchen in town (that is, if you agree that Jean-Georges Vongerichten's brilliant alchemy at Vong is beyond Thai).

True, there's invention here. Newport steak and fries are not likely to be found in a classic Thai canteen. Fried dumplings with a fierce and sweet dipping sauce are inspired by chef James Chew's Chinese-American childhood in San Francisco. But there's less compromise than at my neighborhood favorite, Rain. Not that authenticity is the key to greatness. I've never been to Thailand. I first discovered the brilliance of Thai cooking in Australia. The point is, you don't need to know the difference between a Dunkelweiss Doppel and a Double Honey Mai Bock to race upstairs and savor the sensory bombardment of tamarind and coconut, ginger and lemongrass, shrimp paste and exterminator chilies. And you don't need a fat expense account, either, with satays at just $5.75 and platters priced from $5.75 to $17.75 (with most in the mid-range).

Claim a galvanized-steel-topped table in the rather gray and hard-edged cacophony that so desperately needs to be muffled and sample satays, four skewers to a dish: tender peppered shrimp, squid in a green coconut glaze, peanutty-sweet painted pork, even various mushrooms. Best with a squeeze of lime. The staff is programmed to coach the innocent: Family-style platters are divided into salty, sweet, sour, bitter, and hot/spicy, our waiter explains (as if we can't read the menu). There are no chopsticks, he adds, because Thais eat with spoons, using the fork as a pusher. "It's interactive food," he observes.

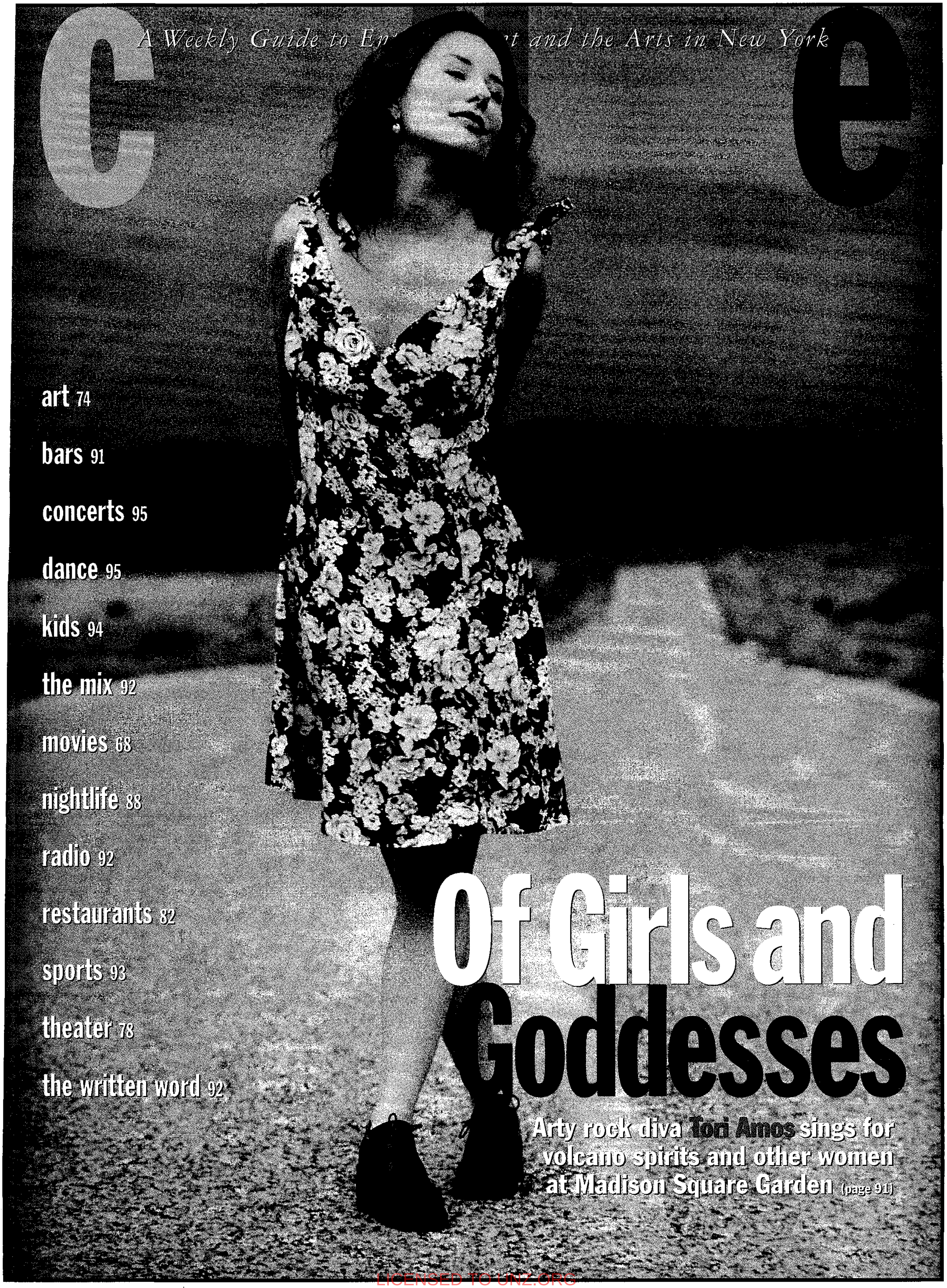
Sure enough, the host's serving minions seem stymied by the tiny table space as they struggle to place the platters, wanting to remove bowls of precious remnants we're not ready to surrender. Elsewhere, triple-tier stands expand the parking. "Get a stand," I hiss, as a baffled busboy tries to balance an oval on the table's edge. With time, I'm sure the dining room will catch up with the kitchen. For even that first night, the chef has us bewitched. The seduction begins two or three dishes at a time: juicy spareribs painted with roasted-chili glaze, delicate steamed Chilean sea bass in lime, sweet tamarind-lacquered duck, exotic Thai pickles, savory rice in a lotus-leaf wrap, wonderful wok-charred squid with garlic and chilies, and clams in a red-chili-jam broth so fiery, only two of us can handle it. Weeping and coughing, I couldn't be happier. And can't wait to return.

It's even noisier a few days later in a booth for four along a mirrored wall that lets us watch the kitchen action. But rather ordinary pad Thai and wok-sautéed rice with shrimp and shrimp paste (nothing more than shrimp fried rice) scarcely detract from the triumphs: Juicy lemongrass chicken nested on sticky rice. That curry-glazed Newport steak—rare and delicious, with sweet and peppery fries. Massamun pork with peanuts and the stew of Thai vegetables, both in fragrant curry we spoon over rice to the last drop. It doesn't feel like work at all to return the very next evening, thrilled now by big chunks of luscious monkfish, rarish as requested, in sour tamarind broth, and by the marvelous garlicky, devilishly hot "shell-on" shrimp. Gloriously gummy rice noodles wok-stirred with shrimp and bitter melon and a toss of crisp Asian broccoli, chunks of pork, and pork rinds are also musts, though caramel-tamarind-glazed pork chops arrive disappointingly dry, and chunks of Dungeness crab sautéed in glass noodles are too much trouble to eat.

Thailand is not much on pastry chef Eric Hubert's mind as he fashions desserts. None of my friends can resist "banana nana na," with its "warm boxes of surprises" beside the splendid banana ice cream and a Buddha silhouette in sugar and paprika. But for me the caramel-banded banana "boxes" are too sweet. Better is the crackling coffee brûlée with coffee Tofutti and cocoa-dipped puffed rice that, as Chef Chew observes (and I wish he hadn't), do look like rabbit droppings. If that spoils it for you, try sweet apple-and-grapefruit tart with anise Tofutti, or chocolate and litchi-mango sorbets.

This is not what the New Jersey and Pennsylvania partners who launched Typhoon had in mind. Chew had to persuade them. Now, with the brewmaster badly injured in a fall at his home, it may take a while to get the house ales flowing. Still, there are boutique beers enough to satisfy thirsts right now, and a myriad of tequilas and single-malt scotches, plus a savvy list of wine sold by the bottle, the glass, or the taste. By then, if this town's hot-headed Thai-food fans can take the din, the beer crowd will be vying for tables. I only hope Chew has the courage to stick with his chilies and fish paste, and that his crew can speed up the pace.

Typhoon Brewery, 22 East 54th Street (754-9006). Dinner, 5:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Monday through Thursday, till 11:30 p.m. Friday and Saturday. Satay bar, 5 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. Monday through Saturday. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■



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A Weekly Guide to En t and the Arts in New York

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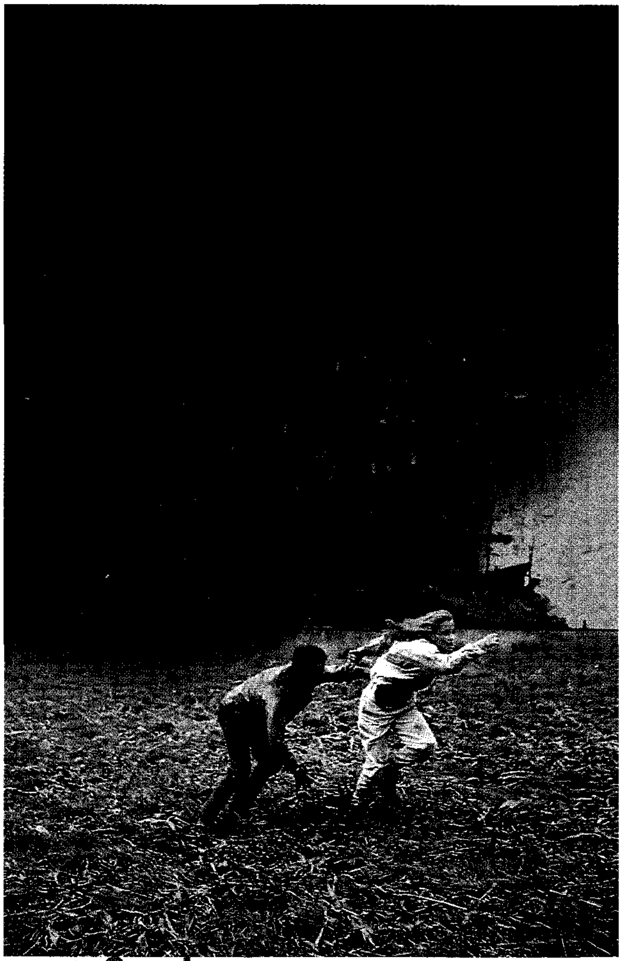
Of Girls and Goddesses

Arty rock diva **Tori Amos** sings for volcano spirits and other women at Madison Square Garden (page 91)

movies

Under the Domim Tree...Iranian Cinema

New Films



Opening
Blown Away

Jan De Bont's thrashy follow-up to 'Speed' has a similarly threadbare plot—in a word, 'Twister'! Surely big and dopey—as befits the first real 'summer' movie of the season—it also, undoubtedly, rocks. Opens May 10.

Photograph by David James/Warner Bros.

★**Angels & Insects**—In the early 1860s, a young naturalist, William Adamson (Mark Rylance), returns to England after years spent in the Amazon. Most of Adamson's specimens have been lost in a shipwreck, and he is dependent on the patronage of a wealthy, aristocratic family, the Alabasters, in whose great Gothic house he takes residence. The ugly gray pile seems haunted—by the withdrawal, perhaps, of divine beneficence from the natural order, or by some dirty secret. Oblivious, Adamson goes on with his work. He marries the eldest daughter, Eugenia (Patsy Kensit), and makes a professional alliance with the tutor of the young Alabaster children, Matty Crompton (Kristin Scott Thompson), a severe and exciting young woman who burns with ethical and sexual passion. Director Philip Haas, working with his wife, Belinda, has adapted a marvelous 1992 A.S. Byatt novella, shrewdly preserving Byatt's volatile mix of science, sex, and Victorian class warfare. (Denby; 2/5/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Antonia's Line—A multigenerational story about four women and their various struggles with men. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris. In Dutch with English subtitles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema 3.*

Barb Wire—Pamela Anderson Lee stars as the titular superhero who wages some kind of one-woman warfare in the not-too-distant apocalyptic future. Directed by David Hogan. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

★**The Birdcage**—Director Mike Nichols and writer Elaine May have set this remake of *La Cage aux Folles* in Miami's South Beach. Above the Birdcage club live Armand (Robin Williams) and Albert (Nathan Lane), who have been together through so many versions and productions that they easily qualify as the world's most famous married couple. Armand's son is about to be married to the daughter of an ultraconservative couple (the bride's father, played by Gene Hackman, is a right-wing senator), and Armand and Albert have to put on a respectable show for the parents. They host a memorable dinner party for the senator and his wife, and the loveliest thing about this scene is that caricature turns to benevolent farce. When the senator finds himself charmed by a man dressed as a woman and even becomes jealous of the woman's "husband," he is softened and transfigured by absurdity. (Denby; 3/11/96) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; 34th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Boys—A lonely teenager (Lukas Haas), isolated in his all-boys boarding school, has a life-altering encounter with a mysterious, "older" woman (Winona Ryder). Written and directed by Stacy Cochran. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) *Guild 50th Street.*

Brain Candy—The Kids in the Hall's comedy about an addictive anti-depressant that enslaves the nation. Directed by Kelly Makin. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Waverly; Manhattan Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Butterfly Kiss—Two disturbed women (Amamda Plummer and Saskia Reeves) fall in love on a doomed road trip. Directed by Michael Winterbottom. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Captives—Julia Ormond plays a dentist working in a prison, and Tim Roth is the inmate she falls in love with. Directed by Angela Pope. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Village Theatre VII; Eastside Playhouse.*

The Celluloid Closet—An engaging documentary about Hollywood's treatment and depiction of gays and lesbians in film. Based on Vito Russo's acclaimed book. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Celtic Pride—Two ardent Boston Celtics fans (Dan Aykroyd and Daniel Stern) kidnap the opposing team's star player (Damon Wayans). Written by Judd Apatow. Directed by Tom DeCerchio. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *Embassy 2–4.*

Cemetery Man—Rupert Everett stars as a cemetery watchman who must re-execute the living dead. He faces a dilemma, however, when the woman he falls in love with is killed. Directed by Michele Soavi. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East.*

Cold Comfort Farm—Flora Poste (Kate Beckinsale), a devoteé of the thirties social scene in London, finds herself "orphaned" and decides to move in with her rather eccentric feudal relatives in dismal Sussex. With Joanna Lumley, Ian McKellan, Eileen Atkins, and Rufus Sewell. Directed by John Schlesinger. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Lincoln Square.*

Cold Fever—A young Tokyo executive decides to spend his vacation not in Hawaii, as originally planned, but on a remote river in Iceland—the spot where his parents died. Directed by Fridrik Thor Fridriksson. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

The Craft—A coven of teenage witches exercise their powers in suburban L.A. With Fairuza Balk and Skeet Ulrich. Directed by Andrew Fleming. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum.*

Dead Man—See David Denby, p. 59. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Dead Man Walking—A few minutes of Sean Penn's performance and you know he's got the role of Louisiana death-row inmate Matthew Poncelet down right. He defines "shifty"; he's mean, cut-off, mocking. His Poncelet tries to bully and seduce a nun, Sister Helen Préjean (Susan Sarandon) who takes an interest in his case; when she proves to be tougher than he thought, he slowly opens up to her. Based on a book by the actual Helen Préjean, this is the story of Matthew Poncelet's redemption and death. Poncelet has been convicted of murdering two teenagers, and as Sister Helen defends him, she takes abuse from the parents of the dead kids. Robbins observes the parents' rage neutrally, without turning them into vengeful hysterics. But at the end, as nun and murderer reach out to each other in the death chamber, the filmmakers blow the case they are plainly making against capital punishment. The implication is that Poncelet shouldn't be executed because he has accepted God and may become a good man. But if you are truly against capital punishment, you're against executing the re-

"Cue" cover photograph by Loren Haynes/Outline.

deemed and unredeemed alike. (Denby; 1/8/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Diabolique—The 1954 original, directed with devastating precision by Henri-Georges Clouzot, was set in a boys' school outside Paris. Two women in thrall to the school's sadistic master—his religious wife and his knowing and tough-souled mistress—conspire to murder him, with unexpected consequences. This remake, directed by Jeremiah Chechik *(Benny & Joon),* puts new seats on an old chassis, and nothing feels quite right—not the school, now placed outside Pittsburgh; not the casting of the very urban Chazz Palminteri as the school's menacing director; not the performance of Isabelle Adjani as the religious wife. The new movie is more explicit sexually but less interesting, and with the exception of Sharon Stone—the wickedest, most beautiful witch in the movies—it's a botch. (Denby; 4/1/96) (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Tower East.*

Executive Decision—Six military operatives board a hijacked plane in midair and attempt to defuse a bomb loaded with nerve gas. With Kurt Russell and Steven Seagal. Directed by Stuart Baird. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Gemini Twin.*

★**Fargo**—In the dead of winter, a car drives toward us through a whiteness so enveloping that we cannot tell where ground and air meet. The brilliant opening shot of *Fargo*—a devastating new comedy-thriller from Joel and Ethan Coen—suggests something unspeakably sinister, a void without gradation or limits. The film is about Jerry Lundegaard, a Minneapolis auto salesman who hires two thugs to kidnap his wife. Why? So he can cop part of the ransom money his rich father-in-law will pony up to get his daughter back, of course. He arrives in a roadhouse north of Minneapolis and meets two thugs, one of them a jumpy little creep (Steve Buscemi) and the other a monosyllabic, barely conscious stone killer of indeterminate Scandinavian origin. Buscemi's punk is highly puzzled by Jerry's scheme to have his wife kidnapped and then collect part of the ransom himself. Why doesn't Jerry just *ask* his father-in-law for the money? Buscemi's demand that crime make sense becomes a running joke in this peculiar north-country world, in which the conversational engine turns over and over but never really catches fire. Joel Coen (who directed) stages the scenes as a deadpan comedy of squareness—but just when the satire is approaching burlesque, Frances McDormand turns up as police chief Marge Gunderson, and we see that blandness may have a hidden meaning. *Fargo* is not completely an exercise in attitude; it's a fable of good and evil, in which the pregnant Marge gets to restore order, one syllable at a time. ((Denby; 3/18/96)) (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Fear—A thriller about a spurned young man (Mark Wahlberg, a.k.a. Marky Mark) who goes psycho on his ex-girlfriend (Resse Witherspoon). (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; Ziegfeld; 84th Street Six.*

★**Flirting with Disaster**—David O. Russell's new comedy waltzes, tangos, and goes to bed with disaster, yet somehow flourishes. Russell's hero is Mel (Ben Stiller), an adopted son undergoing an identity crisis—he wants to find his real parents. Who can blame him? He was brought up by a pair of warring Mahanttan neurotics (George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore) who would probably make anyone look for new parents. The adoption agency sends a very aggressive but "understanding" woman (Téa Leoni) along to observe, and with this intruder in tow, Mel, his wife (Patricia Arquette) and their baby take off on a quest in

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the last page of this section.

She Went Searching for Her Roots.
But All She Found was Dirt.
COLD COMFORT FARM

"ONE OF THE FUNNIEST ENGLISH COMEDIES EVER MADE!"
- Peter Rainer, LOS ANGELES MAGAZINE

A CULTIVATED COMEDY *from* JOHN SCHLESINGER

GRAMERCY PICTURES IN ASSOCIATION WITH BBC FILMS AND THAMES INTERNATIONAL PRESENT A JOHN SCHLESINGER FILM "COLD COMFORT FARM"
EILEEN ATKINS • KATE BECKINSALE • SHEILA BURRELL • STEPHEN FRY • FREDDIE JONES • JOANNA LUMLEY • IAN McKELLEN • MIRIAM MARGOLYES AND RUFUS SEWELL
MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY ROBERT LOCKHART EDITOR MARK DAY PRODUCTION DESIGNER MALCOLM THORNTON PHOTOGRAPHY CHRIS SEAGER EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS RICHARD BROKE AND ANTONY ROOT
PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN Read the Penguin Book PRODUCED BY ALISON GILBY FROM THE NOVEL BY STELLA GIBBONS SCREENPLAY BY MALCOLM BRADBURY DIRECTED BY JOHN SCHLESINGER GRAMERCY PICTURES a PolyGram Company
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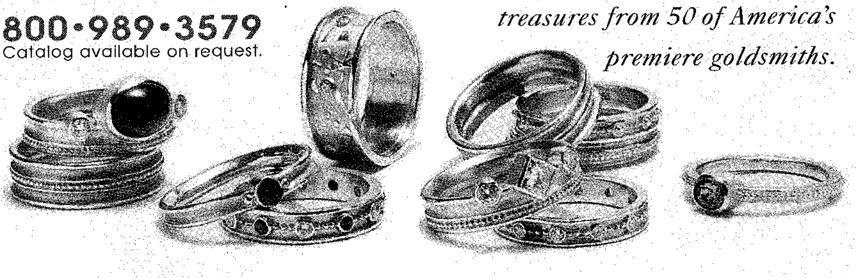

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which we know everything has to go wrong. The movie is a malicious satire on the current psychobabble about roots, caring, and identity; although it's not always fun watching people undergo one humiliation after another, Russell is persistent. He clings to his idea and he scores. Everyone Mel meets is a mess (as is he), and the pace never lets up—with five or six people together in a scene, all blabbing about their inner lives, the texture of nutty confessions grows almost symphonic. This is one of the rare comedies that actually get stronger as they go along. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

4 Tales of 2 Cities—Four shorts directed by actors: Griffin Dunne's *Duke of Groove,* Illeana Douglas's *Boy Crazy Girl Crazier,* Adrienne Shelly's *Urban Legend,* and Fisher Stevens's *Phinehas.* (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Flower of My Secret—In Pedro Almodovar's latest comedy, Marisa Paredes plays a romance novelist who finds it impossible to write when her marriage falls apart. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

The Great White Hype—A flabby, aging boxer (Damon Wayans) and his shady manager (Samuel L. Jackson) try to revive his career by finding a white guy to enter the ring. Directed by Reginald Hudlin. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; National Twin; Orpheum; 62nd and Broadway; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza.*

★**I Shot Andy Warhol**—Valerie Solanas, who wanted to make a revolution, or at least to write, lived on the street in sixties New York and then became a hanger-on at Andy Warhol's Factory. She burst into the news on June 3, 1968. Disappointed by Warhol's indifference to a play she'd written, and by her diminishing status at the Factory, Solanas shot the great man two times in the chest. "He had too much control over my life," she told a policeman as she gave herself up. Yet Solanas did not destroy Warhol; she destroyed herself. Written and directed by Mary Harron, the movie is a pungent but surprisingly buoyant re-creation of Solanas's life up to the point of the shooting. Played by the fast-talking and lively Lili Taylor, Valerie is smart and funny, but also a ferocious pain in the ass. From time to time, Harron halts the narrative and poses Taylor against a white scrim, and the actress recites from the pamphlet Solanas wrote for an imaginary revolutionary group, SCUM, or the Society for Cutting Up Men. In the pamphlet, Solanas combined a lung-ing attack on male domination with pop anarcho-lesbian visions of a future controlled by all-powerful "groovy" women. After her initial success, Valerie bombs at the Factory because she's too intense—crazy in the wrong way for Warhol. The movie addresses Solanas's disintegration without "psychology" or analytic depth; Harron stages the events in Factory pop terms, as one of the sixties scenes that went bad. She makes it clear that Valerie goes too far, that she's paranoid and delusional, but she also suggests that the gender antagonisms are real, that the campy atmosphere is poisonous for women. Fighting all the time, Lili Taylor comes at the role with tremendous verve, and she gives Valerie's wildest remarks a natural comic's timing. She doesn't deepen the character, but depth isn't what's needed—Valerie Solanas was too goofy to weep over. (Denby; 5/6/96) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Sutton; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**James and the Giant Peach**—Based on one of Roald Dahl's children's books, director Henry Selick has turned *James* into a sophisticated fairy tale that doesn't choke on self-consciousness.In the beginning, a little boy (James) lives in perfect harmony on the English coast—until the parents are eaten by a rhinoceros. A rhinoceros! Even children will know that the movie is really about imaginary stories, and that the next sequence, in which the unhappy little boy is turned over to his witchy aunts Spiker (Joanna Lumley) and Sponge (Miriam Margolyes), is a riff on the more dolorous sections of old Disney movies. Lumley and Margolyes overplay deliciously, and just when we've had enough, James climbs into the giant peach he has made on the front lawn, and the movie goes from live action to stop-motion animation with puppets. Inside the peach, James joins a selection of talkative insects. The peach and its jabbering crew take off for New York, and James and his friends have terrific adventures in the air with menacing sea creatures—all done with puppets moving very freely but with more weight and body than drawn or computer-animated figures. *James* flags slightly when it lands in New York, but it's got a freer and bolder visual style than anything Disney has done in years. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 20 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Jane Eyre—Franco Zefferelli's version of the Charlotte Brontë classic about a young governess who eventually wins the man she loves. Starring Charlotte Gainsbourg, William Hurt, Joan Plowright, and Anna Paquin. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Paris Theater.*

Last Dance—Sharon Stone plays a woman on death row, and Rob Morrow is the idealistic young lawyer who tries to save her life. Hollow and unaffecting. Directed by Bruce Beresford. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six.*

★**Leaving Las Vegas**—Ben Sanderson (Nicolas Cage) is drinking himself to death—purposefully, and without regret, and his death, from the beginning of the movie, is a certainty. Having dispensed with the usual suspense of such movies (when will the hero hit bottom and pull himself out of it?), director Mike Figgis is free to open his film to mystery and art. After making a bonfire of his belongings, Ben heads for Las Vegas, where he meets the one girl for him, a good-looking hooker named Sera (Elisabeth Shue). Figgis accepts Ben and Sera with something like awe: The doomed nature of their love transfigures it. *Leaving Las Vegas* is absent of lamentation and refuses to grieve over a wasted life—it's the most accomplished American movie of the year. (Denby; 11/13/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *59th Street East.*

Ma Saison Préferée—Catherine Deneuve plays a woman who is revered for her beauty but seemingly incapable of loving anyone; when her mother takes ill, she is forced to confront her estranged brother and daughter. Directed by André Techiné. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Madame Butterfly—An adaptation of Puccini's opera featuring Ying-Huang and Frédéric Mitterand (nephew of the late French president). (2 hrs. 9 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

The Monster—A comedy about a hapless man in a small Italian village who is fingered by police as a serial killer. Written by, directed by, and starring Roberto Benigni. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Sutton.*

Mrs. Winterbourne—Ricki Lake's Connie Doyle, poor, shabby, and pregnant, is taken into the home of a wealthy New England family that is under the illusion that she is their surviving daughter-in-law after a train wreck. Connie, with a new baby and nowhere to go, doesn't break the illusion, and the family, including Shirley MacLaine and the young Brendan Fraser, fall in love with her. They love her good-heartedness; they see her true class as a human being. There's only one problem: Ricki Lake really is common. Her talk-show persona spills into the performance: She lunges at her emotions, throws up her arms, and shouts, and in general she's rather clunky and anxious. Director Richard Bennjamin, whose talents have spiraled bafflingly downward since *My Favorite Year,* uses TV lightings and the squarest of camera setups. *Mrs. Winterbourne* is old-Hollywood fantasy without the old technique and glamour. (Denby; 4/29/96) (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Mulholland Falls—See David Denby, p. 58. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Mystery Science Theater 3000—The movie version of the TV series in which a man is forced to watch hilariously bad movies with two aliens. Here, you watch them watching *This Island Earth* and making wisecracks. Directed by Jim Mallon. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII.*

Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud—A lonely writer takes Nelly, a fragile young divorcée, under his wing, falls deeply in love with her, and begins to wither when he realizes that his publisher is also in love with her. Winner of two César awards (France's equivalent of the Oscar). Directed by Claude Sautet. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Of Love and Shadows—In seventies Chile, a privileged, naïve girl (Jennifer Connelly) becomes drawn into an underground resistance movement. Based on the novel by Isabel Allende. With Antonio Banderas. Directed by Betty Kaplan. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Festival

Cross-Cultural References

Salinger's *Franny and Zooey* informs *Pari,* in which the young Niki Karimi (above) suffers a spiritual crisis sparked by her brother's death by self-immolation and his legacy to her: a book about an ancient mystic who lost all his possessions in a fire. The film will be screened May 17 as part of Lincoln Center's "Abbas Kiarostami Retrospective and Recent Iranian Cinema." (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Open Season—Robert Wuhl wrote and directed this *what-if?* satire about the television industry, in which dry public broadcasting suddenly pulls in higher ratings than the most salacious network fare. With Helen Shaver. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Village East; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Tower East.*

Original Gangstas—Seventies blaxploitation stars Richard Roundtree, Ron O'Neal, Fred Williamson, Pam Grier, and Kim Brown star in this urban drama as founding members of a local gang who are forced to retaliate when a younger, wilder gang tears apart the neighborhood. Directed by Larry Cohen. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4.*

The Pallbearer—A black comedy about an affable loser named Tom Thompson (David Schwimmer) whose life takes a comic turn for the better after he agrees to deliver the eulogy for a high-school classmate he never knew. Directed by Matt Reeves. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street; Lincoln Square.*

The Postman—As the film opens, the late Massimo Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet, at first brusque, gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *23rd Street West Triplex; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Primal Fear—Richard Gere stars as a cutthroat, vainglorious defense lawyer who becomes invested in helping his client beat a murder rap. With John Mahoney and Andre Braugher. Directed by Gregory Hoblit. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; New York Twin; UA East; 84th Street Six; Pavilion/Windsor.*

The Quest—Jean-Claude Van Damme makes his directorial debut with this film, in which he stars as a globe-trotting pickpocket. With Roger Moore. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Regency; Plaza Twin; Plaza.*

★**Sense and Sensibility**—Emma Thompson adapted Jane Austen's novel herself, and has brought the material as close to conventional romantic comedy as possible without betraying the anxieties lying behind the story: In the England of the 1800s, women without a dowry enjoy very few options. Two wealthy young men make advances to the Dashwood sisters (Thompson plays the elder, Elinor, and Kate Winslet is Marianne), and then turn away, causing the women extreme anguish. Taiwanese director Ang Lee stages the walks, dinners, teas, and balls very directly, without pomp; the emotional and erotic goings-on become intimately connected to the flowing lawns and great rooms. And Thompson and Lee get the relationship between the two sisters right, the play of strength and weakness, candor and concealment—sense and sensibility merging in each sister, until both Marianne and Elinor become complete human beings. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *Manhattan Twin.*

Someone Else's America—Two immigrants—one, a Spaniard who has lived in Brooklyn for years, and the other a Montenegran who has just arrived illegally—form a deep bond. Starring Tom Conti and Miki Manojlovic. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Substitute—Tom Berenger plays a mercenary who infiltrates the Miami school system and straightens out a bunch of unruly minority kids. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *19th Street East; Embassy 2–4; Lincoln Square.*

Sunset Park—Rhea Perlman stars in the latest film about a white instructor who singlehandedly turns around the lives of poor, inner city minorities (she's a gym teacher; the kids play basketball). Directed by Stefe Gomer. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

A Thin Line Between Love and Hate—A hip-hop comedy about a nightclub owner who gets involved with the wrong woman. With Martin Lawrence—who also directed—and Bobby Brown. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; 84th Street Six; Plaza Twin.*

★**The Truth About Cats & Dogs**—When Abby Barnes (Janeane Garofalo), a young veterinarian, is on the air, hosting her popular LA radio call-in show, she's crisp and authoritative. But for all her genius with animals, she's skittish with men. A handsome young British photographer, Brian (Ben Chaplin), falls in love with her voice and asks for a date, and Abby asks her neighbor, a blonde model (Uma Thurman), to stand in for her. The photographer, easily smitten, falls in love with Abby on the phone and Noelle in the flesh; he thinks they are both the same person, and both women are too involved in the deception to end it. In mood and tempo, the picture is a contemporary variant of thirties-Hollywood screwball comedy, though it flirts with feminist ideas and the eternal question, Why are men so hung up on looks? As Abby, Garofalo handles sophisticated ideas and big words, and sounds very much like she knows what they mean. Her Abby may long for the banal perfections of TV-style beauty, but she knows that such perfection is a false ideal. The filmmakers drag out the suspense for as long as possible: Will Brian accept the actual Abby as the woman he loves? Director Michael Lehmann moves along lightly and quickly, but there are no tricks or shortcuts; the movie is carried forward by the performances and by many, many intimate moments. *The Truth About Cats & Dogs* is graceful and entertaining; it knows its own weight and wants only to charm us, which it does. (Denby; 4/29/96) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Beekman; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Thundercrack!—Camp underground-porn about a group of strangers stuck in a haunted house. (1976). (NR) *Lighthouse Cinema.*

Twister—Two teams of tornado-researching scientists deliberately chase cyclones as they ravage Oklahoma. Directed by Jan De Bont (*Speed*). With Helen Hunt and Bill Paxton. (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Two Friends—Jane Campion's first feature revolves around the intense yet highly precarious friendship between two teenage girls, told in flashback from its demise to its beginnings. Modest and moving. (1 hr. 16 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Under the Domim Tree—In fifties Israel, a young girl struggles with the aftermath of the Holocaust at a boarding school for orphans whose families perished in the concentration camps. Based on Gila Almagor's autobiographical novel. Directed by Eli Cohen. In Hebrew with English subtitles. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Opening

Changing Direction

Actors who want to direct . . . on principle we're opposed, but Griffin Dunne and Adrienne Shelly are surprisingly capable. *4 Tales of 2 Cities* (at Film Forum, May 8–21), is a program of shorts by Dunne (whose *Duke of Groove,* with Uma Thurman, above, snagged an Oscar nomination for Best Short, and who is about to direct a feature), Shelly, and the more dubious Fisher Stevens and Illeana Douglas.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Antonia's Line; Cold Fever; Flower of My Secret; I Shot Andy Warhol; Jane Eyre.* Opening 5/10: *Dead Man.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *The Truth About Cats & Dogs; Fargo.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg.* Through 5/7: *Two Friends.* Opening 5/8: *4 Tales of 2 Cities.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Lighthouse Cinema—116 Suffolk St. (979-7571) *Thundercrack!*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Butterfly Kiss; Ma Saison Preferee; Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud; The Monster.* Opening 5/10: *Someone Else's America; Under the Domim Tree.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Cemetery Man; Flirting with Disaster; Last Dance; Mulholland Falls; Sunset Park; The Great White Hype; The Pallbearer.* Opening 5/10: *Open Season.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Barb Wire; Captives; James and the Giant Peach; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mystery Science Theater 3000; Primal Fear; The Birdcage.* Opening 5/10: *Cold Comfort Farm; Twister.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *The Quest; Brain Candy.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Barb Wire; Fargo; Last Dance; Mulholland Falls; Sunset Park; The Substitute.* Opening 5/10: *Twister.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Fear; James and the Giant Peach; The Postman; The Birdcage.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *The Birdcage.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Barb Wire; Primal Fear; The Quest.* Opening 5/10: *Twister.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Flirting with Disaster; Primal Fear; The Craft; The Great White Hype; The Pallbearer; The Quest; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Opening
A Separate Peace

Writer Gila Almagor plays her own mother in the adaptation of her autobiographical novel, 'Under the Domim Tree' (opening May 10), about life in an Israeli boarding school for kids left orphaned by the Holocaust.

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Flirting with Disaster; Last Dance; Mulholland Falls; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Leaving Las Vegas.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Birdcage.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *The Postman; The Celluloid Closet.* Opening 5/10: *Open Season.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Butterfly Kiss; Last Dance; The Pallbearer.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Diabolique; Executive Decision; Sunset Park; The Birdcage; The Craft; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.* Opening 5/10: *Twister.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *The Great White Hype.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Captives.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *The Pallbearer.* Opening 5/10: *Original Gangstas.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Celtic Pride; James and the Giant Peach; The Substitute.* Opening 5/10: *Original Gangstas; The Pallbearer.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Last Dance.* Opening 5/10: *Boys.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Brain Candy; GoldenEye; Sense and Sensibility.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *The Great White Hype; The Quest.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Jane Eyre.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Barb Wire; Cemetery Man; GoldenEye; Mulholland Falls.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Monster; I Shot Andy Warhol.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Beautiful Girls; Down Periscope; From Dusk Till Dawn; Jumanji; Restoration; Twelve Monkeys.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Fear.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Flirting with Disaster.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The Truth About Cats & Dogs; The Pallbearer.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Flirting with Disaster; James and the Giant Peach; Last Dance.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Barb Wire; Dead Man Walking; Mulholland Falls; Sunset Park; The Quest.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Executive Decision; Mrs. Winterbourne.* Opening 5/10: *Twister.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Primal Fear; Fargo.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Barb Wire; Mulholland Falls; Sunset Park; The Birdcage; The Craft; The Great White Hype; The Quest.* Opening 5/10: *Twister.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Diabolique.* Opening 5/10: *Open Season.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Primal Fear.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The Great White Hype.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Barb Wire; Fear; Last Dance; Primal Fear; Sunset Park.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Angels & Insects; I Shot Andy Warhol; Ma Saison Preferee; Mighty Aphrodite; Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud; Wallace & Gromit.* Opening 5/10: *Dead Man.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Brain Candy; Fargo; Flirting with Disaster; James and the Giant Peach; Madame Butterfly; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mulholland Falls; The Birdcage; The Craft; The Pallbearer; The Substitute; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.* Opening 5/10: *Cold Comfort Farm; Twister.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *The Birdcage; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Sunset Park; The Craft; The Great White Hype; The Quest.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Sunset Park; The Great White Hype; The Quest.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *James and the Giant Peach; The Quest.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Quest.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Barb Wire; Brain Candy; James and the Giant Peach; Last Dance; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; Sunset Park; The Craft; The Great White Hype; The Quest; The Substitute; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Barb Wire; James and the Giant Peach; Mulholland Falls; Sunset Park; The Craft; The Great White Hype; The Quest; The Substitute.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Mulholland Falls; The Craft; The Great White Hype; The Quest.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Flirting with Disaster; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Barb Wire; Fear; Last Dance; Mulholland Falls; Oliver & Company; Primal Fear; Sunset Park; The Craft; The Great White Hype; The Quest; The Substitute.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Barb Wire; James and the Giant Peach; Last Dance; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; The Pallbearer; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Mulholland Falls; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *The Craft; The Great White Hype; The Quest.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *James and the Giant Peach; Jane Eyre; Last Dance; Mrs. Winterbourne; The Great White Hype; The Pallbearer.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Fear; Sunset Park; The Craft; The Great White Hype; The Quest; The Substitute.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Barb Wire; Sunset Park; The Great White Hype; The Quest.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Sunset Park; The Great White Hype; The Quest.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Primal Fear; Sunset Park; The Craft; The Great White Hype; The Quest.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Barb Wire; Last Dance; Mulholland Falls; The Pallbearer; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Fear; James and the Giant Peach; Mrs. Winterbourne; The Craft; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (777-FILM#829) *Barb Wire; Sunset Park; The Great White Hype; The Quest.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *James and the Giant Peach; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; The Quest.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Barb Wire; Sunset Park; The Craft; The Great White Hype; The Quest.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Last Dance; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; The Birdcage; The*

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Craft; The Great White Hype; The Pallbearer; The Quest; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Fear; Primal Fear; Sunset Park; The Birdcage; The Craft; The Great White Hype; The Substitute.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Barb Wire; Fear; Flirting with Disaster; James and the Giant Peach; Last Dance; Mulholland Falls; The Birdcage.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Barb Wire; Fear; Sunset Park; The Great White Hype; The Pallbearer.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Fargo; James and the Giant Peach; Primal Fear.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Flirting with Disaster; The Great White Hype; The Quest.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Sunset Park; The Great White Hype; The Substitute.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Barb Wire; Fear; James and the Giant Peach; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; The Craft; The Quest; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Barb Wire; James and the Giant Peach; Primal Fear; Sunset Park; The Substitute.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Birdcage; The Pallbearer.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Last Dance; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; The Birdcage; The Craft; The Quest; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Barb Wire; The Great White Hype; The Substitute.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Executive Decision; Primal Fear; The Quest; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Fear; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mulholland Falls; The Craft; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *James and the Giant Peach; Last Dance; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; The Craft; The Quest; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Fargo; Mrs. Winterbourne.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *The Great White Hype; The Quest.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Barb Wire; Sunset Park; The Great White Hype; The Quest.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Sunset Park; The Great White Hype.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Primal Fear; The Craft; The Pallbearer; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Last Dance.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Fear; James and the Giant Peach; Last Dance; Primal Fear; The Craft; The Quest; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.* Opening 5/10: *Twister.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Barb Wire; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; The Craft; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Barb Wire; Celtic Pride; Fear; James and the Giant Peach; Last Dance; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; Sunset Park; The Birdcage; The Craft; The Great White Hype; The Pallbearer; The Quest; The Substitute; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Alfred Hitchcock and Fritz Lang in America." 5/11: *Suspicion* (1941) and *Secret Beyond the Door* (1948). 5/12: *Psycho* (1960) and *While the City Sleeps* (1956). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Anthology Film Archives—Through 5/12: "John Cassavetes." 5/10: *Gloria* (1980). 5/12: *Love Streams* (1984). Also, 5/11: Evald Schorm's *Mother's Day* (1996). 5/11 and 5/12: Mike Russo's *Mother's Day* (1996). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Brooklyn Museum—"Third African Film Festival." 5/10: *The Battle of the Sacred Tree* (1994) and *A Taxi for Aouzou* (1994). 5/11: *Haramuya* (1995). 5/12: *Albert Schweitzer, the "Great White" of Lambarene* (1994) and *Wariko, the Jackpot* (1993). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 330); $6.

Cinema Village 12th St.—"Chow Yun-Fat: Hero With a Thousand Faces." 5/6 and 5/11: *Full Contact* (1992) and *Prison on Fire* (1987). 5/7: *A Better Tomorrow* (1986) and *Tragic Hero* (1987). 5/8 and 5/12: *God of the Gamblers* (1989) and *Once a Thief* (1991). 5/9: *Hong Kong 1941* (1984) and *The Story of Woo Viet* (1981). 5/10: *Peace Hotel* (1995) and *The Killer* (1989). 5/11: *Hard-Boiled* (1992) and *City on Fire* (1987). 5/13: *Treasure Hunt* (1994) and *Dream Lovers* (1986). 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

A Different Light—5/12: *The Group* (1966). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—5/9: "A Celebration of Sidney Peterson—Artist and Nonagerian." The 2:30 program features nine shorts; Peterson will be present at the 6:30 screening of *The Merry-Go-Round in the Jungle* (1950), *The Invisible Moustache of raoul Dufy* (1955), and *Man in the Bubble* (1981). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—Through 5/30: "Musicals Before the Code." 5/6: "Songs in the Dark: Highlights and Lowlights From Early Musicals" and *Rio Rita* (1929). 5/7: *That's Entertoonment!* 5/8: *Hallelujah, I'm A Bum* (1933) and *The Phantom President* (1932). 5/9: *Stage Mother* (1933) and *Torch Singer* (1933). 5/10 and 5/11: *The Gay Divorcee* (1934) and *The Merry Widow* (1934). 5/12 and 5/13: *Top Hat* (1935) and *Folies Bergere* (1935). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Abbas Kiarostami Retrospective and Recent Iranian Cinema." 5/7: *The Actor* (1993) and *Kimia* (1995). 5/8 and 5/9: "Kiarostami." *Where is the Friend's House?* (1987) with *Bread and Alley* (1970), and *First Graders* (1985) with *The Chorus* (1982). 5/10 and 5/11: *The Fateful Day* (1995) and *The Boots* (1993). 5/12 and 5/13: *Travellers* (1992) and *End of Childhood* (1994). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—5/7: *L'Invitation* (1973). Through 5/9: "An Homage to French Comedy." Call for detailed program info. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Japan Society—"Sex and Sensuality in Japanese Cinema." 5/10: *Seisaku's Wife* (1965). 5/11: *The Temple of Wild Geese* (1962). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"Don Siegel." 5/6: *Death of a Gunfighter* (1969). 5/6 and 5/10: *The Shootist* (1976). 5/7: *Riot in Cell Block 11* (1954) and *Escape from Alcatraz* (1979). 5/7 and 5/11: Excerpt from *Play Misty for Me* (1971). 5/9: *Charley Varrick* (1973), *The Big Steal* (1949), and *The Killers* (1964). 5/10: *The Beguiled* (1971) and *The Lineup* (1958). 5/11: *Dirty Harry* (1971) and *Madigan* (1968). 5/12: *Edge of Eternity* (1959) and *Coogan's Bluff* (1969). Also, 5/10: "The Origins of American Film." 5/10 and 5/12: "America's First Women Filmmakers." 5/11: "The African-American Cinema." 5/10 and 5/11: *The Night of the Filmmakers* (1995). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Symphony Space—5/7: *Some Like It Hot* (1959) and *Intimate Lighting* (1965). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $7.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Lesbian Genders." 5/8, 5/10-5/12: Two programs of shorts: "Explicit" and "Counterbinary." Call for detailed schedule. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.

Data
Jacks Are Wild

There is, no doubt, a bit of confusion at your local cineplex these days, what with *Fear* and *Primal Fear* playing screen by screen—a fatal slip of the tongue means the difference between Marky Mark's sociopath shouting "Let me in the house!" and Richard Gere's more redeemable sociopath shouting "He didn't do it!" To say nothing of the ire to be sparked when confusion erupts around Tim Robbins's riveting *Dead Man Walking* and Jim Jarmusch's sleep-inducing art-western *Dead Man,* which opens this Friday. (ABC cashes in on the trend with a Larry McMurtry mini-series called *Dead Man's Walk.*) The next trend? All things Jack.

Kerouac.

PRODUCTION	WHO IS JACK?
Jack and Sarah	Protagonist Jack (Richard E. Grant), a staid, single Englishman with a baby, falls in love with his sprightly American nanny. (Came and went)
Jack	In this (essentially) one-man Broadway show, Nicol Williamson plays a bitter, contemplative, thoroughly smashed John Barrymore. (Current)
Jack	Francis Ford Coppola directs Robin Williams in this comedy-drama about a 10-year-old boy who suffers from a progeria-like disease. (Mid-September)
Jack?	Coppola's other pet project, an adaptation of Jack Kerouac's *On the Road,* has yet to begin production—though he did mount a massively hyped search for an unknown to play the late alcoholic's most famous character, Dean Moriarty.

Photograph by Archive Photos.

art

George Maciunas...Barbara Ess

Openings

The third annual **International Art Fair** returns to the Seventh Regiment Armory (Park Avenue at 67th Street) from May 10 through May 15, bringing with it 75 fine-art dealers from around the world. Hours are 11 to 8 on May 10, 11, 13, and 14 and 11 to 7 on May 12 and 15. General admission is $15 and includes an exhibition catalogue.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Bill Barrett/Biala—Recent welded bronze sculptures/A survey of the artist's paintings of landscapes and interiors from the past five decades. Through 5/25. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

Stanley Boxer—New mixed-media paintings; through 6/1. Salander–O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Walter Boyer—A survey of paintings from 1960 to the present; through 5/31. McCarron, 1014 Madison Ave. (772-1181).

Willem de Kooning—Paintings made between 1982 and 1986; through 6/1. C & M, 45 E. 78th St. (861-0020).

Richard Diebenkorn—Sixty figure drawings from the artist's estate that were produced between 1958 and 1967, when the California artist took a hiatus from abstraction; through 5/23. Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. (734-6300).

Melvin Edwards—Recent welded steel sculptures; through 6/29. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

Katharina Fritsch—A recent series of silkscreened works based on images from the children's version of *Bildwörter Duden,* an illustrated lexicon or dictionary published in Germany in 1936; through 6/8. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Addie Herder/Lucian Freud—Collages of found materials that deal with the urban landscape/A selection of paintings, drawings, and etchings by the British artist. Through 5/31. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

George Maciunas—The first exhibition devoted to the full range of the Fluxus founder's work, including a selection of commercial and Fluxus graphics, unique biographical artworks, and original paste-up mechanicals spanning the years 1959 to 1976; through 6/22. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Henry Roderick Newman—Watercolors by the American pre-Raphaelite; through 6/7. Jordan-Volpe, 958 Madison Ave. (570-9500).

Jedd Novatt—New welded steel sculptures; through 6/1. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

57th Street Area

Giovanni Anselmo—New granite works that explore the potential of color; through 6/1. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Ross Bleckner—New paintings that incorporate images of chrysanthemums, daisies, and sunflowers; 5/4–6/29. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Ken Buhler—Abstract paintings and monotypes from the past three years; through 6/1. O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. (355-3330).

Charles E. Burchfield—Watercolors painted between 1915 and 1920, when the artist was still living in his hometown of Salem, Ohio; through 6/1. Kennedy, 730 Fifth Ave. (541-9600).

John Chamberlain/Elizabeth Murray—New painted steel sculptures/New collage drawings on cut paper. Through 6/21. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Sandro Chia/Malcolm Morley—Recent paintings by both; through 6/8. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Gregory Gillespie—New allegorical paintings that draw on the artist's subconscious, at Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545), through 6/7, and paintings executed between 1978 and 1995, at Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200), through 5/31.

Lawrence Gipe—Large-scale paintings of iconographic pre-war images, each of which appears to dissolve into the next image in a filmlike sequence; through 6/8. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

David Hockney—Small-scale paintings and a large-scale painting, *Snail's Space,* that extends onto the floor and is being shown as a performance with six varilites providing a nine-minute cycle, through 6/15, at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124). Paintings and photographs of paintings, through 6/15, at Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

David Hollowell—New paintings and graphite drawings; through 6/1. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

John Koch—Paintings from the fifties and sixties that depict figures in interiors; through 6/7. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

Wifredo Lam—Paintings and works on paper made by the Cuban artist between 1940 and 1970; through 6/15. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

John Newman—Recent drawings, sculpture multiples, and prints; through 5/18. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

John Opper—A survey of the artist's abstract paintings; through 5/31. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Jeremiah Patterson—Watercolors that recall scenes from his grandmother's house; through 5/25. French, 24 W. 57th St. (247-2457).

Pablo Picasso—An exhibition of drawings and paintings executed in Spain during the artist's formative years that focuses on his rebellion against his academic training, through 6/15, at Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876), and unique ceramic works from the Jacqueline Picasso collection, through 6/11, at Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. (644-4400).

Ken Price—A retrospective of the ceramicist's geometric cup and vase sculptures; through 5/11. Franklin Parrasch, 20 W. 57th St. (246-5360)

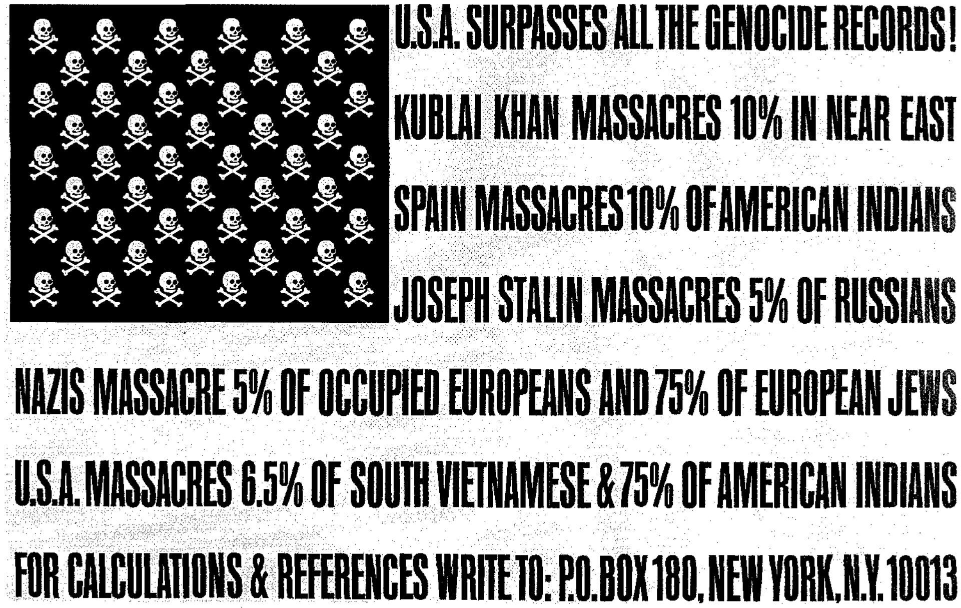
Daniel Spoerri—Assemblages based on a nineteenth-century medical text and its gravures illustrating various medical operations; through 6/14. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Francisco Toledo—A group of paintings and gouaches that have not been previously exhibited and were acquired from the artist by the photographer David Duncan Douglas in 1966; through 5/31. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

William Tucker—New sculpture and drawings; through 5/25. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Andy Warhol—Drawings, paintings, prints, and objects by the Pop artist spanning the years 1955 to 1975; through 6/29. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (888-4220).

John Wilde—A survey of paintings dating from the fifties to the present; through 6/1. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).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On View

Organized in collaboration with art historian Barbara Moore, Ubu Gallery's George Maciunas survey is the first to include examples of the Fluxus-founder's graphic-design work. Ironically—but not surprisingly, given its inflammatory content—the artist for years kept the authorship of his most famous work, a poster-deconstruction of the American flag (above), anonymous. 16 East 78th Street; through June 22.

Photograph courtesy of Ubu Gallery.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Amy Adler—An exhibition, titled "What Happened to Amy," that consists of five photographs based on the artist's own drawings of photographs that were taken of her was she was 13 years old; through 5/25. Kaplan, 580 Broadway (226-6131).

Diti Almog—New paintings; through 6/8. Boesky & Callery, 51 Greene St. (941-9888).

Martin Erik Andersen—Recent sculpture; through 5/25. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Michael Ashkin—A construction that uses such materials as cement and toy trucks and evokes a highway whose final destination is eerily ambiguous; through 6/8. Keenan, 494 Broadway (431-5083).

Ashley Bickerton—New works; through 6/1. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Louise Bourgeois—A retrospective of 100 drawings by the artist known for her quirky, fetishistic sculptures and room-size installations; through 6/8. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166).

Tom Butter/David Finn—New sculpture by both; through 6/1. E. S. Vandam, 100 Vandam St. (924-8189).

Squeak Carnwath—New paintings that incorporate text and pictographs; through 6/15. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Michael Ray Charles—New paintings; through 5/25. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Sandro Chia—Recent paintings, watercolors, and gouaches; through 6/1. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Thomas Demand/Scott Burton—Photographs that depict life-size, three-dimensional cardboard replicas of Bill Gates's dorm room, the exterior of the apartment where Jeffrey Dahmer lived, and other interiors and exteriors of buildings that were built by the artist based on other photographers' images of those places/An exhibition of the late artist's chair sculptures. Through 6/1. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Carroll Dunham—Recent drawings that make sophisticated references to the Surrealists Yves Tanguy and Joan Miró and to the Abstract Expressionists Jackson Pollock and Cy Twombly; through 6/15. Nolan/Eckman, 560 Broadway (925-6190).

Nancy Dwyer—Wooden sculptures of letters that form words, and paintings; through 5/25. Cristinerose, 395 W. Broadway (431-1862).

Olafur Eliasson—A work that combines light and a man-made waterfall; through 5/25. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Peter Fend—Drawings, photographs, and architectural models illustrating the artist's proposal to end the continuing nuclear contamination of the water and land resources surrounding the Chernobyl reactor site; through 5/25. Martz, 580 Broadway (334-3348).

Vernon Fisher—Recent "blackboard" paintings and two site-specific installations; through 6/8. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Judy Fox/Bo Bartlett—Painted clay sculptures of life-size naked children/Two recent large-scale paintings—*Homecoming,* which presents a scene from a high-school prom night, and *Oil Painting,* which depicts the burning oil wells in Kuwait after the Gulf War. Through 5/25. P. P. O. W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Alvaro A. Garcia—New sculpture; through 6/22. Harwood, 304 Mulberry St. (343-1503).

Gregory Gillespie—Portraits, self-portraits, fantasy scenes, and other paintings made between 1971 and 1996; through 5/31. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200). See "Solos," "57th Street Area."

Fernando Colón Gonzalez—Recent abstract paintings in which gestural brushstrokes float on subtly variegated surfaces; through 6/1. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Ann Hamilton—A new installation titled *filament* that uses video and projected imagery in tandem with a human sitter; through 5/31. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Jan Henle—Film drawings from the artist's "La Jibarata" project, begun in the December of 1991 when the artist and four *jibaros* (Puerto Rican mountain men) built a large-scale land sculpture on an abandoned coffee plantation in Puerto Rico; through 6/1. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Damien Hirst—New sculpture and paintings by this British artist whose work has explored metaphors of pharmacology, media propaganda, and the estrangement from nature; through 6/15. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Ilya Kabakov—An installation of a reading room that is a retrospective of the artist's books and folios, and selected drawings; through 5/25. Westreich, 114 Greene St. (941-9449).

Toba Khedoori—Recent paintings on paper; through 6/15. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Jung Hyang Kim—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper that juxtapose botanical and geometric forms; through 5/31. API, 470 Broome St. (343-2599).

Shigeko Kubota—Kinetic sculptures, a video "rock garden," and overhead projections; through 8/2. Fung, 140 Sullivan St. (505-3369).

Yayoi Kusama—The Japanese artist's works from the fifties and sixties, including her characteristic *Infinity Net* paintings on paper and canvas, collages, photo-collages, pastel drawings, and the notorious *Accumulations*—furniture and other household objects to which she attached a profusion of sewn and stuffed phallic or yam-shaped forms; through 6/21. Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (674-0766).

Eve Andre Laramee—New sculptures; through 5/25. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Guy Limone—An installation titled *67,857 inhabitants per square mile (Manhattan's population density)* that consists of plasticine figures, fluorescent tubes, and collections of appropriated color-coordinated images; through 6/1. Klagsbrun, 80 Mercer St. (925-5157).

Charles Luce—Paintings in gouache on paper that chart the great rivers of the world and invite a viewer on a cosmological rafting trip; through 5/31. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Joel Melander-Dayton—New paintings that combine abstraction with images of familiar objects; through 5/29. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Laura Newman—Large-scale paintings that read like gigantic autobiographical notations; through 6/1. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

John Okulick—New free-standing sculptures and wall constructions; through 5/29. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Pepon Osorio—An installation titled *Badge of Honor* that confronts the subject of family separation and consists of two adjoining rooms, a prison cell and a teenage boy's fantasy bedroom retreat; through 6/1. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Tony Oursler—An installation of fiberglass spheres that resemble enlarged eyeballs onto which videos culled from television surfing, films, and computer games are projected and matched with corresponding soundtracks; through 5/25. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Mimmo Palladino—New paintings and sculpture; through 6/15. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. and 121 Greene St. (431-3685).

Pat Passlof—Paintings that depict images of centaurs and classical caryatids; through 5/24. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Richard Phillips—Large, confrontational paintings of female heads that draw on Pop Art and popular photography from the seventies; through 5/25. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Joseph Rhone—Large constructions that appropriate architectural forms; through 6/1. Roeder, 545 Broadway (925-6098).

Robert Ryman—New paintings; through 6/21. Pace-Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (421-3292).

Georgina Starr—Two recent video installations; through 5/25. Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (431-3334).

Brian Tolle—A reconstruction of a colonial domestic interior that continues the artist's exploration of the phenomenon of revival; through 6/1. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Photography
Tunnel Vision

The blurred peripheries of Barbara Ess's pinhole photographs of landscapes evoke a uniquely human experience of nature. At Curt Marcus Gallery, 578 Broadway; through May 25.

Hiro Yokose—Encaustic paintings that refer to landscape; through 6/4. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Rachel Whiteread—Five new sculptures that continue the British artist's exploration of spaces and objects by filling or surrounding them with plaster, rubber, or resin casts; through 6/18. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Jerry Zeniuk—Recent abstract watercolors; through 5/25. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Chen Zhen—An installation inspired by the artist's experiences in Shanghai during the Cultural Revolution; through 6/8. Deitch, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Other

Mary Beyt—Paintings whose monochromatic fields of color are painted over thin impressions of floral-patterned lace; through 6/2. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753), Wed.–Sun. 11–6.

Willem de Kooning—Three monumental bronze sculptures depicting the artist's classic elemental woman and a group of thirteen hand-size bronzes based on the human figure that were made in 1969, three of which served as maquettes for the monumental works; through 6/30. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

Raquel Rabinovich—A survey of the Argentinian-born artist's minimal, abstract drawings from 1978 to 1995; through 6/7. Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. (695-6134), Mon.–Fri. 12–6.

Jason Simon—An installation of photographs, sculpture, and sound that explores self-destructive impulses through the symbolism of cigarette-smoking; through 6/9. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

John Wesley—A three-decade survey of the artist's paintings of men and women interacting with animals; through 5/19. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555), Wed.–Sun. 11–6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). "Hare's Fur, Tortoiseshell, and Partridge Feathers: Chinese Brown- and Black-Glazed Ceramics, 400–1400." An exhibition of Chinese black- and brown-glazed pottery organized by the Arthur M. Sackler Museum, Harvard University; through 7/6.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Yanks Paint Brits" features portraits of English subjects painted over the past 200 years by American artists, including works by Romaine Brooks, Red Grooms, John Singer Sargent, Nelson Shanks, Gilbert Stuart, James McNeill Whistler, Andy Warhol, and others; through 6/28.

Photograph courtesy of Curt Marcus Gallery.

York—21 E. 65th St. (772-9155). Metalpoint drawings by Joseph Goldyne, John Storrs, and Joseph Stella; through 6/7.

57th Street Area

Baron/Boisanté—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). Sculpture in various media by fourteen artists, among them Curtis Anderson, Hannelore Baron, Joseph Beuys, Jennifer Bolande, Chris MacDonald, Peter Nagy, and Not Vital; through 6/15.

Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (752-5135). “After Dark,” with nocturnal images by Berenice Abbott, Peter Alexander, James Casebere, Ellen Phelan, Odilon Redon, Alfred Stieglitz, and others; through 6/21.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Paintings on paper from the forties and fifties by the playwright Clifford Odets; WPA mural studies and other works from that era by Carter, Covarrubias, Gellert, Hirschfeld, Reiss, Shahn, others; through 6/8.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). Paintings of Cape Ann, Massachusetts, executed between 1840 and 1940, by Avery, Davis, Hartley, Hassam, Homer, Hopper, Lane, Prendergast, Sloan, and Twachtman; through 6/22.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). “Domestic Partnerships: New Impulses in Decorative Arts From the Americas,” with works by David Avalos, Los Carpinteros, Maria Elena Gonzalez, Kukuli Velarde, Saul Villa, others; through 6/29.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). “Mr. Dead and Mrs. Free: The History of Squat Theatre” features original Squat Theatre stage props, films, and videos from the seventies and eighties; through 5/25.

Blum—99 Wooster St. (343-0441). “In Quest of the Absolute,” with paintings by Federle, Malevich, Marioni, Mondrian, Newman, Marden, Martin, Reinhardt, Rothko; through 6/8.

Cavin-Morris—560 Broadway (226-3768). Works by Stavit Allweis, Gregory Gomez, Brian Rutenberg, Gregory Van Maanen, Michael Zansky, others; through 5/25.

Clocktower—108 Leonard St. (233-1096), Wed.–Sun. 1–7, $2 suggested admission. “Departure Lounge,” an exhibit that explores the “present future” created by new technologies and expanded modes of communication, with works by Bolande, Chang, Ganahl, Hajamadi, Long & StereoLab, McCaslin, Scher, D.J. Spooky, Staehle, others; through 6/30.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Images of New York’s Flatiron Building by twenty artists; through 6/29.

Kent—67 Prince St. (966-4500). Paintings by Leon Golub, R.B. Kitaj, and Irving Petlin; through 6/8.

123 Watts—123 Watts St. (219-1482). Works on paper by Stephanie Brody Lederman, Michael Filan, and Marie-Charlotte de Maupeou; through 6/4.

Room—25 Thompson St. (226-1831). “Architecture/Application/Complication,” with works by Peter Halley, Glen Seator, and Matthew Ritchie; through 5/25.

Other

Brooklyn Waterfront Artists Coalition—141 Beard St., Red Hook, Brooklyn (718-596-2507), Sat. and Sun. 12–6. The “Pier Show IV,” featuring painting, photography, installation, sculpture, film, and performance by Brooklyn artists; through 5/27.

Kirkland—504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930). The gallery’s inaugural exhibition, “Ripe,” presents works by David Jelinek, Deborah Kammer, Laura Larson, Melissa Marks, and Ellen Ross; through 6/2.

Photography

Susanna Briselli/Margaretta K. Mitchell—Hand-painted black-and-white still lifes and landscapes/Iris digital prints of garden and flower imagery. Through 5/25. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Andrew Bush—Works from the series “Portraits” that depict business cards as symbolic “portraits” of their owners, and images of rolls of bills collected by servicemen during WW II from the series “Short Snorters”; through 6/1. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

David Douglas Duncan—Photographs of Picasso accompanied by the artist’s works in all media; through 6/30. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Barbara Ess—Recent large-scale color photographs of landscapes and figures that continue her exploration of the ways in which humans perceive and situate themselves in relation to nature; through 5/25. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Gerard Fieret—Black-and-white portraits of women and self-portraits from the sixties by the Dutch artist; through 6/29. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. “Josef Sudek: The Pigment Prints, 1947–1954”; “Highlights From the ICP Permanent Collection”; through 7/7.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.-Sun. 11–6. “Horst: A Retrospective.” A survey of works by the fashion photographer who is also the recipient of the 1996 ICP Master of Photography Award; through 6/2. . . . “Intimate Nature: Ansel Adams and the Close View.” Photographs that depict the minute, specific aspects of nature; through 6/2. . . . “She Loves It, She Loves It Not: Women and Technology and Mistaken Identities,” multimedia installations by Christine Tamblyn; through 6/2.

Reagan Louie/Helen Levitt—Color photographs that explore the uneasy meeting of ancient culture and modernity in Asia and the islands of the South Pacific/Rare vintage prints from her 1941 trip to Mexico, color work done in New York City in the 1980s, and newly uncovered work from New York made in the late thirties and early forties. Through 5/23. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Danny Lyon/Susan Fenton—Photographs documenting the lives of the indigenous Mayan peoples of Chiapas, Mexico/Hand-colored photographs of the human head that depict it as an anonymous, minimal object. Through 6/29. Lowinsky, 578 Broadway (226-5440).

Inge Morath—Photographs from her 1995 book *The Danube* that are a visual chronicle of the cultures that thrive along the Danube river and span the fifties to the present; through 6/12. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Richard Leslie Schulman—Color photographs of North America’s largest captive snake, Samantha, taken over a two-year period at the Bronx Zoo; through 5/29. Silverstein, 591 Broadway (226-0640).

Louis Stettner—Photographs of New York’s original Penn Station that were taken in 1958; through 6/1. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Museums

Alternative Museum—“Jerry Kearns: White Lies.” Paintings that splice and combine images of well-known early American paintings, comic art of the fifties, and original drawings, together with historical images, to suggest a revisionist perspective of American history; through 6/8. 594 Broadway (226-2158), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; $3 donation suggested.

American Craft Museum—“Klaus Moje Glass.” Fifty mosaic glass works created between 1977 and 1994; through 6/9. . . . “The Art of Peter Voulkos.” A survey of the artist’s ceramic sculptures and related collages and monotypes produced since 1978; through 6/9. . . . “Form-Light-Glass: Contemporary Glass From the Czech Republic”; through 6/9. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—“Amber: Window to the Past.” A history of amber in fossil specimens and decorative objects; through 9/2. . . . “Witness: Endangered Species of North America.” Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—“Worlds Within Worlds: The Richard Rosenblum Collection of Chinese Scholars’ Rocks”; through 8/18. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. 6-8 free), Sun. 12-5; $3; $1 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum—“The Art of Thomas Wilmer Dewing: Beauty Reconfigured”; through 6/9. . . . “Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America.” Paintings, sculpture, costumes, textiles, domestic and religious objects, and manuscripts from the Spanish colonial viceroyalties of New Spain and Peru; through 7/14. . . . “Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum.” The museum’s own collection of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian panel paintings; through 8/31. . . . “Alison Saar: The Woods Within.” A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—“Hanne Darboven: Kulturgesschichte 1880–1983”; through 6/29. . . . “Jessica Stockholder: Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume”; through 6/29. . . . “European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin”; through 6/23 . . . . “Komar and Melamid: The Most Wanted Painting on the Web”; through 6/29. . . . “Gerhard Richter: Atlas”; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—“Image and Memory: Latin American Photography, 1880–1992”; through 6/13. . . . “Portrait: A Site-Specific Installation by Carla Preiss”; through 6/16. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—“Soane: Connoisseur & Collector.” A selection of architectural drawings from the collection of works housed in Sir John Soane’s Museum in London; through 7/7. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—“Abstraction in the Twentieth Century: Total Risk, Freedom, Discipline.” The history of abstraction, from paintings made as early as 1912 by Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich, to works made by Frank Stella and Richard Long specifically for this exhibition; through 5/12 (from May 2 through May 12 certain sections of the exhibition will be closed to the public). 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—“Marc Chagall 1907–1917.” An overview of the artist’s early career, including paintings, gouaches, and drawings; through 8/4. . . . “Too Jewish? Challenging Traditional Identities”; through 7/14. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—“Splendors of Imperial China: Treasures From the National Palace Museum, Taipei.” The full breadth of Chinese art is displayed in this exhibit of 475 objects from the Neolithic period through the eighteenth century, including paintings, calligraphy, ceramics, and jades; through 5/19. . . . “Modern Glass in The Metropolitan Museum of Art.”; through 10/30. . . . “Making Music: Two Centuries of Musical Instrument Making in New York”; through 7/28. . . . “Bare Witness: Clothing and Nudity”; through 8/18. . . . “Art of the Deccani Sultans”; through 8/25. . . . “Klee in Munich.” One in a series of continuing installations from the Berggruen Klee Collection, which was a gift to the museum in 1984, this exhibit traces the artist’s stylistic development during his most formative period; through 6/30. . . . “Enamels of Limoges”; through 6/16. . . . “Works Progress Administration Color Prints in the Metropolitan”; through 6/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—“Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History.” An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; through 9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:3440–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—“An American Treasury: Quilts From the Museum of American Folk Art”; through 9/8. . . . “The Art of the Contemporary Doll"; through 9/8. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation." The first comprehensive survey of the artist's portrait work, beginning with the early studies from his years in Barcelona, then moving through his life via intimate portrayals of his family, lovers, and friends; through 9/17. . . . "Roy DeCarava"; through 5/7. . . . "Projects: Hirsch Perlman"; through 5/21. . . . " Refining the Sports Car: Jaguar's E-Type"; through 8/20. . . . "Come Sunday: Photographs by Thomas Roma"; through 6/18. . . . "From the Collection: Abstraction, Pure and Impure"; through 5/21. . . . "Deformations: Aspects of the Modern Grotesque"; through 5/21. . . . "Sol LeWitt Prints 1970–1995." More than 200 of the artist's prints, ranging from his early, austere screenprints to the baroque, undulating woodcuts of 1995; through 5/7. . . . "Lilly Reich: Designer and Architect"; through 5/7. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"Revisiting the Scene: New Evidence, New Discoveries." Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings of scenes of New York from the museum's collection; through 1/12/97. . . . "Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York"; through 10/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"The Figure in American Sculpture: A Question of Modernity." Organized by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, this exhibition explores the basic concepts of early-twentieth-century modernism through the works of 80 figurative sculptors, among them Alexander Calder, José de Creeft, Harriet Frishmuth, Malvina Hoffman, Paul Manship, and Isamu Noguchi; through 5/5. . . . "Rodin: Sculpture From the Collection of Iris and B. Gerald Cantor"; through 5/19. . . . "American Masterworks From The National Academy of Design Collection"; through 5/25. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—An exhibition of works by more than 130 artists that will be auctioned to benefit the museum on May 5; through 5/12. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 12–8 (6–8 free), Sun. 12–6; $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"The Global Library http://www.nypl.org." An exhibit that examines the digital revolution within the context of a 5000-year history of communications; through 8/17. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Metropolitan Lives: The Ashcan Artists and Their New York, 1897–1917"; through 8/4. . . . "New York Then and Now: The Upper West Side." Vintage photographs of New York's Upper West Side from the Society's permanent collection; through 5/19. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Being William Morris: A Centenary Exhibition"; 5/8–9/1. . . . "Through British Eyes: Images of Bermuda, 1815–1860." An exhibition of early-nineteenth-century drawings, watercolors, and prints of Bermuda that was organized by the Bermuda National Gallery and the Bermuda Government Archives; through 8/18. . . . "Pre-Raphaelite Drawings: The Art of the Book and Beyond"; through 9/1. . . . "Morris's Medieval Manuscripts"; 5/8–9/1. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Dennis Adams: Ederle." A site-specific installation based on the Gertrude Ederle Amphitheater, a 1939–40 World's fair ruin located in Flushing Meadows Corona Park; through 7/7. . . . "Larry Sultan: Pictures From Home." A series of 202 photographs that traces the entire adult lifetime of the photographer's parents; through 7/7. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Explorations in the City of Light: African-American Artists in Paris, 1945–1965"; through 6/2. . . . "The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Kienholz: A Retrospective." The first museum retrospective of the artist's own work and his twenty years of collaborations with his wife and partner, Nancy Reddin Kienholz, including more than 100 pieces ranging from intimate objects to house-scale environments; through 6/2. . . . "Willem de Kooning's Door Cycle." Paintings on doors that were created in the mid-sixties and explore the motif of a single, standing woman; through 5/26. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Jane Dickson: Paradise Alley." Paintings from the artist's "Times Square" series; through 6/28. Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 5/8 at 10 and 2: "Contemporary Art, Part II." 5/9 at 10: "Tribal Art." On view from 5/4.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 5/8 at 10: "Antique and Fine Jewelry." On view from 5/4. 5/14 at 1: "Early Golf Equipment and Memorabilia." On view from 5/11.

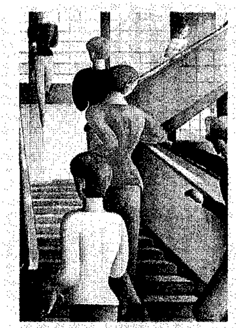
Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 5/8 at 10: "Books, Maps, and Autographs." On view from 5/4. 5/8 at 12: "Old Master, Modern, and Contemporary Prints." On view from 5/4.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 5/8 at 10:15 and 2: "Tribal Art." On view from 5/4. 5/8 at 7 and 5/9 at 10:15 and 2: "Contemporary Art." On view from 5/4. 5/11 at 10:15 and 2: "Wine." 5/14 at 10:15 and 2: "Pre-Columbian Art." On view from 5/10. 5/14 at 7 and 5/15 at 10:15 and 2: "Latin American Art ."

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 5/9 at 10:30: "Maps and Atlases, Map Reference, Decorative Graphics, Ephemera." On view from 5/4.

Data.

It's Philip Johnson Season



Not every nonagenarian gets to have his birthday party in MOMA's sculpture garden. But it's only fitting that the museum that launched Philip Johnson's architectural-powerbroker career, and later hired him to design the garden, should host his June 5 fête. It's going to be a busy summer for the man who brought the "International Style" to New York in 1932 and built a few of the city's best-known (if not most-beloved) buildings. Go to the party, read the magazines. Better still, take yourself on a tour: From the New York State Theater, go down to the Museum of TV & Radio and over to the Sony-née-AT&T Building. Then, to top it off, try a candle-lit supper at the Four Seasons. ALEXANDRA LANGE

DATE	SPONSOR	DESCRIPTION
May 15, 1996	The American Academy of Arts and Letters	Awards Johnson its highest honor, the Gold Medal. An exhibition of the medal winners' built work will be up from May 16 to June 9.
May 23, 1996	Checkerboard Film Foundation	Premieres Barbara Wolf's *Philip Johnson: Diary of an Eccentric Architect,* a Johnson-guided tour of his New Canaan estate, including the Glass House.
June 6 and 12, 1996	The Museum of Modern Art	"From Bauhaus to Pop, Masterworks Given by Philip Johnson" opens, including paintings by Oskar Schlemmer (above), drawings by Mies van der Rohe, various objects from the Bauhaus.
June 27, 1996	The Museum of Modern Art	An exhibit of architectural drawings and models donated by Paul Rudolph, Richard Meier, Tadao Ando, Toyo Ito, among others, in Johnson's honor.
June 1996	Academy Editions	This month's issue includes "Map of Philip Johnson," detailing his built and unbuilt work in and around New York, plus an essay by architect Emilio Ambasz.
July 1996	DOMUS	Publishes *Philip Johnson Recent Work,* by Jeffrey Kipnis, with working drawings for the Gate House.
July 8, 1996	Birkhäuser Verlag	Publishes the monograph *Philip Johnson: Built Work,* by Peter Blake, including photographs and drawings of most of Johnson's *oeuvre.*
July 9, 1996	*ANY* #90	The "Philip Johnson: Festschrift" issue includes work about Johnson by 35 artists and architects, including Rem Koolhaas, Zaha Hadid, and Richard Serra.

Photograph courtesy of Museum of Modern Art.

theater

David Ives...Grotesquerie... Steve Tesich

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Tartuffe: Born Again—An updating of Molière's classic farce about religious hypocrisy that transports the title character and his patsy Orgon from seventeenth-century France to Baton Rouge, Louisiana. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 5/7 for a 5/22 opening. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Christianne Tisdale plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Big—A musical adaptation by John Weidman, Richard Maltby, Jr., and David Shire of the 1988 film that starred Tom Hanks as a twelve-year-old kid who makes a wish for an adult body and, to his surprise, gets it. With Daniel Jenkins, Crista Moore, and Jon Cypher; directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. $42.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Bring in 'da Noise, Bring in 'da Funk—Miss it at the Public a few months ago? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. $20–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Buried Child—Playwright (as opposed to actor) Sam Shepard, a mainstay of avant-garde New York theater for more than 30 years, is currently making his Broadway debut with a revival of what is perhaps his best script, a grotesquely funny chronicle of an American family hiding a dark secret. $42.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

A Delicate Balance—The writer who infused continental absurdism with a distinctively American accent ends his far-too-long absence from Broadway with this Lincoln Center Theater revival of his 1966 Pulitzer Prize-winning drama about a family torn between love, fear, and madness. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joe Barbara ("Another World") as bad boy Danny Zuko, disco diva Jody Watley as Rizzo, and Chubby Checker (no identification necessary) as Teen Angel. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, aggressive young striver J. Pierrepont Finch (the role created by Robert Morse) rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. Matthew Broderick has recently returned to the starring part in which he opened the production last spring, this time opposite his real-life girlfriend Sarah Jessica Parker as the girls-just-wanna-get-married secretary Rosemary. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, arrives on Broadway from London's Haymarket—the same theater, ironically, from which its successful debut production was withdrawn a century ago following the writer's arrest and imprisonment for homosexuality. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Inherit the Wind—Since it opened on Broadway in 1955, there's been literally no time when Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee's fictionalized version of the Scopes "Monkey" trial—the 1925 court case pitting biblical against scientific accounts of creation—hasn't been playing somewhere. Tony Randall's National Actors Theatre revival—Broadway's first—stars George C. Scott and Charles Durning in the roles based on Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/2. *Royale, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6280).*

Jack: A Night on the Town with John Barrymore—"Though undisciplined," wrote John Mason Brown of John Barrymore, he "crackled with the lightning of personality." Nicol Williamson, about whom similar sentiments prevail, is the writer and star of this stage portrait of the man still regarded by many as the greatest American actor yet.

Photograph by James Leynse.

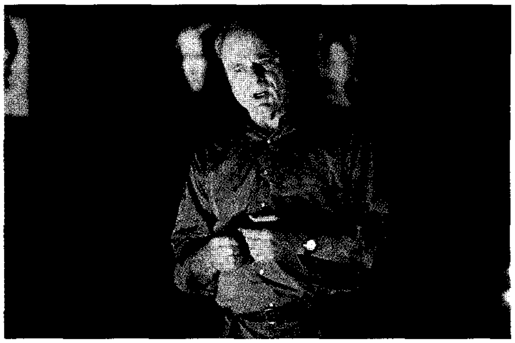
Talent

Words, Words, Words (and Sex)

Playwright David Ives, sex farceur to the over-educated, applies his dizzyingly inventive verbal wit to the woes of a baggage-laden married couple in 'Ancient History,' at Primary Stages.

Talent
Just the Facts

“All the world’s a stage,” wrote Shakespeare, slightly more than three and a half centuries before the birth of the Cable News Network. The degree to which his words have taken on a frightening literalism in the age of electronic communications—to which political campaigns and wars in the Persian Gulf, once the province of sober documentary history, are now evaluated by television watchers largely in terms of their entertainment value—is the subject of playwright Steve Tesich’s new *Arts & Leisure*, opening May 19 at Playwrights Horizons. In Tesich’s philosophical disquisition on information overload, Alex, a theater critic, becomes increasingly unable to perceive any real difference between what he does and what the public does in forming an opinion about, say, the low farce of Pat Buchanan’s presidential aspirations or the bleak, Beckettian dilemma of the Kurdish rebels. (Anybody remember the Kurdish rebels?) It’s a dilemma unique to our times, in which the sheer volume of facts available now, unprecedented in human history, makes it increasingly difficult to determine which of them have, or should have, moral weight. The famous sentence of Hellenic wisdom still offers its counsel: “Know the truth, and it will make you free.” But what happens, asks Tesich, if the truth comes engulfed in a silt of factoids about Saddam Hussein’s diet and Ross Perot’s daughter’s wedding? RANDALL SHORT



$15–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center’s recent *Carousel* and the current Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers-and-Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. $37.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they’re the subject of Terrence McNally’s newest play, starring Zoe Caldwell as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Midsummer Night’s Dream—How like a winter hath their absence been! England’s Royal Shakespeare Company returns to New York for the first time in eight years with its current and enthusiastically received production of the Master’s most sweetly lyric play. With Desmond Barrit, Lindsay Duncan, and Alex Jennings; directed by Adrian Noble. $30–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 5/26. *Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini’s *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Molly Sweeney—Brian Friel’s story of a woman blind from birth who, owing to the efforts of an ambitious ophthalmologist (Brian Murray) and a Micawberish husband (Colin Lane), regains partial vision after 40 years but—feeling that an essential dimension of her personality has been lost in the process—ultimately chooses to revert to sightlessness. “You will be glad to see a play as fine as Brian Friel’s *Molly Sweeney;* you’ll be thrilled to catch three performers making drama the way a marvelous chamber group plays, say, the Fauré trio; and you’ll be telling your grandchildren that you saw, at the apex of this triangle, Catherine Byrne as Molly. Do not, I implore you, miss this play, miss this cast, miss Ms. Byrne’s self-tamed tiger burning bright.” (Simon; 1/22/95.) $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theater at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Moon Over Buffalo—In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig’s new farce, Carol Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins.*

The Night of the Iguana—Cherry Jones (*The Heiress*) and William Petersen star in this production of Tennessee Williams’s final (1961) commercial and critical success, in which a lusty widow and a defrocked priest seek for some sort of shared solution to the agony of their common loneliness. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Stage Right, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber’s blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it’s no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson’s reimagining of Puccini’s *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67. 50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100)*

Seven Guitars—“Things as they are / Are changed upon the blue guitar,” wrote Wallace Stevens. No one knows that better than playwright August Wilson, whose flashback-laden story of a blues guitarist’s premature death is the latest installment in his exploration of the black experience in America. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince’s staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) $30–$75. Opened: *10/2/94. Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe’s Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don’t like crazy music? (We keep forgettin’.) Don’t feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can’t you hear the flügelhorn? Can’t you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they’ll make you well. We don’t know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don’t care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin’ nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $60–$70. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

State Fair—Had enough of the snow, New Yorkers? Take heart: In this new (and first-time-ever) stage adaptation of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II’s 1945 musical film, about corn-fed Midwesterners experiencing pretty much the complete range of human emotions (boy meets girl, farmer meets pig, etc.) at the Iowa state fair, it might as well be spring. $60–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Sunset Boulevard—”Patti LuPone’s Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close’s—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else’s acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest.” (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards’s 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse’s musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards’s comedy of sexual manners. “One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it’s got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Ancient History—$33 Tues.–Thurs., $35 Fri.–Sun. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 5/8 for a 5/16 opening. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Arts & Leisure—$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. Through 6/9. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Cocoanuts—In their early days, the Marx Brothers formed the habit of touring projects as live stage shows before committing them to film. The American Jewish Theater, having dusted off Irving Berlin and George S. Kaufman's original script for a knockabout farce about the Florida land boom—the basis for the movie that introduced the Marxes to Hollywood—is currently giving the latter its first professional New York revival in 61 years. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7; special Monday performance 5/6 at 8. at Opening 5/12 at 7; through 5/26. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Dark Rapture—Eric Overmyer (*On the Verge, or The Geography of Yearning*) has gone into the languorously shabby shadows of full *noir* mode for his latest work, a Raymond Chandleresque mystery that tracks a screenwriter pursuing money and his missing wife through varied bars, greenhouses, and used car lots as a gang of distinctly threatening thugs pursues *him*. With Marisa Tomei (*My Cousin Vinny*) and Scott Glenn; directed by Scott Ellis. $37.50–$42.50. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 5/23 opening. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway (873-6103).*

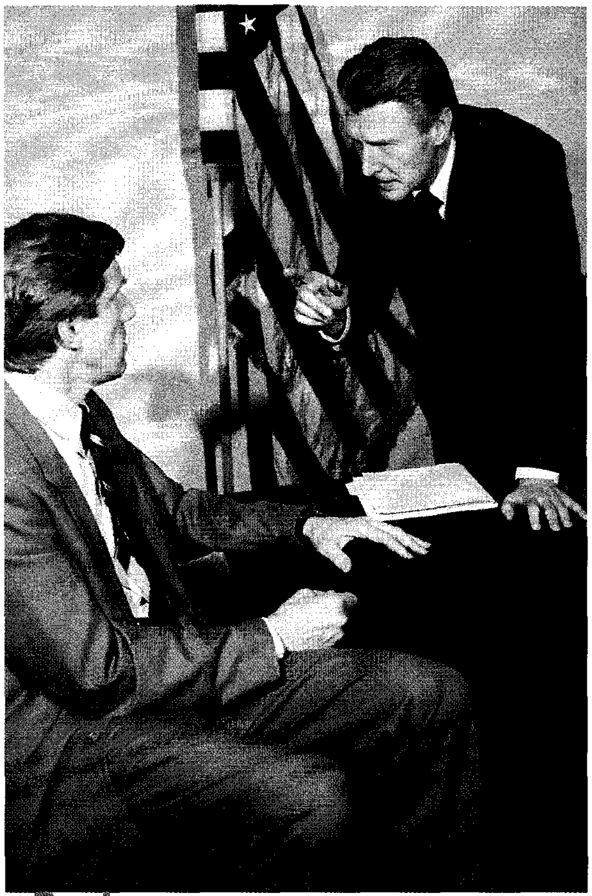
The Fairground Booth—$12/TDF + $7. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3:30. Through 5/19. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Just One World—A new rock musical by Jason Cooper, Ira Antelis, and Eric Mercury about a young girl who defends the animals on her father's estate from environmental vandalism. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opening 5/8; through 5/19. *Musical Theatre Works, 440 Lafayette St. (673-5375).*

Marathon '96—Ensemble Studio Theatre's annual festival of three separate series of new one-act plays, this year featuring work by such distinguished names as David Ives, Howard Korder, Arthur Miller, and Joyce Carol Oates. Single tickets $15; pass to all three series, $40. Wed.–Mon. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Beginning 5/8; through 6/16. *Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. (247-3405).*

Requiem for a Heavyweight—Rod Serling's classic fifties heartbreaker about a third-rate palooka looking for a comeback in both the ring and his life. $20. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 9, Sun. at 3. Opening 5/7 at 7. *Kraine Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. (343-0123).*

The Skriker—England, always this country's master with regard to ghost stories and the uncanny in general—must have something to do with all those ruins—continues its dominance in that field with British playwright Caryl Churchill's contemporary drama about a shape-shifter who invades the lives of two young women. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opening 5/12; through 5/26. *Newman Theater at the Public, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*



Previews

Lost in the Fun House

Inspired by the real-life murder of a Canadian scientist, Jason Sherman's 'Three in the Back, Two in the Head' investigates hall-of-mirrors intrigue and casual treachery in the story of a son searching the CIA for his father's assassins.

Three In the back, Two In the Head—$25. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. Beginning previews 5/13 for a 5/18 opening. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

Now Playing

The Alexander Plays...Suzanne in Stages—The Signature Theatre Company brings its Adrienne Kennedy season to an end with this bill of three one-acts about a black woman writer's attempts to locate herself in American society. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 5/19. *Shiva Theater at The Public, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Antigone in New York—A homeless Latina and two eccentric Eastern European émigrés struggle to maintain their dignity on the mean streets of New York in Polish playwright Janusz Glowacki's award-winning drama. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Below the Belt—In Richard Dresser's new, blackish comedy, Judd Hirsch (*Taxi, Conversations with My Father*) and Robert Sean Leonard crunch numbers, climb the business ladder, and watch their backs (and each other) in a remote industrial outpost. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Bundle—Edward Bond's examination of the moral dilemma(s) faced by two men in deciding whether to rescue an abandoned child. $22.50 Fri. and Sat., $15 Wed. and Thurs., by donation on Tues. *Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave. (633-1292).*

By The Sea, By The Sea, By The Beautiful Sea—Three one-act plays by Terrence McNally, Joe Pintauro, and Lanford Wilson. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Call Me Sarah Bernhardt—Impresario of Ridiculousness Everett Quinton stars as turn-of-the-century stage diva "Mimi London" in his latest defense of the proposition that theatrical success depends less on talent than (a) heartfelt sincerity and (b) *really heavy* eye shadow. $27.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Chelsea Playhouse, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The Chang Fragments—Philippine-born playwright Han Ong's play documents one Asian clan's search through ethnic prejudice and family collapse for a taste of the American Dream. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 6/2. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Checkmates—A revival of the 1988 drama by Ron Milner, featuring Ruby Dee. $15. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 4 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/12. *Harry De Jur Playhouse, 466 Grand St. (279-4200).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the famous recluse's life. $20. Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfitt and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*

Curtains—The New Group, which has emerged within the past year as one of the city's most promising Off-Broadway companies, continues its program of bringing smaller, quality British plays to New York with this production of Stephen Bill's award-winning drama about euthanasia and the moral issues thereof. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. *INTAR, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

A Fair Country—Jon Robin Baitz's latest script examines the private and public agonies of a family of American diplomats assigned to a nowhere posting in South Africa, including a man whose status as husband and father is corroded by a series of vicious, petty compromises as his Cassandra-like wife quietly (and sometimes not so quietly) goes mad. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/30. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver's latest black farce concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini, creator of the long-running, often updated *Forbidden Broadway*,

Photograph by T.L. Boston.

has redirected his irreverently satirical gaze from stage to silver screen. Getting the whole *Waterworld* thing into a smallish cabaret setting with limited plumbing facilities will be a challenge, of course, but we have no doubt he'll work out *something.* $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 5/19. *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Galileo—The play by Brecht. $25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 5/26. *Castillo Theatre, 500 Greenwich St. (941-5800).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Have a Nice Day—Those persons who still find it hard to repress a shudder at the memory of the cheery robo-optimism purveyed by such early-seventies groups as Up With People and The Young Americans —and you know who you are, gang—may find themseleves calmed, or anyway less likely to drop fragile objects, by this musical spoof of the phenomenon. $15. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

I Do! I Do!—After *The Fantasticks,* Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt will be best remembered in theatrical history for this musical adaptation of Jan de Hartog's play *The Fourposter,* which chronicles with rueful, knowing cleverness the ups and downs in the 50-year love affair of—surprise!—a married couple. Karen Ziemba (*Crazy For You*) and David Garrison star in the roles created on Broadway in 1966 by Mary Martin and Robert Preston. $45. Mon.–Wed., Fri.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Mrs. Klein—The latest project of that fine actress and New York stage veteran Uta Hagen is Nicholas Wright's new play about the mysterious 1934 death of the son of early Freud disciple and psychotherapist Melanie Klein. With Amy Wright and Laila Robins; directed by William Carden. $40-$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 6/2. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Nixon's Nixon—After a successful run at MCC Theater last fall, Russell Lees's two-character play about a certain former ketchup-on-cottage-cheese-eating U.S. president and his national-security adviser has transferred uptown. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43rd St. (315-2244).*

Papa—Len Cariou stars as Ernest Hemingway in John deGroot's one-man play. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 87, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Picasso at the Lapin Agile—Steve Martin's playwriting debut is about modern art, the Theory of Relativity, sleeping with girls, the creative process, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon,* sleeping with girls, the romance of transcendental mathematics, sleeping with gi—well, many interesting beverages, and Elvis. $40-$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 5/26. *Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A musical adaptation of the award-winning ABC–TV children's series. $20–$25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Slow Drag—Carson Kreltzer's play-with-jazz is a deconstruction of sexual and ethnic identity. With Vernel Bagneris, Ann Crumb, and Peggy Shaw; directed by Elise Thoron. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Sunset Salome —In a theatrical variation on the old literary game of guessing what happened (happens?) to characters in novels after the book ends, this new musical by Peter Wing Healey and Max Kinberg checks in on "Sunset Boulevard" 's Norma Desmond—ready for her close-up and then some—as she stages a private version of "Salome" with her fellow inmates at a California hospital for the Criminally Insane. $20. Fri. and Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3:30. *HERE Performance Space, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

Take It Easy—A new musical that pays affectionate *hommage* to Hollywood's version of forties wartime romance. $27.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 7/31. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Tartuffe—Molière's famous comedy, in Richard Wilbur's equally famous translation. $24; $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/11. *Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery at Bond St. (677-0060).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Tovah: Out of Her Mind—An evening of character comedy by the actress Tovah Feldshuh. $30. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

The Tragic and Horrible Life of the Singing Nun—Blair Fell's play-with-music takes a distinctly unsentimental approach to the real-life story of the Belgian *soeur* who captivated American audiences in the sixties as one of Ed Sullivan's favorite guests, only—good heavens—to commit suicide with her lesbian lover twenty years later. $20/TDF. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (279-4200).*

Valley Song—Athol Fugard has something new to write about: freedom. His newest play about his homeland is a response to what he calls "the great changes that have swept into our lives"—a parable about a young black girl (Lisa Gay Hamilton) longing to leave her native village for a taste of the new liberties and an old man (Marius Weyers, taking over the role played by Mr. Fugard in the play's Manhattan Theatre Club production earlier this year) who must move beyond a lifetime of painful experience to let her her go. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Venus—A new script by Suzan-Lori Parks (*The America Play*) about the trials of the 19th-century African woman plucked from her home to be exhibited, and degraded, throughout Europe as the "Venus Hottentot." $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. *Martinson Hall at the Public, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Virgins & Other Myths—Colin Martin's solo performance about a personal journey through stages of sexual innocence, New York hustling, and (whew) inner peace. $35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St (239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Catfish, Guns and Corndogs—$8, plus two-drink minimum. Mon. at 8. *Duplex, 61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

How He Lied To Her Husband/Village Wooing—Two one-acts by George Bernard Shaw, in a production by the National Asian-American Theatre Company. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Vineyard 26th St. Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. (505-3003).*

Love Is Not A Water Solution / The Little Venice Makes A Good Drink —Two new dramas by Leonard Melfi. *Venice* plays the first and third weekends of each month and *Love* the second and fourth weekends. $15; $12 seniors/students. Fri. at 9, Sat. and Sun. at 8. *2628 Broadway (961-0962).*

Mother Courage—$10–$12. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 5/12. *Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Split Ends/...And She Cooks Too!/The Housekeeper—$15 (groups over 20: $12), plus a two-drink minimum; all three shows, $30. Call for detailed schedule. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

The Corner Bar's My Lover Since You Ran Out on Me—Tues.–Sat. at 8. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

The Odd Couple/The Mousetrap—*Couple,* Fri. at 8; *Mousetrap,* Sat. at 8. $15, plus two-drink minimum. Through 5/25. *Trocadero, 368 Bleecker St. (330-7607).*

Theatre of Dreams—$15. Fri.–Sat. at 8. *Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. (1-800-373-2631).*

Treasure Island—$12. 5/5–5/11, 5/14–5/18 at 8, 5/11–5/12, 5/18 at 3, 5/19 at 1. Through 5/19. *Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. bet. Spring and Broome (279-4200).*

Valhalla—$12/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (254-1109).*

We Are Your Sisters—$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/19. *Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. (332-0027).*

Previews

Danse Macabre

Alexander Blok, the Russian theatrical visionary whose hallucinatory symbolism has provided the inspiration for plays as varied as *Angels in America* and Tennessee Williams's *Casino Real,* comes to town this week with Otrabanda Company's revival of his 1906 *The Fairground Booth,* beginning performances at La MaMa E.T.C. Thursday.

Photograph by Suzanne Opton.

restaurants

Sugar Season...Shrimp Sandwich...On Ramps

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

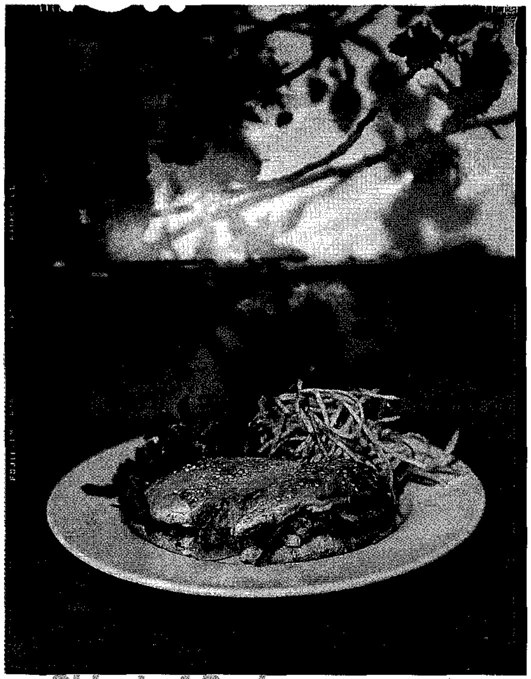
Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*



Object of Desire

Mollusk No More

At Union Square Cafe, Michael Romano's take on the classic N'awlins po' boy swaps fried shrimp for oysters, dressing them in a creamy rémoulade spiked with chipotle peppers and cornichons on homemade brioche. (21 East 16th Street.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Match—A SoHo loft space with a surprisingly creative modern American menu, a full sushi bar, and up-to-the-minute accoutrements like a D.J. and a jazz band. If all that hip posing makes you hungry, try fusion fare like wok-seared bluefin tuna with warm soba-noodle salad or spit-roasted duck with potato dumplings. *160 Mercer St. (343-0020). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Zoë—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Exceptional American wine list and an eclectic menu featuring contemporary American dishes like crispy calamari with Vietnamese dipping sauce, wood-grilled Angus sirloin with basil mashed potatoes and bourbon sauce, and German chocolate cake with banana ice cream. *90 Prince St. (966-6722). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Liberty Cafe—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking*, *Ambrose*, and *Wavertree* moored at the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, third floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. *Pier 17, third floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, promenade level (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) ($).*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tastings

Stalking the Wild Leek

For the breed of foodie that exults in urban foraging—the sort perpetrated in the wilds of the Union Square Greenmarket—the annual return of the ramp signifies spring. "It's a gift," explains Cub Room chef Henry Meer, "a wakeup call for all of us." The ramp resembles a scallion, tastes like an extra-pungent onion, and is also known as a wild leek. Its monthlong growing season might account for what seems to be an inordinate amount of hype for an undomesticated bulb: a Greenmarket festival and demo, a spring dinner at Savoy (May 14), the release of a mini-cookbook. Below, a sampling of how some seasonally inclined chefs celebrate the ramp.

At the Union Square Greenmarket

RESTAURANT	RAMP CREATION(S)
Savoy, 219-8570 70 Prince Street	Ramps with morels and spaetzle.
Gramercy Tavern, 477-0777 42 East 20th Street	Sautéed sweetbreads with morels and ramps; cod with fondue of ramps, bacon, and onion; braised lamb with spring garlic, lemon confit, and ramps.
Verbena, 260-5454 54 Irving Place	Steamed halibut with ramps, fava beans, and soup vegetables in a lemon nage.
Pó, 645-2189 31 Cornelia Street	Spaghetti with ramps, oil, and pecorino cheese.
Home, 243-9579 20 Cornelia Street	Quinoa and ramp-stuffed grape leaves.
Etats-Unis, 517-8826 242 East 81st Street	Lightly cured steamed salmon with ramps; grilled scallops with ramp-herb butter.
Cornelia Street Cafe 989-9319 29 Cornelia Street	Southeast Asian seviche of tuna, salmon, calamari, scallops, and grouper with organic quinoa and kimchee-style ramps.
Cub Room, 677-4100 131 Sullivan Street	Trout wrapped with ramps, pear-drop tomatoes, and crispy artichokes in a balsamic vinaigrette.
Capsouto Frères 966-4900 451 Washington Street	Ramps vinaigrette and wild rice with walnuts and roasted peppers.

Photograph by Andrew Goldberg.

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Strausman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Butter, beef, and crème brûlée abound. Enjoy. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City tavern that's been around for 38 years. Six fireplaces and comfort food like steak, seafood, and pasta make this a warm and cozy Chelsea haven. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—A casual Northern Italian spot that claims to have the best tirami su in town, as well as a host of pasta specialties. Try the black fusilli with seafood in a marinara sauce. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—This southwestern grill and upscale nightclub is midtown's best place for country dancing in a corporate atmosphere. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Paparazzi—Informal Italian restaurant offering family-style dining. Separate rooms for smokers and non-smokers. *964 Second Ave., at 51st St. (759-7676). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Zarela—A festive Mexican restaurant with a menu that lives up to its margarita-fueled bar scene, Zarela is known for its authentic regional cuisine. Try the red-snapper hash, chipotle-grilled salmon, tequila-braised chicken, and homemade tamales. *953 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (644-6740). (M–E) AE, DC.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

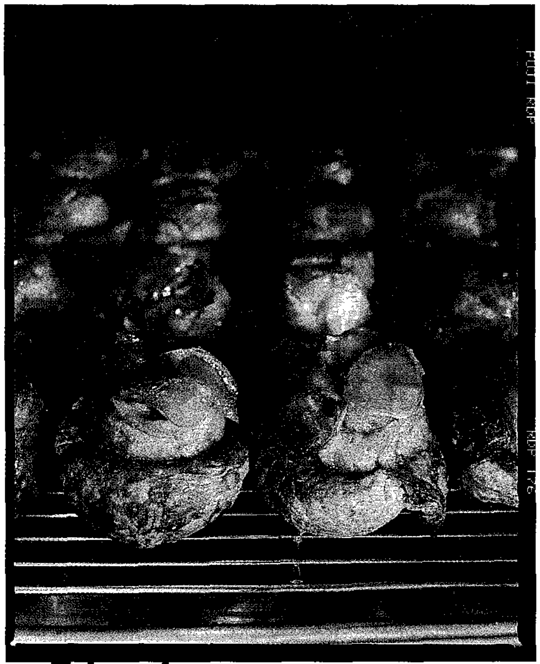
Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castlelike setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937.



Takeout
Sap Snack

The yearly ritual of maple-sugaring finds urban expression in City Bakery's maple-apple sticky buns, baked upside down on a gooey layer of Greenmarket-scavenged mutsu apples and Vermont-tapped Deep Mountain Maple syrup. (22 East 17th Street.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS, TM.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and Richard Leach in charge of elaborate pastry design, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. Open Sundays. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Remi—Even the blockbuster mural of Venice isn't enough to distract diners from elegant Italian cuisine, with roasted baby goat and unique pastas like ravioli with tuna and ginger. In warmer weather, dine (and smoke cigars) alfresco. *145 W. 53rd St. (581-4242). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Ask Gael

TriTrattoria

What's new in De Niroville?

An empty space drives Drew Nieporent crazy. He couldn't stand seeing his partners' six-month-old TriBakery sitting idle every night. So he decided to graft a Tuscan villa to its walls and call it Zeppole. The bread ovens still go full blast, turning out wonderful rustic loaves and my favorite onion schiacciata. Lunch is carryout or eat-in. And on May 9, veteran chef Frank Crispo starts dishing out dinner too: An abbodanza of vegetable antipasto. Classic pastas and zuppe. Entrées grilled, broiled, and/or stuffed. Piccata of veal, chicken, or lamb. Innards like Mama used to stew. And sugared zeppole too. (186 Franklin Street.)

Roadhouse America—Roadhouse serves regional American cuisine like jambalaya, Missouri chicken-fried steak, and Texas short-rib chili to the accompaniment of nightly live entertainment. On Sundays, try the jazz brunch before a matinee. *240 W. 52nd St. (489-2323). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of grilled lobster and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

The Boathouse Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like roast rack of lamb, farfalle with spring vegetables, and crabmeat-and-grapefruit salad. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hosteria Fiorella—This friendly neighborhood Tuscan trattoria serves especially fine antipasto and seafood, including a filet mignon of tuna and a claypot-roasted salmon, as well as a variety of pastas and thin-crusted pizzas. *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Granita—A casually elegant two-story trattoria, serving charcoal-grilled fish, meat, and poultry, and thin-crust pizza from a wood-burning oven. Two fireplaces, and a smoking room for lighting up of a more personal nature. *1470 Second Ave., at 77th St. (717-5500). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Quisisana—This cozy Upper East Side Italian restaurant specializes in seafood. Try the grilled calamari, linguine with lobster, the John Dory, or anything out of the wood-burning oven. *1319 Third Ave., nr. 75th St. (879-5000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dalí Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch, a deal at $17.95, make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nerely bereft of them. The $26.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75-61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

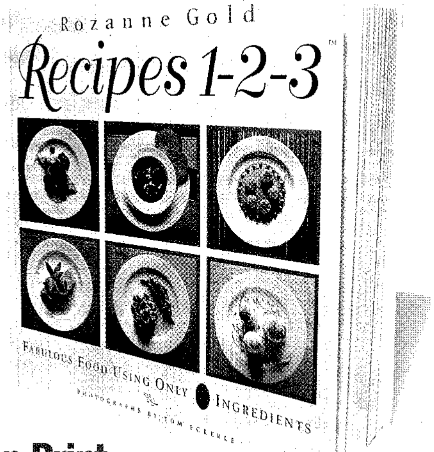
Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*


Rozanne Gold
Recipes 1-2-3
Fabulous Food Using Only 3 Ingredients
Photographs by Tom Eckerle

In Print

The need for speed is nowhere more evident than in the harried mealtimes of New Yorkers, whose dinner mantra, all too often, is take-out. Rozanne Gold, the pioneer who at 23 became Gracie Mansion's first executive chef under Mayor Koch, and the consulting chef for the soon-to-be-revived Windows on the World, hopes to change all that with Recipes 1-2-3, featuring only three ingredients for recipes as seemingly elaborate as bresaola-and-asiago carpaccio and veal tortellini.

Photograph by Wayne Simpson

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Concerts

Herb Alpert—As trumpeter, he laid the groundwork for that hot new Gen-X fad "bachelor pad music," riffing such martini-and-smoking-jacket classics as "Spanish Flea" and "A Taste of Honey"—citing the minimalism of Miles Davis as inspiration, but wearing it like Hugh Hefner. As mogul—as if his musical legacy weren't already assured—he gave us A&M records. Now Herb Alpert returns to the bandstand with a new record, *Second Wind,* full of breezy, Latin-tinged fusion and a suitably tepid "My Funny Valentine." Somewhere, Miles grimaces. 5/14 at 8 P.M. *The Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (307–7171) $32.50.*

Tori Amos—See page 91. 5/13–5/15 at 8 P.M. *The Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Avenue at 33rd St. (307-7171). Sold out.*

"Blues Like Showers of Rain"—A showcase of some of the finest Delta blues guitarists in the country, including the legendary Robert J. Lockwood, Big Jack Johnson, and Lonnie Pitchford. 5/17 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307–7171). $15–$25.*

Caribbean All-Stars Festival—The Mighty Sparrow, Red Plastic Bag, King David Rudder, Super Blue, and a few special guests celebrate Mother's Day Island-style. 5/12 at 7 P.M. *The Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Avenue at 33rd St. (307–7171). $30–$35.*

Sophie B. Hawkins—5/9 at 8 P.M. *Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (249-8870). $22.50.*

Alison Krauss and Union Station—At 24, Krauss makes an unlikely spokesperson for that quaintly folksy music, bluegrass. All doubts about her legitimacy are put aside as soon as she unfurls her show-stopping fiddle work, and all thoughts of quaintness are scuttled by her angelic and timeless readings of the Beatles' "I Will," the Foundations' "Now That I've Found You," and, er, Bad Company's "Oh, Atlanta." Already a bastard hybrid—seemingly minted by and for virtuosos—bluegrass couldn't ask for a better representative and we couldn't ask for a sweeter messenger, be she from Appalachia or Champaign, Illinois. 5/11 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). $28.50–$35.*

Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra—The orchestra closes its season with "Duke in Hollywood: An Evening of Ellington's Film Music," including scores for *Symphony in Black, Asphalt Jungle, Old Man Blues,* and the Preminger classic *Anatomy of a Murder.* It also offers the first live performance of *The Degas Suite,* written for a never-released film. Wynton Marsalis directs. 5/11 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500). $35.*

Johnny Mathis and Roberta Flack—5/10–5/12 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Ave. of the Americas (307–7171). $31–$41.*

The Mavericks—5/15 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307–7171). $27.50–$30.*

Native American Music and Jazz—An evening of original storytelling with Dennis Yerry and Ken Little Hawk, plus a special guest, the phenomenal drummer Jack DeJohnette. 5/11 at 8 P.M. *Cathedral of St. John the Divine, 1047 Amsterdam Ave., at 112th St. (662–2133). $20.*

"Slain in the Spirit: The Promise of Jim Jones"— The soulful bluesman Taj Mahal teams up with playwright Susan Yankowitz and director Hilary Blecher for a "blues-dramatic" reflection on the Jonestown massacre of the seventies. Is Hootie and the Blowfish's *Branch Davidians Saga* forthcoming? 5/10–5/11 at 8 P.M. *St. Ann's, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn Heights (718–858–2424). $15.*

Cassandra Wilson—In the two years since her breakthrough *Blue Light 'Til Dawn,* this phenomenal vocalist has proposed a new model of the jazz diva: off the pedestal, surrounded by acoustic musicians, sketching song structure and emotion with a blueswoman's depth and a pointillist's detail. If no one follows suit, it's probably because Wilson's finely turned approach requires such incredible craft and feeling—the kind that allows her to sing Neil Young next to the Monkees and Billie Holiday, making them all seem part of the same lost Delta of American song. 5/10 at 7:30 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). $25–$32.50.*

Performance
Red Hot and Bluegrass

Singing like an angel, fiddling like the devil, Alison Krauss is a virtual one-woman bluegrass renaissance—the first bluegrasser that the Grand Ole Opry has inducted in 29 years and, to our knowledge, the only one to cover the Beatles. Krauss and Union Station are at Town Hall May 11.

Photograph by Russ Harrington.

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 5/15: Erstwhile synth-pop pioneer Howard Jones—he of the tragic hair, warmhearted pop ditties, and mute bald sidekick—makes his daring return after scampering across the MTV consciousness in the mid-eighties. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 5/12: Ohio's beloved indie-rock shemps the Ass Ponys. 5/13: San Francisco's militant-feminist terrors, Tribe 8, a punkish answer to Valerie Solanis's S.C.U.M. manifesto. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown bluesierie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 5/10–5/11: The mighty Chicago guitar legend Otis Rush. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills a plenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience, a barred "detention" jail against one wall, and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. 5/7: British gospel-punk outfit Skunk Anansie, led by the statuesque, black-bald-and-beautiful chanteuse Skin. *15 St. Marks Pl. (475-9726).*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 5/9: Mudhoney. 5/10: The free-jazz supergroup By Any Means, featuring drummer Rashied Ali, sax typhoon Charles Gayle, and bassist William Parker. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fast Folk Cafe— The young and highly acclaimed acoustic-blues revivalist Guy Davis plays music

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

If the critics love you, have a real drink.

If not, have two.

Dewar's®

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from his new record, *Stomp Down Rider,* a collection of works by Blind Willie McTell, Robert Johnson, Leadbelly, and others. He plays 5/11. *41 N. Moore St. (274-1636).* $.

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist. 5/14: Patty Griffin. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—Fred Schneider, whose campy sneer gave the B-52's their odd frisson, has made a truly confounding career move: He now fronts the raucous, cognitively dissonant punk outfit Just Fred, revealing his nasal yelp devoid of the B-52's female voices and reassuring New Wave synthesizers. The band includes members of the Didjits, Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, and Six Finger Satellite and boasts the production of punk auteur Steve Albini, who, one suspects, is searching for the appropriately surreal coda to producing Nirvana's last album. Imagine, if you will, the natty 39-year-old singer howling the following lyrics over a nasty, psychobilly surf jam: "I saw you / You slob / Standin' there / Putting sugar in my hog / I'm gonna get you . . . in Montreal." Dare you come, on 5/8, and see it for yourself? 5/9: LifeBeat benefit, with Son Volt and others. 5/11: From Good Homes. 5/14: Yoko Ono and her band Ima, featuring the guitar work of her son, Sean. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 5/8: DJ Spooky. 5/9: Beekeeper; Gregg Bendian's Pianissimo. 5/10: Prima Materia with Rashied Ali; Kozutoki Umezu and Don Byron. 5/11: Hank Roberts. 5/12: Jaron Lanier with John Gibson and Cyro Baptista; Borbetomagus. 5/13: David Murray Big Band. *74 Leonard, bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).*

Talent
Jazz Sorceress

Cassandra Wilson (May 10, Town Hall): a husky alto and a spellbinding phraseologist. Her voice is a smoky, lingering invitation you can't refuse.

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 5/12: Grifters. 5/13: The power-mad Fred Schneider continues his tour of destruction, leading Just Fred's follow-up gig after Irving Plaza. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 5/10: Royal Crown Revue. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. On the last Thursday of every month, the urbanized American string-band duo Y'ALL hold forth, backed by the Rhythm Ranchers. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 5/12: "Strange Folk Sunday" with George Moore, Silent Bear, Trey Parker, Those Guys, and others. 5/13: "The Antihootenany." *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 5/7: Urban Tap; Frankie Jackson's Soul Kitchen. 5/8: Skadanks. 5/13: Mambo king Tito Puente. 5/14: Essence All-Stars; Frankie Jackson's Soul Kitchen. 5/15–5/16: Angela Bofill. Every Saturday is "African Night in New York." Shows nightly. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. 5/8: Buddy Guy Big Band; Alvin Youngblood Hart (show sold out). 5/10: Country legend Merle Haggard makes up for a show he canceled because of illness. He plays with Jim Lauderdale. 5/11: Brooklyn Funk Essentials. 5/15: De La Soul; Busta Rhymes. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's mid-size, mid-price rock venue, this week the site of shows relocated from Tramps. 5/10: San Francisco's arty guitar-rock cerebralists the Thinking Fellers Union Local 282; Red Red Meat. Show at 8:30 P.M. *151 Bank St. (544-1666).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 5/12: A fun-filled night of death-rock, featuring Suffocation, Kataklysm, Blood Storm, Fallen Christ, and our favorite, Malignancy. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and charges accordingly. Through 5/12: Trumpet showman Maynard Ferguson brings his stratospheric squeals and band Big Bop Nouveau to the stage. 5/14–5/19: Kenny Burrell and the Jazz Heritage All-Stars, featuring Jimmy Owens, Jerome Richardson, Steve Turre, Sir Roland Hanna, Ray Drummond, Sherman Ferguson, and Vanessa Rubin. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. Through 5/11: The terrific vibraphonist Steve Nelson, a bespectacled, hard-swinging antecedent to Bobby Hutcherson (who, incidentally, joins McCoy Tyner at the Iridium 5/14), plays with James Williams and Dennis Irwin. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Iridium Room—The great guitar innovator Les Paul has resumed his Monday-night office hours at his artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center. 5/7–5/12: Trumpeter Randy Brecker, the quite capable if less-celebrated bandmate of his saxophonist *frère* Michael, leads his own band; Jerry Gonzalez follows up with the Ft. Apache Band. 5/14–5/19: McCoy Tyner Trio, featuring Bobby Hutcherson. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. Vocalist Carolyn Lenhart and trio play every Sunday in April. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a cozy, candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565).* $.

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Wednesday nights, the cover's a scant five bucks. 5/7–5/12: Saxophone romancer Houston Person plays with chanteuse Etta Jones. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 5/7–5/12: Ron Carter Quartet. 5/14–5/16: Larry Adler with Paulette Ivory. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037).* $.

Visiones—The dry-voiced and -witted singer Mose Allison presides with his trio, playing a wonderfully roots-informed piano that should not be overlooked in favor of his wry vocal stylings. He plays 5/8–5/11. 5/14–5/18: Tom Harrell Quintet. Late-night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno's—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno's is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Through 5/11: Pianist Mulgrew Miller. Every Sunday in May, it's saxophonist Bob Kindred, pianist Lee Musiker, and bassist Todd Coolman. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 5/7: New York Comedy Nights. 5/8: All Star Comedy Showcase. 5/9–5/11: Rodell Sheridan. 5/13: New Talent Night. 5/14: New York Comedy Nights. 5/15: All-Star Comedy Showcase. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Through 5/19: Greer Barnes; Gregg Rogell; Dave Attell; Wanda Sykes-Hall; Jeff Ross. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Photograph by Danny Clinch.

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 5/12: Tom Anzalane; Jim David; Lenny Varnedoe; Ben Creed; Nancy Redman; Quentin Higgs. 5/13–5/19: Billy Jaye; Ben Creed; Gregory Carey; Tom Anzalone; Quentin Higgs; Nancy Redman. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3300 square feet, palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Shows Sun.–Tues. at 8:30; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 8 and 10 P.M. and 12:30 A.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.–Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston St. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 5/10–5/12: Linda Smith; Maria Falzone; Eric Kornfeld; John Lampert. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Singer Weslia Whitfield reprises her well-received visit here last fall with a show titled "My Shining Hour: The Songs of Harold Arlen." Through 5/11. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Through 8/10: Barbara Carroll. Tues.–Sat. from 9:30 to 1:30. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through 6/29: Bobby Short. Tues-Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45 cover; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

Claire—Jazz vocalist David Downing. Thurs. and Sun. at 9, Fri. and Sat. at 9:30, Sun. at 1. No cover; no minimum. *156 Seventh Ave. (255-1955).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocks the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover; no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Flowers—Wednesdays at 9: Craig Pomranz. No cover; no minimum. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888).*

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only, $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

La Rivista Ristorante—Singer-pianist Chris Barrett, Tues.–Sat. from 8 to midnight. No cover; no minimum. *313 W. 46th St. (245-1707).*

Talent

Are You There, Tori? It's Me, Margaret

She believes in faeries. She calls her songs "girls." She commands thousands of adoring young women, channeling adolescent desire, skewering adult hypocrisies, offering alternate routes to womanhood. Is Tori Amos (Theater at Madison Square Garden, May 13–15) MTV's answer to Judy Blume? "I don't know. I think I missed Blume," says the 32-year-old rock diva and former piano prodigy. "I was probably listening to Zeppelin." True, the celebrated chronicler of pubescent crises probably never had *her* name scrawled across ninth-grade algebra books—or called a record *Boys for Pele,* after a Hawaiian volcano goddess. Even so, the personal outpourings Amos gets from fans does suggest she's come to play a similar role for searching, misunderstood youngsters. "Every night, I hear of an experience that just stops me in my tracks. It isn't always 'I was baked in an oven on and off for three years.' Sometimes it's just having spent your childhood sitting in front of people who only say things like 'Isn't she pretty?'—treated like this little *thing.* Everything has a cause and effect." If empathy for growing pains weren't enough, Amos also has a lifestyle that would reassure parents fearing kids' emulation of rock-star excess. "Oh, as far as all that rock-and-roll stuff goes, I'm a total librarian," says Amos. "Really. You'd laugh your ass off. The craziest thing on my concert rider is extra-virgin olive oil."

CHRIS NORRIS

Michael's Pub—Woody Allen tooted his last clarinet line at the old Michael's on East 55th Street. The cabaret has now moved across town to the Parker Meridien Hotel, trading saloon ambience for that of a Parisian Rive Gauche salon in the thirties. Allen's New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra should be quite at home. They play, as always, Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *Bar Montparnasse, Parker Meridien Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Aren't credits as a film and stage director, producer, and musical-comedy star enough for one résumé? Not, apparently, for singer-songwriter Anthony Newley ("What Kind of Fool Am I," "Once in a Lifetime"), who's decided to add "cabaret performer" to the mix. His debut engagement here runs through 5/25. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet recently celebrated the first anniversary of its successful Friday-evening engagement in the Club Room here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, Grace Garland performs the songs of Johnny Mercer. No cover; no minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who brought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine; it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St. (539-1389).*

Bowery Bar—Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. Since it's "It"-bar days appear to be waning, now's a good time to swing by and sneak a peak. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall—subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

Photograph by Rankin.

the mix

Peak Blossoms . . . *Lip Service* . . . Landmark Day

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—5/7: Tchaikovsky's *Pezzo Capriccioso* for Cello and Orchestra, Opus 62, and Brahms's Symphony No. 4 in e, Opus 98. 5/8: Mozart's Symphony No. 25 in g, K. 183 and Gottschalk's *Cakewalk: Suite.* 5/9: Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 in D, Opus 36. 5/10: Liadov's *The Enchanted Lake,* Opus 62 and Mozart's Symphony No.41 in C, K. 551, *Jupiter.* 5/13: Sullivan's *Overture di Ballo* and Symphony in E, *Irish.* Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Casper Citron—5/18 at 10 P.M.: Thomas Hoving, former director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, discusses his new book *False Impressions—The Hunt for Big-Time Fakes*; Helen Coldicott, an environmental activist, discusses the medical hazards of the nuclear age with Aaron Tovish; Warren B. Rudman discusses his book, *Combat,* about his experiences of twelve years in the U.S. Senate; Thomas Puccio talks about his new book, *In the Name of the Law.* WOR, 710 AM.

Lyric Opera of Chicago—5/11 at 1PM: Handel's *Xerxes.* With Ann Murray, Elizabeth Futral, Christopher Robson, and Kathleen Kuhlmann, and the Chicago Lyric Opera Chorus. John Nelson conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—5/12 at 8: Hoffmann's *Undine.* With Johannes Beck, Michael Albert, Maria Hiefinger, Heidrun Plesch, and the Bamberg Youth Orchestra. Hermann Dechant conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Columbia Records Radio Hour—5/15 at 10 P.M.: Singer/songwriter Tracy Chapman and the Philosopher Kings live. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

New York and Company—5/7: Sally Goodgold, Chair of City Club, gives the insider's take on the city's shenanigans; country-music singer George Jones on his autobiography *I Lived to Tell it All.* 5/8: Jeffrey Birnbaum on *Madhouse,* about the private turmoil of working for the president; Mary Henderson talks about her book *Theater in America.* 5/9: *National Review* senior editor Richard Brookhiser takes on the news at large; Jay McInerney on his new novel, *The Last of the Savages;* Al and Larry Ubell on the nuts and bolts of home repair; composer-musician Anthony Davis. Weekdays at noon on WNYC, 820 AM.

Mountain Stage—5/10 at 2 P.M. and 5/12 at 9 PM: With k.d. lang, Junior Brown, Nils Lofgren, and Ron Sexsmith. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Soundprint—5/13 at 7:30 P.M.: *For the Love of Your Own Mother:* Clara Jackmarra vividly recalls the day a man in black persuaded her to go for a ride in a boat. She never saw her mother again. After the age of 9, she was to spend 40 years on missions in Western Australia, where separation of children of mixed marriages from their parents was official government policy until the late fifties. The same happened to her children and grandchildren. Clara's granddaughter and great-grandson trace four generations of children who grew up without the love of their mothers. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Ticket

Norman Mailer once declared Chicago the great American city, because it reminded him of—Brooklyn, with its "real city architecture, brownstones with different windows on every floor, vistas for miles of red-brick and two-family wood-frame houses with balconies and porches, runty stunted trees rich as farmland in their promise of tenderness the first city evenings of spring. . . . London one hundred years ago could not have looked much better." The Brooklyn Heights Association's annual Landmarks House and Garden Tour provides an unusually intimate glimpse of Mailer's neighborhood, allowing you to visit five private homes noted for their furnishings and landscape design. (May 11; see listings.)

The Written Word

"Discovery"/*The Nation* 1996 Contest Winners—5/6 at 8:15: Joan Leiman Jacobson Poetry Prizes. Readings by the four winners: Karen Holmberg, Michelle Mitchell-Foust, Susan Noguere, and Mark Svenvold. This year's contest winners were poets Robert Pinsky, Heather McHugh, and Tom Sleigh. 92nd St.Y/Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $6.

1996 PEN Writing Awards for Prisoners—5/9 at 7:30: Readings from award-winning compositions by Ron Chernow, Cornelius Eady, Bob Holman, and Marie Ponsot. Keynote speaker: John Edgar Weideman. NYU Tishman Auditorium, 40 Washington Sq. So. (334-1660); free.

Mother's Day Reading—5/11 at 1: Mary Gordon, Jane Shapiro, and Ronni Sandroff will be reading from their pieces in the new anthology *Mothers.* Shakespeare & Co., 939 Lexington Ave., at 68th St. (570-0201); free.

Terry McMillan—5/13 at 8: McMillan reads from new work at the 92nd St Y. Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100); $10.

Bernard Cooper—5/9 at 7: The PEN/Hemingway Award winner will read from his memoir *Truth Serum* at A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St.; free.

Lectures and Panels

Michael Korda: Man to Man—5/8 at 8: "Speaking About the Unspeakable," Mr. Korda will discuss his experiences after being diagnosed with cancer in 1994. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5353); $5.

Obento: Food for Travel, Food for Thought—5/8 at 6:30: The Japanese responded to the problem of preserving and transporting food in the days of no refrigeration and lengthy travel times with the *obento.* Andoh will talk about these boxed meals that range from simple rice "sandwiches" wrapped in bamboo leaves to exquisite picnics elegantly arranged in lacquer boxes, detailing reasons for their abiding popularity and regional and seasonal differences. The Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $10, $8 for Japan Society members, senior citizens, and students with a valid I.D.

Old School Books—5/9 at 8: This program of readings and discussions marks the publication of the inaugural four titles of W.W. Norton's Old School Books imprint, which rediscovers the best and boldest pulp fiction by African-American writers from the late fifties through the early seventies. Three of a short list of surviving authors—Herbert Simmons, John A. Williams, and Henry Van Dyke—will read selections from their own works. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5353); $5.

Writing and Performing Television Comedy—5/9 at 6: Dick Cavett and Buck Henry discuss the medium at the Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $10, $8 for museum and Writers Guild members.

Technology in the 1990s: The Human/Machine Interface—Mondays at 6:30 P.M. 5/13 and 5/20: Part of the Video Viewpoints Series at MOMA, this series of symposia showcases several pioneering digital artists who are succeeding in various areas of new media. Speakers include Jane Veeder, Julia Scher, Benjamin Weil, Jim Campbell, and Simon Penny. Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400).

Photograph by Judith Angel.

One-Shot

Spring Roll

The New York Botanical Garden has been pale green and gorgeous for some weeks, but peak bloom is just under way. Through May 12, the Garden Design Showcase celebrates the season with lectures by Anne Raver and other authors, tours through the specialty gardens, and the annual plant sale. Call 718-817-8700.

James B. Stewart—5/12 at 8: A Pulitzer Prize–winning investigative reporter and author of *Den of Thieves, The Prosecutors, The Partners,* and *Blood Sport: The Truth Behind the Scandals in the Clinton White House.* 92nd Street Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Ruth Sidel—5/14 at 7:30: Ruth Sidel, sociologist and professor at Hunter College, will give a talk based on her new book, *Keeping Women and Children Last: America's War on the Poor.* Shakespeare & Co., 939 Lexington Ave., at 68th St. (570-0201); free.

Tours

Brooklyn Heights Landmark House & Garden Tour—5/11 at 1: This self-guided tour permits you to visit five private homes. These include: an award-winning contemporary house, an 1847 house built in the former colonial gardens of Declaration of Independence signer Philip Livingston, a restored mews house, an 1840s Greek revival brick rowhouse, and two floors of a Victorian mansion featuring a 25-foot ceiling. Also includes a tour of the historic Plymouth Church sanctuary and tea and pastries in the church garden. Tickets are $25, $20 for dues-paying members of the BHA. Reservations are recommended and must be prepaid to the BHA House and Garden Tour, 55 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, NY 11201. All tickets will be distributed the day of the tour. Call (718) 858-9193 for further information.

Ellis Island—5/11 at noon: A guided tour of the Ellis Island Museum and grounds. Tour includes an exclusive talk on the history of American immigration. Call Big Onion Walking Tours at 439-1090 for meeting site and further information. $15; $13 students and seniors (includes boat ticket, movie, and tour).

Annual Mother's Day Multi-Ethnic Eating Tour—5/12 at 1: A special holiday walking tour featuring the historic and gastronomic delights of the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, and Little Italy. Learn about the "land of the immigrants" while munching on everything from bialys to dim sum to fresh mozzarella. Call 439-1090 for meeting site and further information. $12, $10 students and seniors.

Benefits

Mother's Day/Father's Day Healthy Baby Canned Food Drive—City Harvest and the New York City Fire Department are collecting infant formula and baby food for emergency food programs that serve families. Bring formula and baby food to any neighborhood fire house—in all boroughs—during the drive, which runs from Mother's Day, May 12, through Father's Day, June 16. The Children's Museum of Manhattan, 212 W. 83rd St., will also be collecting during the drive.

Celebrity Read-Aloud—5/13 at 6:30: To benefit the nonprofit School Volunteer Program. This year's celebrity readers are Kevin Bacon, John Cullum, Tony Randall, Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, Phyllis Newman, Kyra Sedgwick, Carole Shelley, and Dominick Dunne. A cocktail party and silent auction will begin at 6:30, followed by celebrity readings from 8 to 9. Tickets are $75 when ordered before May 1; $85 at the door. Priority seating is available with Angel Tickets priced at $250. The Roundabout Theatre, Broadway and 45th St. (213-3370).

Sports

Knicks—All right, we took the bait. The Knicks rope-a-doped us by losing to the Cavs twice in the last couple of weeks of the regular season. But while players like John Starks could scarcely refrain from crowing their I-told-you-sos, let us keep in perspective that this was the Cavaliers. How many times over the years has this team suddenly "found itself" offensively against a subpar opponent? *Gee whiz,* the press predictably reports afterward, *the Knicks sure looked crisp out there—hitting the open man, who effortlessly knocked down those three-pointers.* The infrequently mentioned subtext is that the other team is usually peopled by CBA-level talent. It's easy to shoot like Jeff Hornacek when you're guarded by, say, Doug Christie. Call it the nature of the Beast(s): Pumped up and overconfident by thrashing lottery fodder like the Celtics, the New York bullies inevitably get sand kicked in their faces by such 98-pound weaklings as the Sixers. And when they bump into real tough guys like, say, the Bulls, well, they may put up a good fight; but in the end the Mad. Ave.–approved team wins and all is right with the universe. Not that we care. One win vs. the Bulls would be good; two, great; three . . . and we're getting into John Starks's psychic (psychotic?) territory. Second-round schedule TBA.

Rangers—Last week, *NYPD Blue*'s Donna Abbandando stiff-armed a male pursuer by saying she has "a season-long commitment to the New York Rangers." Even true-blue Donna has needed a chart to keep track of this team: mediocre in October, unbeatable in January, dismal in March and April. Against Montreal, newcomers Kurri, Churla, and Berg seemed to have finally gotten comfortable with their teammates. But even their full integration won't be enough if the Rangers come out of Pittsburgh without one win. Game three, 5/7 vs. Pittsburgh at 7:30; game four, 5/9 vs. Pittsburgh at 7:30; game five, if necessary, 5/11 at Pittsburgh at 7:30. CHRIS SMITH

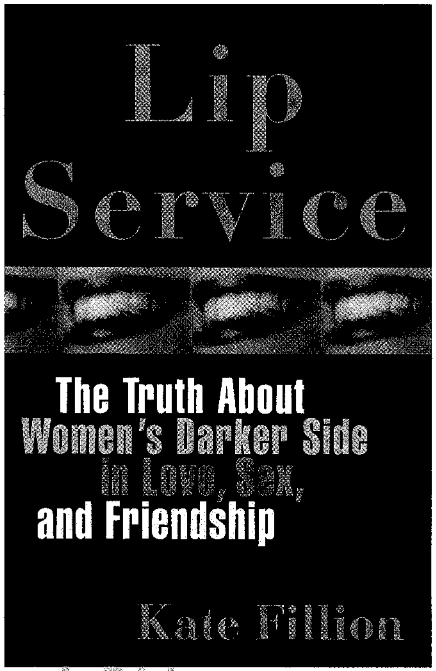
Yankees—In *Seinfeld* terminology, the Yankees have been neither up (Elaine) nor down (George); they're even Steven (Jerry), hovering around .500 for April. For every Melido Perez, there's been a Mariano Rivera. For every Pat Kelly, there's been a Mariano Duncan. Andy Pettitte has been excellent, and David Cone, circulatory problems notwithstanding, has been the staff anchor he was expected to be. At bat, Paul O'Neill, once again flirting with a .400 BA, is showing us just who the real Mr. May is, and rookie shortstop Derek Jeter is making everybody forget, uh . . . The big but, however, is that after a month the new names brought in to replace the old reliables haven't had much of an impact—1B Tino Martinez, C Joe Girardi, and LHP Kenny Rogers have been invisible men; Doc Gooden had his moment in the spotlight, and he wilted badly—especially offensively. Skipper Joe Torre reasons that the Yanks are now a more National League–type club centered on pitching. And while George Steinbrenner may put up with such heresy as a non-slugging Bronx Bombers for now, it may not be long until the principal owner pulls the plug on the experiment. Remember the running Yanks of the early eighties? Vs. Detroit Mon.–Wed., 5/6–5/8, at 7:30. At Chicago 5/10–5/12, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2.

Mets—April is for freakish weather and statistics; May is when the reality of the big-league long haul starts to set in and players begin to follow form. Expect a cooling trend around the batter's box, with the unseasonably high temperatures of Bernard Gilkey and Rey Ordonez dropping rapidly. A warming trend will continue on the pitcher's mound, however, especially since the Mets get three games against the Marlins, who are last in the league in runs scored and in batting average—a tropical depression unlikely to be altered by time, tide, or Andre Dawson's 42-year-old knees. Next come the mild Cubs. What was all that about Ryne Sandberg not missing a beat? The freshly unretired second baseman and his buck-eighty batting average are proving once again how hard this game really is. 5/6–5/8 at Florida at 7:05. 5/9 exhibition at Norfolk Tides at 7. 5/10–5/12 vs. Chicago, Fri. at 7:40, Sat. and Sun. at 1:40.

MetroStars—The bad news is that the MetroStars lost their first three games. The good news is that the now-Donadoni- and Ramos-infused team's next game is against D.C. United, who lost their first *four* games. If the MetroStars lose this one it may be time to panic. At the capital, Sunday, 5/12, at 3. ADAM LEHNER

New York Road Runners Club—The Chase Corporate Challenge (3.5 miles) Thurs., 5/9, at 7 P.M. Line up for applications for the New York City Marathon on West Drive at 67th St. (near Tavern on the Green) Sat., 5/11, noon–2 P.M. Mother's Day, Sun., 5/12, the Advil Mini-Marathon Tune Up 5K race (women only), at 10 A.M.; preceded by the Advil Pee Wee Run at 8:45 for kids ages 2–6. Call 860-4455 for more info.

Leland's Harry M. Stevens Live Auction—For those who spent $700,000 on JFK's warped golf clubs or Jackie O.'s *faux* pearls, this auction of more than half a million dollars' worth of sports memorabilia from the collection of the patron saint of stadium concessionaires (and reputed inventor of the hot dog) represents a bargain. Pennants, jerseys, bats, caps, and autographed baseballs from the likes of Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, and Jimmie Foxx are among the collectibles. Previews by appointment only; call 545-0800. Sat., 5/11, at 10 A.M. at the Southgate Tower Hotel, 371 Seventh Ave., at W. 31st St. (across from Madison Square Garden).


Lip Service
The Truth About Women's Darker Side in Love, Sex, and Friendship
Kate Fillion

In Print

The Female Animal

A spirited assault on "difference" feminism (and a sleeper that went to No. 1 in its native Canada), Kate Fillion's 'Lip Service' is parajournalism at its best. (HarperCollins; $22.)

Photograph by Tori Butt.

kids

Clapping...Juggling...For Mom

Children's Events

"International Children's Festival"—Miss Piggy greets kids in the lobby, an elderly marionette plays the violin in a darkened theater, there are opportunities to join in a drum circle and look at interactive kiddie lit. BAM's second annual **International Children's Festival,** hosted by writer-comedian Fred Newman, offers something for just about every kid: rubber-faced magician, and clown Tom Kubinek (5/11 at 4 and 5/12 at noon), the cheerful sexism-smashing Grupo 55 (5/11 at noon and 2 and 5/12 at 2 and 4), the subtly expressive Cashore Marionettes (at noon, 2, and 4 on both days), and the African-American Dance Ensemble—see photo and essay—(5/11 at 1 and 5/12 at 3). The World Music Festival with Black 47, Gnawa musician Hassan Hakmoun, and others is 5/11 at 3 and 5/12 at 1. **The Brooklyn Academy of Music**, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100). One-day festival passes are $15 for children and adults. Single tickets to the African-American Dance Ensemble and the World Music Festival are available for $6.◉

Baby Botanists—A stroller tour that examines the shapes, colors, smells, and feelings of nature is given Fridays at 10:30. (5/10, 5/31, 6/7, and 6/21). **The New York Botanical Garden**, 200th St. and Southern Blvd. in the Bronx (718-817-8779). General grounds admission is $3 for adults, $1 for seniors, students, and children 6 to 16.

Onstage—"A Three-Ring Circus of Tales," performed by the Mad Hatters for young audiences, is at **The Hunter College Little Theatre**. 5/8 through 5/12. Call for a schedule of performances. 68th St. between Park and Lexington (772-4448). Children and seniors are $5, adults $8. *The Earth & Me*, Shadow Box Theatre's new family musical, is about protecting the environment. 5/11, 5/18 at 1 and 3. **Brooklyn YWCA**, 30 Third Ave. (at Atlantic Avenue near BAM) (724-0677). $5 for children, $7 for adults. A swashbuckling stage adaptation of *Treasure Island* is directed by B. H. Barry—a well-known fight choreographer for Broadway shows and movies. To 5/19 at **Blue Light Theater Company**, Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (279-4200) $12. *Annie* is at **The Theater at St. Peter's Church,** starring 12-year-old Heather Mae Cleaver. 5/9 through 5/12. 619 Lexington Ave. (756-9600 ext. 690). Tickets are $5. *The Story of Millicent* is Bill Solly's new musical about a 6-year-old business tycoon. Weekends at 1, 5/11 to 6/29. **Wings Theatre Company**, 154 Christopher St. (627-2961). $6. *Mom in the Moon*, an urban fairy tale created and performed by the children of Housing Works Theatre Project, addresses living with the AIDS epidemic. 5/10 through 5/25. Call for a performance schedule. **The Irish Repertory Theatre**, 132 West 22nd St (279-4200) $15.

Cue

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Big Apple Circus—Jazzamatazz is an homage to flappers and daring young men and women in their flying machines. The circus tent is pitched in Brooklyn's Prospect Park 5/9 to 5/14; at Long Island University's C. W. Post campus in Brookville (5/16 and 5/23); and Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (5/29 to 6/2). Tickets are $10 to $28 (307-4100).

Mum's the Word—Didn't get around to making a card yet? Make Mom a video card (it'll cost you $10 all day 5/10, 5/11, and 5/12) at the **Children's Museum of Manhattan.** Or make a spectacular paper one along with a gift (5/11 and 5/12). Hours are 10 to 5. 212 West 83rd St. (721-1223). Admission for children and adults is $5; seniors are $2.50; children under two are free. ●

Animal Instincts—Dailey, a baby Indian Rhino born at the end of last year at the **Bronx Zoo**—and already weighing in at 400 pounds—makes her zoo debut alongside her proud mama, Ella. Bigger zoo-babes to check out are Margaret, a baby giraffe, and Samuel R. II, a baby Asian elephant. "Marvelous Moms Weekend," a celebration of mothers, human and otherwise, includes fifties and sixties rock songs performed by T-Birds, Mother's Day card making, Mom-and-kid sack races. 5/11 and 5/12 from 11:30 to 4:30. 185th St. and Southern Blvd., Bronx (718-220-5197). Free with regular admission; general admission $6.75, $3 for children and $3 for seniors.●

Ground Rules:

● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Adoption—An information session about adopting from Asia, Eastern Europe, and Latin America is held at **Spence-Chapin,** which describes itself as "the oldest and largest not-for-profit adoption agency in New York." 5/13 from 6 to 8. 6 E. 94th St. (369-0300). $10.●

Mixing It Up—Garth Fagan's Rochester-based dance troupe is known for their infectious blend of traditions. A performance this weekend for children ages 6 to 14 includes "Prelude," where ballet, modern, and African Caribbean are interwoven with a jazz score by Max Roach and Dollar Brand. "Griot New York," inspired by African storytelling, has an original score by Wynton Marsalis. 5/11 at 2. **The Joyce Theater**, 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800). $10 for children, $30 for adults.◉

All's Fair—School fairs are good places to get tattooed—in a temporary way—and to sample ethnic recipes and rice crispie treats. They frequently offer moonwalks, mazes, and sometimes even real fire trucks. The bargains on old Candyland board games are legendary. **The West Side Montessori School Fair** is 5/11 (rain or shine) from 11 to 5 on 92nd St between West End Ave. and Riverside Drive (662-8000). **Friends Seminary Annual Fair** is 5/11 (rain or shine) from 11 to 3 at 222 East 16th St (979-5030). Admission is $4. **The Cathedral School Spring Fair** is 5/11 from 11 to 4 at Synod Hall on the grounds of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on 111th Street. 5/11 (rain or shine) from 11 to 4. (316-7500). **City & Country School Spring Fair** is 5/11 from 11 to 6 (rain date 5/12) at 146 W. 13th St. (242-7802). ●

Onstage

Hands Across the Water

Children in West Africa have foot-stomping and hand-clapping routines that rival even the astonishing choreographed slaps and claps of our domestic "Miss Mary Mack-Mack-Mack, all dressed in black-black-black. . . ." For twenty years, Chuck Davis has made annual trips to Africa in search of traditional dances. This summer, he travels to Senegal and Gambia with reinforcements—members of the North Philadelphia–based Rennie Harris PureMovement company—to teach the hip-hop-style dances that the Senegalese and Gambians showed so much interest in last year. Davis returns each year to the U.S. with movements like *bata somé,* the Nigerian hand-clapping game he will teach New York City children this weekend. "Kids pick it up in about 30 seconds—it's much harder for the adults," Davis says, laughing. His African-American Dance Ensemble is at BAM, performing in the second annual International Children's Festival along with Cashore Marionettes, Canada's Tom Kubinek, Grupo 55 from Mexico, and other acts (see "Children's Events" for further details). Davis, at 59 a large, ebullient man with a rich booming voice, hopes the sheer fun of playing with movements and rhythms will give children "a deeper sense of self-awareness and the understanding that all cultures relate to ours here in America." On Mother's Day weekend, as always, his performances begin by encouraging the audience to respect their elders. Is that something he picked up in Africa? "No," Davis says deliberately, "I learned that at my mama's knee."

BARBARA ENSOR

in concert

New Love Songs...Lust...Mitsuko Uchida

Classical Music

Tuesday, May 7

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Performs an all-Telemann program. *Congregation Emanu-el, Fifth Ave. and 65th St., at 6:30; free.*

Festival Español—A tribute to Manuel de Falla by students and faculty of the Manhattan School of Music. *Hubbard Recital Hall, Broadway and 122nd St. (749-3300), at 8; free.*

New York Pops Gala—A benefit hosted by columnist Liz Smith; Skitch Henderson, music director. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $15–$50.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs with pianist Yefim Bronfman; Paavo Berglund, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Wednesday, May 8

Riverside Symphony—Performs the New York premiere of Stephen Hartke's *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra;* George Rothman, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $12–$40.*

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—With soprano Angelina Réaux, premieres two works by Deborah Drattell. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (408-8453), at 8; $15.*

Four Nations Ensemble—Performs works on the theme of Lust, including Handel's *Lucretia. Miller Theater, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799), at 8; $15.*

Thursday, May 9

Bargemusic—Works by Rachmaninoff and Schubert for piano trio and cello. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs with pianist Mitsuko Uchida; André Previn, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Oratorio Society—Performs the New York premiere of Nicolas Flagello's *The Passion of Martin Luther King. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$47.*

Marc-André Hamelin, Pianist—Performs works by Haydn, Chopin, and Medtner. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 8; $10.*

Barros Classical Consort—Performs the premiere of Sergio Vasconcelos Correa's *Trio for Piano, Violin and Cello. Americas Society, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (935-6075), at 8; $25.*

Friday, May 10

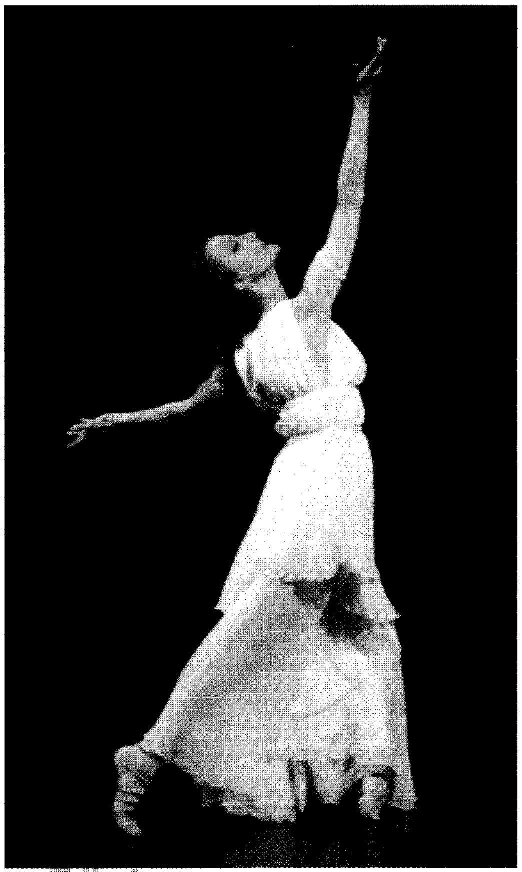
New York Philharmonic—See 5/9, at 2.

Richard Stoltzman, Clarinetist—Performs works by Ornette Coleman, Thelonious Monk, and Duke Ellington. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30.*

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs "Musical Insanity: The Fantastic in German Expressionism"; Leon Botstein, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$42.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Tribute

Swan's Way

Maya Plisetskaya celebrates her seventieth birthday, and 50 years with the Bolshoi Ballet, with a three-evening tribute at City Center, May 10, 11, and 12. Plisetskaya herself will dance her signature "Dying Swan," but the program also includes young hotshots Damian Woetzel and Nichol Hlinka from the New York City Ballet, and stars from the Bolshoi, Kirov, and Paris Opera ballets, among others.

Saturday, May 11

I Cantori—Performs works by Delius, Villa-Lobos, and Gesualdo. *Cavalry Episcopal Church, Park Ave. South at 21st St. (439-4758), at 8; $15.*

New York Festival of Song—Pianists Michael Barrett and Steven Blier premiere a new collection of love songs by Ned Rorem, Richard Danielpour, and John Corigliano, among others. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $20.*

Orpheus Chamber Ensemble—Performs works by Mayr, Mahler, and Hyla with baritone Thomas Hampson. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$60.*

Tibetan Monks—The Tibetan lamas of Sera Je Monastery perform a multi-media chant and dance event. *Ethical Culture Theater, 2 W. 64th St. (219-2527), at 8; $15.*

New York Philharmonic—See 5/9.

Sunday, May 12

Zora Mihailovich, Pianist—Performs works by Chopin, Franck, and Debussy. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $15.*

New York Youth Symphony—A free concert to end its thirty-third season, featuring Beethoven's Symphony No. 9, *Choral. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; free.*

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Perform works by Telemann, Dvořák, and Stravinsky. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 3; $16.*

Bargemusic—See 5/9, at 4.

Dessof Choirs—Perform Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle*; Kent Tritle, conductor. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 8; $14–$18.*

Monday, May 13

Notre Dame String Trio—Performs the New York premiere of David Diamond's *String Trio in G Major. Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15.*

Opera

Amato Opera—End-of-season gala performance on 5/12 of Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera.* 5/11 at 7:30, 5/12 at 2. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $18 and $35.*

Bronx Opera—Donizetti's *The Elixir of Love.* 5/10 and 5/11 at 8. *John Jay College Theatre, 899 Tenth Ave. at 58th St. (365-4209); $15–$20.*

La Gran Scena Opera Company—Ira Siff stars as Madame Vera Galupe-Borszkh in this all-male opera troupe's fifteenth-anniversary season. 5/10 at 8, 5/11 at 7:30. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448); $20–$60.*

Dance

New York City Ballet—All-Robbins program on 5/9 matinee. 5/7–5/11 at 8, 5/11 at 2, 5/12 at 3. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$62.*

American Ballet Theater—*Swan Lake* on 5/6, 5/8–5/10 and 5/12 at 8, 5/8 and 5/11 at 2. Spring gala on 5/7 at 7 hosted by Liza Minnelli. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $18–$65.*

Garth Fagan Dance—Celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary with the new ballet *Mix 25.* 5/7–5/11 at 8, 5/12 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Tanya Barfield—Performs *Without Skin or Breathlessness.* 5/9–5/12 at 7:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288); $12.*

Photograph by Vladimir Logvinov.

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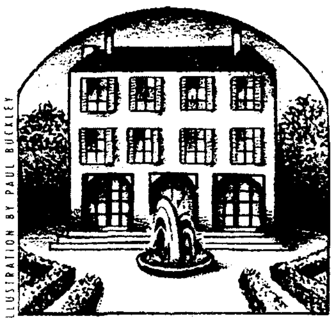
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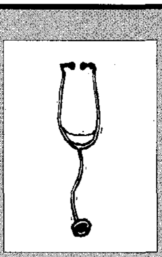

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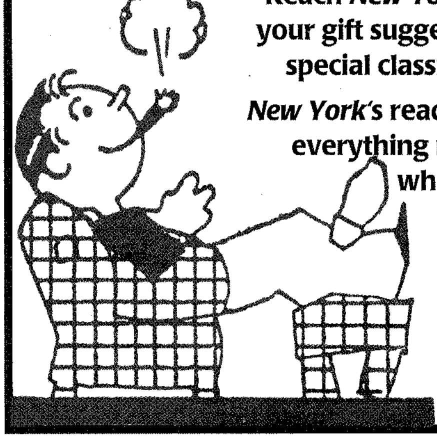

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Slim, Pretty Blond—Seeks Jewish male, 57-65, arts-oriented, fun-loving. 7351✉☎

European Handsome MD—31, seeks attractive woman, 21-28. Photo. 7269 ✉

Two Different Worlds—If my boss knew that we were doing this, he'd laugh, thank us and absolutely forbid it. Sooooo - we didn't tell him. He is the CEO of a financial services firm, 6'4", a youthful 41, handsome (really!), very fit, charming, fun-loving, well-educated, generous, outgoing, with a great, quirky sense of humor, a divorced, dedicated father of three. He is philanthropic, and while we sometimes feel he is generous to excess, it's his way (think Richard Gere in "Pretty Woman" - but taller and better-looking). Although very involved and tremendously successful in the secular world, his life and beliefs are strongly influenced by a very traditional Jewish upbringing. Fences can be difficult to straddle, but this unique individual is comfortable (and makes others feel the same) in both the world of business and that of more traditional pursuits. We feel that there is but one element missing in his otherwise very complete and satisfying life: the company and companionship of a very special woman. We know our boss to be honest and forthright, and we will be the same in describing the special woman who can add the one missing factor to this intriguing equation. His ideal companion is in her mid 20s to mid 30s, tall (at least 5'9"), absolutely and undeniably drop-dead stunning, confident, capable and independent, with high standards of conduct. She possesses impeccable taste and is as comfortable in elegant surroundings as she is in the gym. This incredible woman will have her own likes and dislikes and interests, yet be open-minded enough to share his as well. We know that he seeks a partner who will assist him in achieving a balance between work and leisure, and understand and support both his work and charitable involvements. In return, this truly kind and emotionally generous man will offer unconditional devotion, fidelity and the very best that a man can offer a woman: to be friend, confidant, lover, all in the surroundings of comfort and elegance that he has come to appreciate. Sound too good to be true? Trust us, this is for real. He's been so good to us that we have taken it upon ourselves to help fill the one place in his life that remains vacant. While the description of this perfect woman has some very specific requirements, bear with us... the best deserves the best - wouldn't you agree? Perhaps you and he can meet on a common ground of excellence. After all, he must be a great guy - we think so, and we are very, very particular. Knowing him as we do, we suggest a handwritten note and a recent photo (we strongly advise a full-length photo). We think you'll be quite pleased. 7287 ✉

Prescription For Happiness—White Jewish male physician, 40, 5'6", slim and good-looking. I enjoy reading, sailing, cycling and quiet, intimate dinners. Seeking friend, lover, wife, to share life with. Please be 36 or under, slim, attractive and free of pretense. Note/photo/phone. 7251✉

Record Label Founder—Now that I've built a successful music company and traveled the world, I'm ready to meet the girl of my dreams. I'm 37, 6', perfect health, handsome and live alone in a large triplex in midtown. I'm seeking an attractive, educated woman, 22-30, who appreciates a great sense of humor and likes to live life to its fullest. No smokers or singers apply. Note, phone and recent photo would be appreciated. 7349 ✉

Handsome Publisher And Writer—Seeks a pretty, petite woman. I am the smartest, cutest, funniest and nicest man you ever met. I am late 30s, with blue eyes/dark blond hair. You are 28-38, under 5'6" and slim (blue eyes a plus). You enjoy books, the arts and laughter. Photo/phone. 7234 ✉

Soulful Blue-Eyed Beauty—A woman of class and character - intelligent, compassionate, reflective and graceful, a youthful (in looks and attitude) 61, slim, elegant and stylish - warm, open, direct and humorous. Former journalist and author - now a photographer, world traveler and avid reader. Blessed with two wonderful grown sons. Born in Manhattan, I've also lived in Paris, India, New Mexico and northern California. Jewish, with a special interest in Tibetan Buddhism and other dimensions of beauty, wonder and mystery. Looking for distinguished man, generous in heart and mind, who's also very intelligent, creative, accomplished, amusing and energetic - for fun, friendship and sparkle plenty. I invite your kind reply with current photo. 7292✉

Exceptional Woman Sought—Extraordinary man looking for a special lady who is intelligent, successful and loving. Seeking a best friend for a permanent romance. Must be personable, secure, sensuous, stylish, pretty and fun. I'm a very young 52-year-old media executive. Fit, energetic, warm, sensitive and sexy. I'm successful, affectionate, very handsome, with a great sense of humor - a special person. Please take the time to find out. No response without photo. 7366 ✉

We Three Loving Sons—(All independent), announce the arrival on the social scene of our young (54), vivacious widowed mom. She is not only pretty and petite, smart, sexy, successful, funny and dynamic, but she also has a beautiful soul. You are a special man, financially secure, who wants to laugh, talk and experience the joys of life with a terrific woman. 7238 ✉

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Beautiful And Sophisticated—Jewish female Manhattanite, 34, thin, intelligent and warm - enjoys movies, theater, travel and dining. Seeks Jewish professional male, who is kind, fun-loving and family-minded. Note/photo/phone. 7375 ✉ ☎

Dreaming Of You—Wealthy, 36, 5'10", slender, generous, sensitive and romantic man - interested in art, theater, sports and travel - seeking a 27-36, 5'3"-5'9", very pretty woman for long-term relationship. Photo a must. 7230 ✉

While Not Olympic Bound—This dynamic, pretty, fit Jewish lady, 39, outdistances the rest. Prior medals include the Bronze for summer fun, the Silver for the screen, and the Gold for a heart of like color. Tryouts commence for a quality professional who free-styles through life and will somersault into mine. Let's create a winning team. 7245 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Smart, Accomplished—Successful, selective Wall Street investment banker, Ivy MBA, 31, natural blond/dark blue eyes, 5'9", slender and very fit, athletic, a true natural beauty - with class, charm, high spirits, a warm heart and a great sense of humor. Loves it all - from tennis, travel and the arts, to the simple joys of falling in love. Seeks an equally successful and selective white male, JD or MBA professional, 32-45, tall, fit, athletic, very handsome (dark hair with blue/green eyes a plus), witty, confident and romantic, for fun, friendship and whatever else happens. Note/recent photo/phone, please. You will be very pleasantly surprised! 7244 ✉

Meant To Be—I am a beautiful woman and you are a handsome man. We're at the top of our professions, very solid, laugh easily, have fun, lead interesting lives, Jewish. We like to travel for pleasure, come home, share and explore great ideas, causes, new people. I'm 42; you're 40-55. We seek a trusted and loving partner for life. We love family and could imagine having a child together for all this would mean to us. This is our chance. 7335 ✉ ☎

Seeking My Soul Mate—Attractive, successful, single Jewish man, 37, warm, sentimental, introspective, affectionate and very bright, would love to meet a truly intellectual, spirited woman for marriage of the heart and mind. Literary or academic passions would I admire; a kind and generous spirit would I love. Photo appreciated (not required). 7363 ✉ ☎

Austrian Mountain Chalet—Only an attractive, nonsmoking lady, seriously interested in traveling with this tall male novelist, 60s, in July/August, need reply. He would cherish her company for fun, adventure and a caring nonmarital relationship. Carpe diem! Photo please. 7338✉

Adventurous Pretty Woman—Seeks Jewish man of substance. I'm successful, slim, well-traveled, love sports and the outdoors. You are 48 plus, energetic, thoughtful, fun, athletic, enjoy life and also have much to share. Note/photo. 7344 ✉

Chicago Import—Kindhearted, handsome, successful entrepreneur is ready to cut through the dating game and get into the mating game. I'm single, 33, 6'2", well-built, funny, focused, smart Jewish guy. I am looking for a one-of-a-kind lifetime partner - 33 or younger, caring, intelligent, witty, attractive, slim, with down-to-earth values and a passion for accomplishments. Your life isn't on hold till you meet Mr. Right (although I hope to be him) and realize that unconventional starts can lead to fairy-tale endings. My home is Chicago but I'm in NY regularly and could be more so if motivated. Don't hesitate if this feels right - it's no bluff. Photo required, will reciprocate. 7232 ✉ ☎

Smart, Cuddly, Debonair—Successful developer, loving, intellectual, handsome, Jewish, 48, tall, Manhattan, needs capable, happy, brilliant, sexy, pretty, charming, empathic woman, to 38, to put "us" before her career, for our new life. 7249 ✉

Tall, Dark And Handsome MD—54, with wry humor, salt-and-pepper hair - athletic, trim and like wind-surfing, tennis, theater and travel. Looking for lover, best friend and possible family. You are a white female, very pretty, intelligent, svelte yet curvaceous, and a nonsmoker - also sensual and athletic, age 35-46. Note/photo/phone. 7267 ✉ ☎

Passionately Alive And Ready—For the romance of our life. Financially independent, unusual, piquant, European, well-educated, funny and oh, so modest! You are merely gorgeous, brilliant, cultured, successful Jewish male, 45-55. Let's meet accidentally on purpose! 7263 ✉ ☎

Rx For Spring Romance!—A genuine, kind, prominent NY surgeon, with considerable humor, good looks, very fit, trim, tall, creative, 40 - loves good talk, the arts, travel - seeks gentle woman under 36, warm, educated, tallish, for a life of love. Phone/photo a must, please. 7343✉

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Adventurous, Fun-Loving—Attractive, petite, long-haired woman, 43, healthy, active, not afraid to be myself - lives life to the fullest, loves travel, sailing, golf, will try any new adventure! Seeks sincere inner person and not couch potato. 7368 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Single, White—Bisexual female, 26, looking for active, athletic, intelligent and communicative human being for partnership and connection. Nonsmoker, 30 and above, only. 7309 ✉ ☎

Warmth, Beauty And Brains Wanted—By handsome Jewish MD, 41, nonreligious, from Central Jersey. Loves laughter, movies, sports, dancing, long walks on the beach and holding hands. Would love to meet nonsmoking woman of grace and substance, for marriage and family, together. Note and photo appreciated. 7248 ✉

Ready To Take A Chance Again—Pretty, slim, sexy, funny, intelligent, successful lady, 50, seeks terrific, tall, athletic, successful Jewish intellectual, 45-59, with soft heart, sense of humor, to share permanent love affair. Note/photo/phone. 7256✉☎

Young 60s - Style And Substance—Warm, pretty lady seeks quality man, mid 60s-70s. POB 1333, NYC 10021

Lovely Jewish Lady—Slim, educated, likes music, art, swimming. Seeks financially secure professional man for serious relationship. 56 plus. NY. 7337 ✉

Gay White Male—50 and fun, looking to share life's ups and downs. Sincerity and a sense of humor important. Note and phone number. 7235 ✉

Wanted:—Wasp, well-bred woman, 50s, athletic, by media person. 7350 ✉

Raven-Haired, Green-Eyed Beauty—Bright, fun, passionate - seeks man over 40, fun, successful. Bio/photo. 7253✉☎

Are You My Sugar Magnolia?—Attractive MBA entrepreneur, Jewish male - outgoing, athletic, loves concerts (especially rock), 32, 6'1" - seeks 22-35, slim and pretty Jewish female sweetheart. 7229 ✉ ☎

Tall, Handsome, Athletic—35, 6'2', 190, dark hair, professional, successful, caring, never married. Enjoys sports, family, travel, outdoors. Seeks pretty female, 24-34, who is caring, fit and slim. 7297 ✉☎

Stop The Presses!—Photojournalist, single white male, 41, seeking picture-perfect woman. Note/photo. 7365 ✉

Florida—Retired professional, very active mid-60s widower, financially comfortable, with many and varied cultural and sport interests (tennis, golf), seeks 50-60, beautiful, slim, very intelligent and educated, under-5'6" Jewish lady, also financially secure, with similar interests... for a lifetime of love and empathy. Must be prepared to live in a Florida gated country-club community most of the year, and be interested in (and free for) frequent leisure travel. Please respond only if you're very special. Full-length photo is a must for response. 7252 ✉

Successful, Sensitive, Pretty—Woman, 44, who is creative and independent, seeks kind male friend, 45-55, who is stable, attractive and financially secure. No drink/smoke, please. Photo appreciated. 7384 ✉

Won't Settle—Until I find a very special quality man who is attractive, tall, successful, health-conscious, sensual, laughs easily and enjoys life, between 55 and 65. I am stunning, slim, and all of the above. Photo, please. Phone. 7293 ✉ ☎

Searching For My True Companion—I'm a very attractive, athletic, Ivy-educated professional, 31, Jewish woman who enjoys sports, working out, music, movies, traveling, long walks and romantic evenings. If you're a secure, professional Jewish male, 32-40, with similar interests, a good sense of humor, warmth and sincerity, send note and photo. 7332 ✉

Attractive, Fun, Fit—Westchester lady, 47, professional, nonsmoker - seeks gentleman, nonsmoker, 45-55, to share theater, movies, music, nature, life. Essential: solid mind, values and sense of humor. Note/prefer photo, too. 7258 ✉

Still Turning Heads—Very pretty, slender, passionate, divorced blond, 45, 5'7" - into fitness, dancing, movies, music and you - seeks handsome, fit, outgoing, commitment-oriented man, 42-56, to share new memories with. Note/photo. 7322 ✉☎

Very Successful, Handsome CEO—Of psychological services corp, 45, 5'6", single white male, fit, athletic, warm, sincere, great wit - seeking very pretty or beautiful inside and out, accomplished, (com)passionate, perhaps well-analyzed NYC female, nonsmoker, 28-48, 5'2" and up, for fun, emotional communication, theater, dining out, dancing, adventure and more - to be best friend and lover. Note/phone/recent full-length photo a must, please. 7274 ✉ ☎

Single White Female—Seeks single white male, 30-40, who loves to ski, enjoys the beach and outdoors, plus dancing, music, fun times. 7353 ✉

Male CT Golfer—38, sincere, caring, intelligent, seeks his female match. 7281 ✉

Nearly Perfect Woman—58, craves a really smart, adventurous guy with a great sense of humor. 7310 ✉ ☎

Vibrant, Redheaded Skier—Sexy, slim, attractive white female, mid 30s, seeks sincere, secure, white, marriage-minded male to share life with. Note/photo. 7304 ✉☎

Natalie Wood Looks—34, Jewish. Harvard MBA. Beautiful ex-model/actress. Petite, vivacious, cultured and kind. Loves the arts, antiques and travel. Seeks successful, romantic gentleman for serious relationship. MD, lawyer or Wall Street type preferred. Photo/phone. 7342 ✉ ☎

When Was The Last Time...—You met a classy, attractive, sophisticated woman (LI widow) who made your world a happier place? I'm seeking a sincere professional man (50-55) to share a relationship and good times. 7257 ✉

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Handsome Black Male—Ivy MBA, 30s, charming, witty and unpretentious, stock and real estate investor - seeks smart, sexy head turner. Photo appreciated. 7275 ✉

Searching For One Special Woman—40s, with feet on the ground and zest for life. This affectionate, caring, romantic, fun-to-be-with businessman, would like to share his life with you. 50s, 6'3", 185 lbs - enjoys ballet, quality conversation, active sports lifestyle, nonsmoker. Handwritten note/photo, please. 7318 ✉

Long Shot—If you live in or travel to the San Francisco area, and would like to meet a very pretty, very nice, very successful, 43-year-old Ivy professional who travels to NY from time to time, let me hear from you. 7228 ✉

Single Woman, Ready To Live!—Looking forward to being wife and stepmother. Call me. 7362 ✉

Lauren Hutton Look-Alike—Lauren Bacall wannabe. Are you Jewish, nonreligious, (201) area code? I am. Are you healthy, emotionally and financially secure? I am. Smart, sane, sensual 60? You need not leap tall buildings, but must cross street unassisted. Sense of humor. I am ready to live/love again - are you? 6 out of 10 okay - no one's perfect. Thanks. 7331✉☎

When I Am Not Traveling—Around the metro area, I would like to be with you (a single white female, 20-29, funny and uniquely sexy). As a single white male, 30, 5'7", 165 lbs, account exec, I value my time and relations...so if you are down-to-earth and looking for a serious situation, please reply... 7323 ✉

Let's Meet Halfway—Between Venus and Mars. Venus creature (Jewish, 28) would like to meet a highly intelligent, unpretentious being from Mars (with strong Jewish values) to share a heavenly friendship with. Letter/photo please. 7286✉

One Dream Left To Fulfill—This 32-year-old, Jewish male professional, athletic, fun-loving and carefree, seeks female counterpart who is intelligent, adventurous, with a good sense of humor, to share romance and possible future. Phone/photo a must. 7262 ✉

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A Man In His Mid 40s—Is searching for a beautiful mate. I'm a successful creative professional, nice-looking and of the Catholic faith. I am gentle and passionate of heart, with a desire for shared fulfillment. A beautiful and sophisticated woman, 30-40, desirous of having children, is the woman of my dreams. It just might be you. Note/photo/phone. 7340 ✉

Unique And Great-Looking—Creative type gal who loves animals and her country home, would love to meet a great guy, 40-55ish, who's healthy, honest, secure, intelligent and fun. If you've got kids, great; I don't. 7326 ✉ ☎

This Classy, Eye-Appealing—Manhattan professional man appreciates the unique strengths of women, sincerely wishes to share his second best 50 years of life's rich diversity with a refined best friend woman for our loving duration. 7381 ✉

Children/Marriage-Oriented—37, 170, 5'10", Christian, blond/blue, soft-spoken, Irish/German gentleman, Midwestern values. Kids okay. Photo please. 7367 ✉ ☎

One Good Man—Seeks a few good women (just kidding). Good-hearted, well-educated, with diverse interests, Jewish male, late 40s, (410) - seeks upbeat, spontaneous, tall woman - mid 30s plus, with engaging smile, sexy demeanor, independent yet intimate. If you can find the best in others, like being challenged and inspired, value family and friends, have a good moral compass and want a committed, loving relationship, please send note/photo/phone. 7051 ✉

Let's Go The Distance—Sweet, slim, upbeat lady, CPA, 35, 5'11", seeks to share active lifestyle (theater, outdoor sports) with bright, caring Jewish man of substance, who's ready to file jointly. Note/photo appreciated. 7346 ✉

Very Lonely—Because I'm missing you to share my unlimited potential. This very handsome, athletic, very wealthy executive, seeks slim, pretty female, up to 38 years old - for any relation that fits your personality, because I'm ready for any challenge to find love, happiness, friendship or anything else that's going to cure the pain of loneliness. 7347 ✉

Sexy Blond—29, searching for Mr. Right. POB 49, Haworth, NJ 07641. Photo.

Handsome, Intelligent, Kind—Very fit and health-conscious single man. I'm 35, 5'8", 155 lbs, with hazel eyes and light brown hair. I enjoy working out, theater, museums, jazz music and movies. Seeking an attractive, fit, sensitive and romantic single woman, 28-35, with similar interests - for lasting relationship. Send note and phone. 7302 ✉

Special Gentleman Wanted—By successful female physician, to share adventures in life's wonderful journey. He should treasure honesty, trust and enjoy the art of giving and receiving. I'm 35, white, Christian, attractive, with a heart of gold. My passions include running, golf, animals, antiques and the great outdoors. If you would like to meet a woman with traditional values, who's caring and loyal, I'd love to hear from you. Note/photo appreciated. 7272 ✉

CPA, But Not Boring!—34, publishing executive - likes music, Broadway, movies, hiking, politics. 5'10", Jewish (nonreligious), never married; hard-working and serious - but with sense of humor. Seeks nice, attractive lady, 26-36. Note/phone/photo. 7278 ✉

Beautiful Blond—Successful, very young-looking 42-year-old, 5'2", fit, very pretty, Cuban-born, divorced, no children - looking for handsome, fit, successful, 40something to 55ish, passionate man for lasting love. Note/phone/picture. 7354 ✉

Very Pretty, Petite Orthodontist—32, bubbly, sharp, energetic, athletic, with too many interests to enumerate...seeks a fun, romantic, successful (MD, JD, Wall Street type), nice guy with all-American good looks, sense of humor and a quick wit, 28-36. Take a chance - I've never done this either. Note/photo. 7319 ✉

Be My Comforter—Pretty Christian lady seeks professional male, 40s, I enjoy the arts, kissing, Sinatra and the finer things in life. Photo/note. 7282 ✉ ☎

Sensitive, Romantic Blond—Very pretty, slender Jewish woman, 42, into the arts, looking to meet a man with like interests. 40-49 only. 7324 ✉ ☎

Looking For Her—Successful executive, 30s, well-educated and street-smart, seeks a special lady to build and share a special life. She is 24-34, petite, slender, attractive, intelligent and capable, and desires the best from life. She enjoys extensive travel, sports, the best of NYC, and is always looking for more adventure. I am looking for her. Please send recent photo/note/phone. 7364 ✉

Sailing Companion Sought—Former solo sailor seeks a crew (no experience necessary). He's tall, works in NY, lives and sails from LI. She should be 30s and love both the outdoors and the city. Note preferred. 7325 ✉ ☎

Boots, Breeches, Saddles, Spurs—Divorced Jewish male, tall, trim, cultured, 61, seeks intelligent woman with a sense of humor, who either rides or enjoys the English riding look. 7300 ✉ ☎

Tall, Handsome, Divorced Jewish MD—Without children, 46, with interest in film, politics and especially classical music... seeks well-educated, attractive, cultured and balanced female - American, Asian or European, 20s-30s, for serious relationship. Love of, or profession in, music a big plus. Photo required. 7312 ✉

Sparks Will Fly?—Extremely pretty, highly intelligent, loving woman with lean, sexy body and sparkling personality, Jewish, who believes that shared interests are less the point than shared joy in being together - seeks extremely smart, truly handsome, 34-46, athletic, accomplished professional man with optimistic outlook and oversized heart. Note/photo. 7372 ✉

Beauty And Brains—Turquoise eyes, 5'1", slim blond, sophisticated, well-traveled, fun, sane, financially secure, positive and practical, affectionate and passionate, with eclectic interests - searching for man, 45 plus, to be friend and lover. 7369 ✉ ☎

Gramercy Park Lady—Tall, attractive, gentle, witty, passionate woman, 48, seeks accomplished, caring man. 7370 ✉ ☎

Scandinavian Lady—Attractive exec, 49, 5'5", seeks dynamic, fit, honest, 212 man for theater, travel, beaches, laughter, TLC. 7378 ✉

Attorney—Handsome, in 60s - looks younger, 5'9", financially secure, slim, sense of humor. If you are a genuinely slim, extremely attractive, well-educated woman of medium height, in her 50s, financially secure, nonsmoker, please send a clear current photo (no letter read without one)/note/phone. Be honest. 7296 ✉

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Searching—For a strong, young-minded woman to share the fun of biking, eating well, hanging out, hiking, music, sailing, skiing, tennis and travel. I'm fit, Jewish, nonsmoking, 6'3", 64, a widower...and ready. Photo/note, please. 7246 ✉

A Self-Absorbed Man Of 36—With a glittering arsenal of self-absorption masking techniques, desires to get reabsorbed in the persona of a beautiful young woman with heart, sense and a sense of elegance. Note and photo, please. 7236 ✉

A "Seoul Mate" Perhaps?—Pretty, educated Korean-American woman, 31 (was mistaken for 21!), eclectic, working art appraiser student. Seeks cute, honest and bright Korean-American guy, nonsmoker. Photo/note. 7266 ✉

Blond, Blue-Eyed Widow—Manhattanite - seeking educated, caring man, 68 plus. 7339 ✉

CT Male, 32—Nonsmoker, seeks attractive, fit woman, 23-33, nonsmoker, for best friend and possibilities. 7355 ✉

A Late-40s Jewish Male—Warm, athletic, funny, professional, seeks a pretty, slim, likeable woman (32-43), to relate to, smile with, hold and have a family. Photo. 7341 ✉ ☎

Knows What He Wants—Willing to offer a lot. 34, successful, very good-looking male, Grant Goodeve lookalike (David on "Eight Is Enough"), athletic, honest, hard-working, fun-loving, loves ocean and nature. Seeking very pretty female who's physically fit, preferably tall and thin, 23-33, who is looking to start a family of our own. Likes cooking, sports and travel. Spiritual and happy nature important. You will not be disappointed. NJ or Manhattan only. Photo a must. 7233 ✉ ☎

Woman To Woman—It's a real challenge for a beautiful, classy, successful woman to meet her equal in NYC. Like me, you stand apart from the crowd, are 45-52, truly feminine, very pretty, not superficial, healthy in body/mind, enjoy fitness, fine dining, travel, spiritual pursuits, life's surprises. Nonsmoker. Photo. 7371 ✉

Pretty, Petite, Professional—Blond lady, 5'4", 110 lbs - enjoy my home, music, the beach, animals and good friends. Seeking a handsome, secure professional gentleman, 48-59, with an elegant soul. Note and photo appreciated. 7290 ✉ ☎

Truly Exceptional—Beautiful, smart, warm Jewish attorney/artist, 36 - loves world travel, arts, outdoors, ethnic food, Upstate. Seeks tender, successful man for marriage and child(ren). Photo! 7227 ✉ ☎

Attractive, 31, Jewish Female—Petite, excellent shape, olive skin, intelligent, attorney. Seeks sophisticated, good-looking, professional Jewish male, 32-40, for marriage. 7237 ✉

Tired of Snow?—How about shovelling sunshine in Scottsdale, AZ? If you're in your mid to late 40s, cute, petite, and/or *thin and would enjoy having a long term* relationship with a successful Jewish male entrepreneur and would enjoy world travel and fine living, please reply with a photo. Sleepless in Scottsdale. 7294 ✉

Ronald Trampowitz Is Sought—Let's get married and live happily ever after. I'm a funny, bright Jewish lady. 7329 ✉

Tall, Handsome MD—42 years old, Jewish - seeks attractive, bright woman, for romance, fun and hopefully committed relationship. Avid bike rider and skier with a love for family and friends. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 7320 ✉

Sophisticated But Down-To-Earth—Attractive but not plastic, athletic but feminine, European background. You: successful professional or businessman, used to upscale life style, sense of humor, Manhattan resident, 50-60. 7273 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Blond—34, Italian/Irish, seeks best friend to love, marry and raise a family. Please be handsome, successful and romantic. Photo a must. 7336 ✉

Pretty, Petite Physician—I'm a vivacious, athletic, sensitive Jewish femme with savoir-faire, in my mid-30s, who wishes to meet an adventurous, intelligent man with a good sense of humor - and who is ready for commitment. 7283 ✉ ☎

Hey Bud, This One's For You—Seeking a guy, 38-50, by cute, 5', petite white female, mid 40s (looks mid 30s). Likes country and rock, and the usual eclectic etc... Nonsmoker a must. For happy ever-after. 7259 ✉

Westchester Exec—Youthful 46, 5'11", 160, handsome, secure, easygoing, lover of nature, music, hiking, fly-fishing, Ireland/UK, Rockies, Caribbean, NYC. Seeking a bright, huggable lass with joie de vivre and a desire to start a family. Photo. 7316 ✉

Strictly Personals

Frankly Fabulous Female—Looks, brains, class, NY and Hamptons life style, seeks home for her heart with qualified white male, 58-65. 7284 ✉ ☎

Very Attractive RN—30s, fabulous figure, vivacious, giving Manhattanite - seeks Jewish male best friend: warm, loving, intelligent, sharing person. Potential for couple. Good looks a plus. 7277 ✉

Attractive Jewish Male—40s, 5'8", slim, very youthful, nonsmoker - seeks slender, soft-spoken female, 36-42, without children, for everlasting romance/marriage. LI area. Note/photo. 7265 ✉ ☎

Tomorrow And Forever—Pretty, redheaded, thin, late-40s Jewish teacher, wants to marry an established, Jewish, cultured, well-traveled man. 7328 ✉

I'll Get A Kick Out Of You:—A gentleman with imagination who can build a campfire. Are you perceptive, caring, sensual, slim and smart, 42-53? I'm attractive/elegant, successful, petite woman with long hair, 37, part-time mom, with a passion for journeys, adventure and art. Like to talk endless nights and explore the depths of love and life? Call and send note/photo. 7377 ✉ ☎

International, Successful—Business traveler, tall, Jewish, 35-year-old part-time dad, seeking someone special in her late 20s or 30s who loves NY at night and cuddling under the moonlight. You should be bright and have a strong sense of accomplishments. If you want to share intimate nights, the kind that will surely make me miss my flight, then take the time and drop me a line. Note/photo if possible. 7239✉

The Best Of NY—Seeking special 60 plus male to enjoy: H and H, Ess and Ess? Lincoln Center, 92nd Street Y? Broadway or Off-? You: warm, educated, secure, sense of humor. I: same, petite, blue-eyed female, easy to look at, be with. We: enjoy NY, travel, each other. 7382 ✉ ☎

Head-Turning, Free-Spirited—Fitness-conscious NYC blond, divorced, great legs and smile, seeks nonsmoking, easygoing, mature, physically fit, successful, single or divorced male, 38-45, 5'11" plus, who likes beaches and all the city and country have to offer, for conversation and romance. Note and photo. 7291 ✉

Mesmerizing Eyes - Intriguing Intellect Pretty pilot (LI) seeks pal, 45-55, fit, adventurous. Love the City, the beach, dancing and romancing. Possess a delicious sense of humor - sophisticated, playful, sensuous and irreverent. You are warm, intelligent, sexy. Note/phone/photo to: POB 563, Valley Stream, NY 11582

Silly, Smart, Sweet—I'm 39, 5'10", pretty and fit. I enjoy reading, working out, music and the great outdoors. If you're a tall park-ranger/bookwormy kind of a guy, I'd love to talk to you. 7271 ✉ ☎

Good-Looking Gay White Male—With family values, athletic build and comfortable in any situation - seeks gay white male, 30s-43, who is secure, has a good sense of humor, and is also tired of the singles scene and understands commitment. You should be comfortable spending weekends at home as well as out with friends. Please respond with a photo. Drug- and disease-free - I am. 7352 ✉

Wanted: NYC's Finest/Bravest Man—Blue/white collar - sought by 35-year-old RN, Irish-Catholic, blue-eyed blond. Interests include travel, dining out, jogging, golf. If you're ambitious, 33-43, good-natured, quick-witted, love life and are truly seeking a real best friend with potential for future/family, reply. 7264 ✉ ☎

Affectionate, Successful, Beautiful—Intelligent, uninhibited, slim, 48-year-old female. Looks like Botticelli's "Venus" (no shell). Seeks interesting, sexy, sophisticated, outgoing man with liberal politics, easy laugh, tuxedo, and no serious life problems. 7385 ✉

Wondering What NY Has To Offer?—A slim, smart, sexy, very pretty female film exec, who can spout baseball stats and loves the arts, the ocean, politics, laughter. Seeking a lifelong partner who's a 45-55, smart, successful, fit and fun-loving man. Let's share the best that NY and life has to offer. Photo appreciated. 7334 ✉ ☎

Following My Bliss—Attractive, single, Jewish professional female, 34, 5'11", intelligent, creative and caring, seeks bright, professional, warmhearted, nonsmoking guy, 30-45, to share life's gifts and adventures. Photo appreciated. 7305 ✉ ☎

Knockout Seeks Knight—Without armor. Renaissance woman who feels chivalry works both ways, wants to enchant/explore, soothe/stimulate man with mind more diversified than his portfolio. Intellect and cojones required; appetite for nontrendy culture, world music, food and travel a plus. Me: 5'9", blond, slim, actress/writer, 38. Be 36-52, tall, fairly handsome, fit and solvent. 7231 ✉ ☎

Amusing, Bright, Christian—Fit optimistic, pretty, stylish Village resident. Partner wanted for friendship or romance. (212) or (203), good-looking gentleman, 45-55, please respond. 7321 ✉

Marriage-Minded—Male, 40, 5'11", athletic, very successful professional, seeks a single female to love. I am honest, caring and sensitive. My interests include travel, sports, movies and intimate conversations. Please be physically fit, vivacious and honest. Note/photo. 8779 ✉

Classy, Slim Male—Handsome, tall, Jewish - nonreligious, late 50s, youthful, educated, seeks a thin, pretty female. (212), (914), (516) all okay. Note and photo, please. 7345 ✉

Seeking Beautiful Italian Female—Bright, handsome, trim CEO seeks a very special Italian female for a loving relationship. Note/photo a must. 7311 ✉

Fun-Loving, Adventurous Male—Professional. Enjoys tennis, travel, dancing, beach, fine restaurants. Seeks 28-40, bright, self-confident, vivacious woman with sense of humor, to be best friend and lover. Note/photo/phone. 7313 ✉

The Man I'm Looking For—Is 45-55, smart, funny, loving, kid-friendly and able to connect. I'm very attractive, politically aware, Jewish, creative, stylish, fun-loving and (PhD) smart. 7317 ✉ ☎

Bad Address—Geographically challenged male - 55, 5'8", 160 lbs - in Cold Spring area, 50 miles north of NYC (but has Ferrari and will travel). GQ reject though not feloniously ugly - and can be dressed up and taken anywhere. Looking for an attractive woman with a touch of class, reasonable credentials and current passport. Tolerance for skiing, adventure and travel mandatory, while all else is negotiable. A bit exotic helps, as well as the ability to be disorderly in a discreet fashion. Photo requested on an exchange basis. 7299 ✉

Pretty Jewish Girl From Ohio—Whose job's been in NY awhile. In midtown she dates, and she waits and she waits, for the one to grab her with a smile. Mom hopes for a doctor, lawyer or prince, but me what I want is really a cinch. Honest and healthy and humor is wealthy, if I had to choose in a pinch. 7276 ✉

Gay White Male, 58—Healthy, nice looking, successful businessman, well-traveled, sense of humor and fun-loving - homes in New York City, as well as a vacation home at the beach. Seeks a slim, attractive, honest man with good character, 38-50 years old, who enjoys theater, good food, social interaction, and quiet times as well. Please send photo and letter. 7288 ✉ ☎

Looking For The Perfect Man—But a human would be a good start. If you're tall, successful, 30s-40s - even better. In return, you get a lawyer! But fear not, I'm savvy, sophisticated, fun-loving, and haven't yet sued over a bad date. 7333 ✉☎

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MARY ANN MADDEN #853

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

"But wait, I am not King Claus, I am but a humble . . . no, wait, please, oh please, you don't understand, oh laaaaaady . . ."

"Why you . . . you big lug—take that back."

"Señor Perez, I would like you to meet my wife, she is a great admirer of . . . that's odd, she was here just a minute ago."

Above, cine qua fun. Competitors are invited to invent one random line typical of a movie comedy of the less, uh, sophisticated sort.

Results of Competition 850, in which you were asked to devise biographical notes from a playbill.

Report: Duly and oft noted: Transsexual versatility. A certain evitability in re coyness. Extremely popular as well, The Scottish Play. Or Scots Play. Whichever. You know. That one. We would like to express our gratitude to all the competitors, to our editor, to Mickey Rourke, the typesetters, and all the little people who interfere with the purity of this message. Thank you.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

CRANDALL MEELER (Wee Sam)—Mr. Meeler recently completed a nine-month stint at EuroDisney (Bashful). Previously, he appeared in the revue "Art Is Long, Paul Is Short," performed at the Sheep Meadow following the Show League Softball game. Mr. Meeler believes that there are no small roles or small actors.

Bob Walser, Minneapolis, Minn.

MARSHA GOSS (Usher)—The woman who handed you this program has been an usher at this theater since Katherine Cornell trod these boards, and she wants you to know that today's so-called actresses are not fit to have carried Ms. Cornell's prompt book.

Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

DENNIS RODMAN (Angel)—A professional basketball player, Mr. Rodman is making his Broadway debut in *Hair.*

Carl Wolfson, Spring Lake, N.J.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

MANUS GREY (The Body) is back on the boards after a long absence. He is survived by his wife and four children.

James Cleveland, Weehawken, N.J.

DONALD OSMOND (King Lear)—A show-business veteran, Mr. Osmond's multi-city stage triumph in *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* provided invaluable training for his portrayal of the beleaguered monarch. Mr. Osmond insists he had nothing to do with the casting of Cordelia; "Bottom line: Marie gave the best audition."

Judy Gammon, Englewood, Fla.

And Honorable Mention to:

RODAN (Costume Designer)—Schiaparelli and Bob Mackie, Gres and Vionett, Karan and Lauren: They're all grist for the millinery of our fabled designer.

L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.
Allison Crane, Miami Beach, Fla.

NED SEARS (The Amnesiac)—Mr. Sears made theatrical history at the Westhampton Cornstarch Playhouse when he became the first actor ever to play Hamlet reading from cue cards, an exigency necessitated by Retention Deficit Disorder. Mr. Sears has been in quite a few plays, but the specifics elude him.

David English, West Somerville, Mass.

CHANDRE LIERE (Medea)—Miss Liere, a classical dancer, is making her Broadway debut. She thanks her producers for their extraordinary faith in her many talents.

Richard M. Morse, N.Y.C.
sp. ment.: Allison Crane, Miami Beach, Fla.

ROY DICKSON (Scientist, Fly) wants to thank the people and the technology that finally made this stage presentation of *The Fly* possible: The makeup team, his dresser, Marianne, and director Haskell Fitz. To them and all of you, thank you, and "Help me, help me."

Bob Dean, Raleigh, N.C.

HUNTER SWAIN (Director)—Mr. Swain is confident that *Deliverance: The Musical* will survive the out-of-town gauntlet.

CeCe Trachy, Westfield, Mass.

CLAUDE MONET (Co-Scenic Designer)—Mr. Monet's co-designer for this production, Branford Pifle, credits the great French artist as the inspiration for this production of *Macbeth,* especially the final scene, Birnam Wood comes to Giverny.

Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

MERRY BLISSMAN (Playwright)—Also author of a children's musical, *Up With Gnomes!* She enjoys science fiction and writing her annual Christmas letter to her many friends.

Patsy V. Felmet, Wintersville, Ohio

COURTNEY PRANG (Nana)—Graduate of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, veteran of six years with the Birningham Rep., Mr. Prang prepared for the role of the canine nursemaid in this all-star revival of the Barrie classic by spending three weeks in an animal shelter.

David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.

SCOTT JASON (Spelvin) would like to thank Actors' Equity, the producer, director, cast, stagehands, the wonderful company press guy, God, his mom, all future Tony voters, and his former agent.

Carleton Carpenter, Warwick, N.Y.

GRIFF BLASTER (Lear)—Fresh from the road companies of *Oklahoma!* and *State Fair,* Griff looks upon this role as another step closer to the top.

William L. Bennett, Muskegon, Mich.

KEVIN BURY (Stagehand)—Kevin resides in California with Jacqui, his significant other, and Avatar the Wonder Dog. His nickname is "Key Gripe" because he lets everyone know he really wants to be an actor.

Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

SOCRATES PAXTON (Sets)—First time out doing stage work. Mr. Paxton designed home pages for all the actors and paid his dues decorating cakes.

Martha Herzog, Pacific Grove, Calif.

WOODY RONALDSON (Teddy Roosevelt)—Former Stern intern (seven years). This is Woodman's first direct approach to acting; a portion of his salary goes to Long Island Placement Service.

Kenneth Levine, Washington, D.C.

DELORES COTTON (The Lady in Burgundy)—Ms. Cotton's return to the murder-mystery/dinner-theater milieu in *Forensic Froucs* is certain to gratify her many fans, who believe nothing quite piques the palate like a simulated quintuple homicide.

Kim Brigham, Lincoln, Mass.

AMY WEBB (Prompter)—Amy, a junior at the Chutney School, is esteemed by the cast for her discreet yet impeccable safety-net enunciations. Even the recent acquisition of braces and a retainer has failed to diminish her proficiency. "I hope someday," says Amy, "to be a senator's aide."

Terry Zheutlin-Kehoe, Wilmette, Ill.

BUFFY-TEETER-SMITH (Peter)—Ready to test her wings after suffering a broken collarbone in last season's production of *A Salute to Mary Martin,* Buffy's back. Bravissima, Buffy—break a leg.

Mary Olson, Springfield, Va.

MURIEL "CLUTTERBUG" BOW (Properties Mistress)—Ms. Bow has never been able to throw away anything. Her gift of locating esoteric desiderata at short notice—an armadillo, a functional ducking stool—has endeared her to producers on both sides of the Hudson.

Nicole Leary, Winnetka, Ill.

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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■	T	■	X	■	X	■	H	■	L	■	E	■	E	■
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COMPETITION

DAVID COLLINGSWORTH (Raoul) is happy to be alive. He last appeared as Higgs in *The Real Inspector Hound.*

Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

HELEN REIMER (Lyricist)—This is Helen's first venture into live theater. Earlier credits include five movie musicals of the fifties. A pioneer in children's-TV programming, she is best known for her *Cockatoo Zoo* theme.

Jan Streilein, Lansdale, Pa.

ALVIN BLISSNER (Man Feeding Pigeons)—Mr. Blissner previously trod Off Broadway boards as Dr. Gavin Weedy in the 1993 musical *Hostess Crabcakes.* He's since been honing his craft with the Actors Studio Correspondence Course. He lives to emote.

Linnet Walker, Bradford, Vt.

KEVIN CULKY (Mickey)—Kevin dedicates this one to his spiritual mentor, Swami D'Antanyega: "Row, row, row your boat / Gently down the stream. Merrily, merrily, merrily—Life is but a dream."

Trip Plymale, N.Y.C.

TIP (Whiskers)—A mixed-breed of raffish pedigree, Tip loves children, car rides, and onion rings.

Nancy Gibson Nash, Dedham, Mass.

ASHLEY FLEMINGTON (Ashley Flemington)—Ashley legally changed her name to better identify with her character.

Ruth Midgal, Brooklyn, N.Y.

LUIGI PAVAMINGO (Pinkerton, Producer)—Sr. Pavamingo is a barber in Seville.

Allan G. Sperling, Rye, N.Y.

MARY MCCARROLL-PEREZ (The Whore)—is thrilled to be making her dramatic debut with the Below 14th Street Theatre Collective. She is proud to bare her body in so brave a work.

John DiLeo, N.Y.C.

BUCK "GRIZZLY" BEAR (Snake Wrangler)—*Indiana Jones on Broadway* marks Buck's theatrical debut, after a long career in Hollywood as animal handler to the stars. "The minute those pythons start slithering up the aisles, you can hear the screams all the way to Astoria. No movie ever gave me a thrill like that." Mr. Baer lives alone.

Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

W. B. FOXFURRÉ (Producer)—Mr. F's critically tolerated yolking of the scholarly arts and the popular arts have included *Forbidden Bloomsbury, Tony 'n' Tina's Inferno,* and *Kant's Critique of Pure Reason Dancin'.*

Addison Brickey, Altadena, Calif.

BOO BLUME (Pericles Crystal)—Boo makes his New York theater debut, having been cited for his multifaceted performance in the film *The Competition.*

Helen Lessner, Newburgh, N.Y.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 853, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It must be received by May 17. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the June 24–July 1 issue.

Walter Kirn *continued from page 64*

ed southern bad boy, record producer—and, as the worshipful narrator never stops assuring us—the wildest guy alive. (A savage. Get it?) Will Savage shoots at stop signs, he drives too fast, snorts coke. He hangs with black bluesmen. What's more, he's mega-rich. His preppie-coolness credentials could fill a book, and unfortunately they do.

The novel's a hoot, actually. It's clichéd on every level, and it reads like a novelization of a movie that is itself a remake. Its people, setting, situations, and language are strictly off-the-rack—sale items from the cultural department store.

McInerney has an adman's mind, an infallible sense of what's worked before and what's expected of him. And he delivers. His southern belles are leggy, coy, and sneaky. His gruff old patriarchs are skilled equestrians. Their sons are brilliant, guilt-ridden rebels. And novels, serious novels, need high-flown rhetoric. "Will knew the names of the battles his ancestors had engaged in—Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Chicamauga [*sic*]. He came from a haunted family, a vanquished land, and even as he stormed the crenellated walls of convention, he inadvertently taught me about the past's implacable claims on the present. . . ."

Will's story is told by his prep-school roommate. Patrick, like Fitzgerald's Nick in *The Great Gatsby,* is a square and adoring middle-class straight man. Upper-crust Will can't light a cigarette or spin a record from his blues collection ("This is the purest art this damn country has produced, man. . . . It's like the distilled essence of suffering and the yearning to be free") without small-town Patrick keeling over in awe.

Like a Harlequin romance for class-climbing young men, the novel breathlessly catalogues the poses, wardrobes, and furnishings of the gentry. As Patrick rises from prep school to Yale to Wall Street, he quotes lines from Robert Lowell poems to prove his bona fides. He goes duck hunting with Will's old man ("Now you're blooded," he tells him). He learns to ride horses and how to bed rich women.

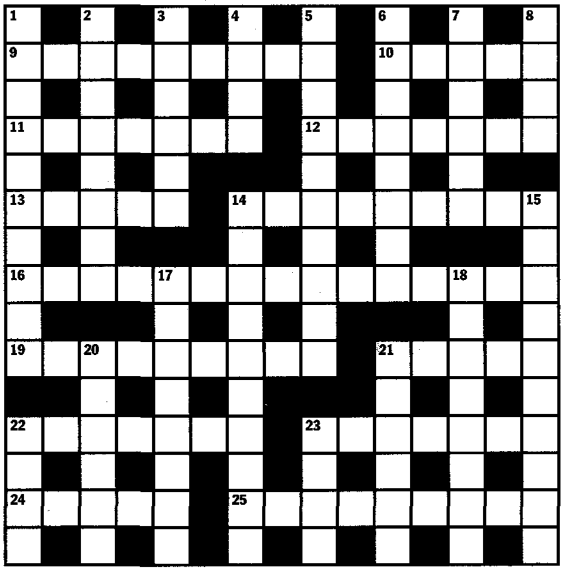
The tone is always preposterously sincere. McInerney, renowned once for his hipness, is actually a nerd of the first order. His language strains for yesteryear sonority, yielding kooky antiquarian mouthfuls: "She took me on the grand tour, a bemused chatelaine attempting to do justice to her husband's stupendous folly."

If you think you've read all of this somewhere else, that's probably the intention. Synthetic traditionalism. The book has the look and sound of literature, but its real ambitions are pure paperback. ■

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

9 Alcoholics Anonymous gone to get drunk with red wine. (9)
10 Rest feet, you say? (5)
11 Having no mates, Friday disappears for ever. (7)
12 Overthrown King's seized by ones from Middle-Eastern country. (7)
13 At which far gone English embrace conclusion of Elgar? (5)
14 Republican blundering and getting the bird, it's reported? (3,6)
16 Ruling woman priest the last to encourage resolution of hearing. (9,6)
19 Those which are pointed out when at the extremities. (9)
21 Fairy hugs model—a dish. (5)
22 Herb in duck and orange sauce. (7)
23 Holiday drink knocked back while a grin develops. (7)
24 Descriptive of powerful acid ring. (5)
25 Around summer time, keen or lax, you have the edge. (9)



DOWN

1 Beetles choose a period of time underneath cabbage. (10)
2 Foreign food less strong ain't right? (8)
3 Ugly woman required (advance PR unnecessary). (6)
4 Go by the mountainous route. (4)
5 The sun and hail give rise to sunflower. (10)
6 A fresh river mouth. (8)
7 Sponsor run taken on by fatty. (6)
8 Hairy beast is still single. (4)
14 In awkward situations it's right to reveal cultural hairstyle. (10)
15 Gone to collect 'Tiddles' after gammy ear is rooted out. (10)
17 Peas, it's said, may be found in this type of soup. (8)
18 Top-liner becomes the force of many countries. (8)
20 Sartre morality is the source of agitation. (6)
21 Press covering Northern Ireland cause suffering. (6)
22 Ladle mostly upset—oh dear! (4)
23 Sharp point on nose. (4)

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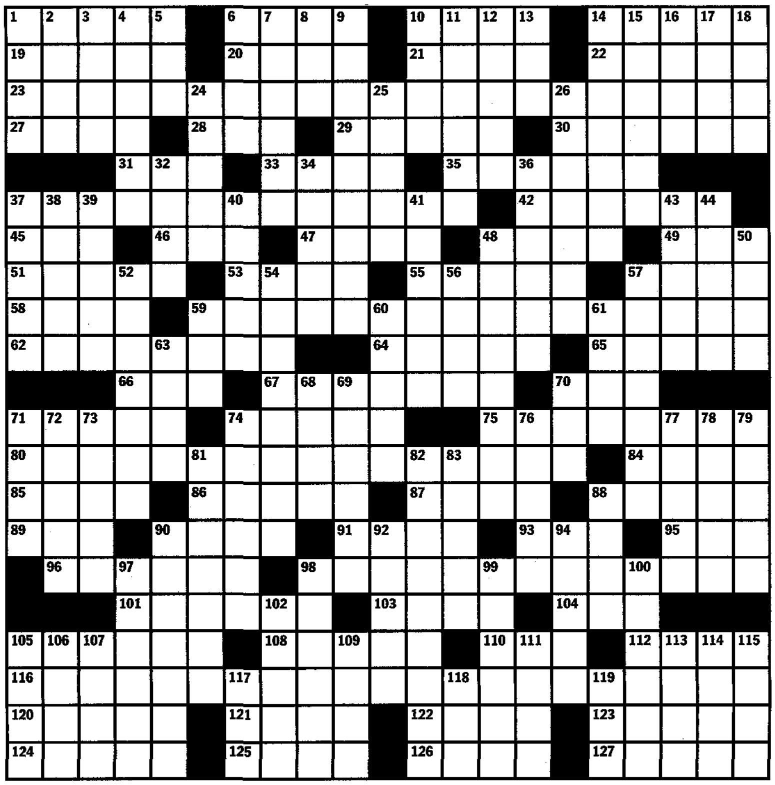
'Positive Reviews': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Allen or Lawrence
6 "I've Got —— in Kalamazoo"
10 Greek cheese
14 Wing it verbally
19 Pertaining to birth
20 Island south of St. Martin
21 Forever and ——
22 Apollo 14 astronaut
23 Praise for "My Little Chickadee"
27 Receipt stamp
28 High tennis shot
29 Splotches of paint
30 Maxims
31 Before, to Byron
33 Need liniment
35 Goes on foot: slang
37 Praise for a Travolta musical
42 Beavers' kin
45 Rocky hill
46 Goat's greeting
47 Ending for Nan or Ann
48 —— a one (none)
49 Yale Bowl athlete
51 Rainer of '30s films
53 Convene
55 Élève's place
57 Clobbered, Biblical style
58 Away from port
59 Praise for "Father Knows Best"
62 Way to make it on one's own
64 Start of a Dickens title
65 Kind of rocket
66 Vixen's mate
67 Pearly shell
70 "What a good boy ——!"
71 Marketer's stop
74 Old-womanish
75 Administrators
80 Praise for "The Untouchables"
84 One of a great five
85 Arabian sultanate
86 Calif. coll. student
87 Last Mrs. Chaplin
88 Arrange a curtain
89 Family room
90 Salaried sportsmen
91 Wove
93 N.Y. cops' org.
95 Kennedy nickname
96 Offbeat language forms
98 Praise for "Grand Canyon Suite"
101 Run the sewing machine
103 "—— be in England . . ."
104 C.P.O.'s shipmate
105 Ashley and Dern
108 Mil. scouting mission
110 Chiang's foe
112 Juan's water
116 Praise for Gray's "Elegy"
120 Jury list
121 Latvian
122 Harold of old comics
123 Give a false impression
124 Hackneyed
125 Stratagem
126 Hurting
127 Really miffed

DOWN

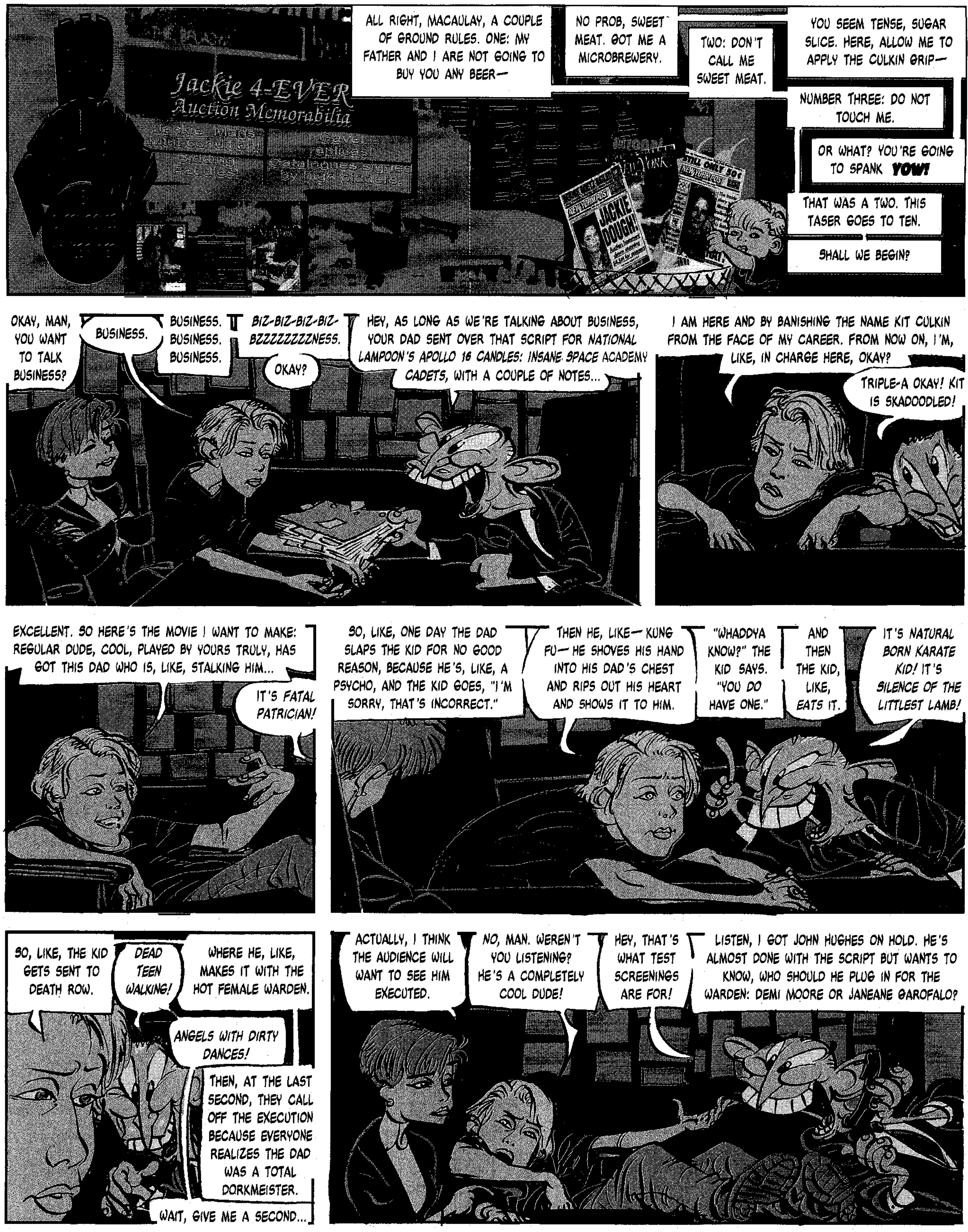
1 Ginger cookie
2 Polynesian cloth
3 Kit for small items
4 Exxon —— (damaged tanker)
5 Corner shape
6 In the matter of
7 Blowhard
8 Before Simbel or Dhabi
9 Slower than adagio
10 Monte Carlo game
11 Fit to eat
12 Café cup
13 All in favor say it
14 Dryness
15 Make a contribution
16 Like John Silver
17 "——Your Face Before Me"
18 Jail-window decor
24 Helen, in Napoli
25 Skirt fold
26 Squanderer
32 Hoarfrost
34 Go on all fours
36 Hockey defender
37 Map book
38 Computer scooter
39 Disney's "Little Mermaid"
40 Nasser's first name
41 Takes care of
43 Send a check
44 More cagey
48 House of Lords members
50 "Wishing will make ——"
52 Costly spice
54 Spaniards, in Spanish
56 "Rollerball" star
57 Oscar-winner Rod
59 Put the whammy on
60 Prefix with zoic or lithic
61 La Douce
63 Subject of a Markham poem
68 Aqueduct race track, familiarly
69 Ballerina Alicia
70 Reply: abbr.
71 Not barefoot
72 Marisa of "My Cousin Vinny"
73 —— off (sporadically)
74 Without profit
76 Astronomer Hall
77 Muse of poetry
78 Come to fruition
79 Down at the heels
81 Conjecture
82 Dunkers' delights
83 Group of nine
88 Have the nerve
90 Fit to drink
92 Undeniable evidence
94 Louisiana inlet
97 Golda's land
98 Minority-group enclave
99 Actress Elke
100 Audible sufferer
102 Sadistic
105 Mouth pieces
106 Rat-——
107 Abbr. at Annapolis
109 Mayor's jurisdiction
111 Tip-top
113 "Monster" lizard
114 Entity
115 "African Queen" scriptwriter
117 Swiss height
118 M-G-M's lion
119 Baseball stat.



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 110.

Mac 'n' Cheese

Having unloaded his slap-happy dad, young Culkin plots his celluloid future.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NEW YORK POST
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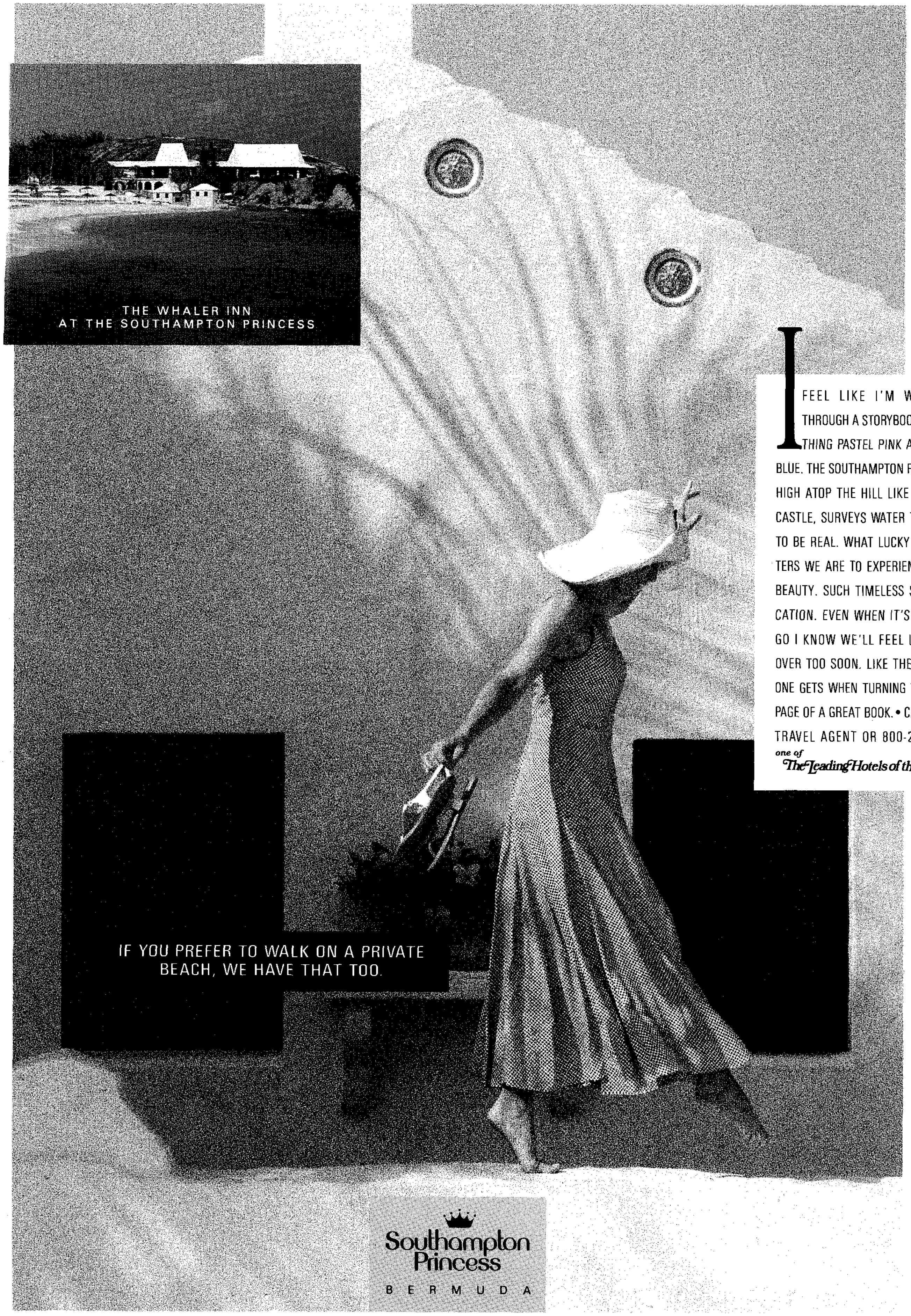
ALL RIGHT, MACAULAY, A COUPLE OF GROUND RULES. ONE: MY FATHER AND I ARE NOT GOING TO BUY YOU ANY BEER—
NO PROB, SWEET MEAT. GOT ME A MICROBREWERY.
TWO: DON'T CALL ME SWEET MEAT.
YOU SEEM TENSE, SUGAR SLICE. HERE, ALLOW ME TO APPLY THE CULKIN GRIP—
NUMBER THREE: DO NOT TOUCH ME.
OR WHAT? YOU'RE GOING TO SPANK YOW!
THAT WAS A TWO. THIS TASER GOES TO TEN.
SHALL WE BEGIN?
OKAY, MAN, YOU WANT TO TALK BUSINESS?
BUSINESS.
BUSINESS. BUSINESS. BUSINESS.
BIZ-BIZ-BIZ-BIZ-BZZZZZZZZNESS.
OKAY?
HEY, AS LONG AS WE'RE TALKING ABOUT BUSINESS, YOUR DAD SENT OVER THAT SCRIPT FOR NATIONAL LAMPOON'S APOLLO 16 CANDLES: INSANE SPACE ACADEMY CADETS, WITH A COUPLE OF NOTES...
I AM HERE AND BY BANISHING THE NAME KIT CULKIN FROM THE FACE OF MY CAREER. FROM NOW ON, I'M, LIKE, IN CHARGE HERE, OKAY?
TRIPLE-A OKAY! KIT IS SKADOODLED!
EXCELLENT. SO HERE'S THE MOVIE I WANT TO MAKE: REGULAR DUDE, COOL, PLAYED BY YOURS TRULY, HAS GOT THIS DAD WHO IS, LIKE, STALKING HIM...
IT'S FATAL PATRICIAN!
SO, LIKE, ONE DAY THE DAD SLAPS THE KID FOR NO GOOD REASON, BECAUSE HE'S, LIKE, A PSYCHO, AND THE KID GOES, "I'M SORRY, THAT'S INCORRECT."
THEN HE, LIKE— KUNG FU— HE SHOVES HIS HAND INTO HIS DAD'S CHEST AND RIPS OUT HIS HEART AND SHOWS IT TO HIM.
"WHADDYA KNOW?" THE KID SAYS. "YOU DO HAVE ONE."
AND THEN THE KID, LIKE, EATS IT.
IT'S NATURAL BORN KARATE KID! IT'S SILENCE OF THE LITTLEST LAMB!
SO, LIKE, THE KID GETS SENT TO DEATH ROW.
DEAD TEEN WALKING!
WHERE HE, LIKE, MAKES IT WITH THE HOT FEMALE WARDEN.
ANGELS WITH DIRTY DANCES!
THEN, AT THE LAST SECOND, THEY CALL OFF THE EXECUTION BECAUSE EVERYONE REALIZES THE DAD WAS A TOTAL DORKMEISTER.
WAIT, GIVE ME A SECOND...
ACTUALLY, I THINK THE AUDIENCE WILL WANT TO SEE HIM EXECUTED.
NO, MAN. WEREN'T YOU LISTENING? HE'S A COMPLETELY COOL DUDE!
HEY, THAT'S WHAT TEST SCREENINGS ARE FOR!
LISTEN, I GOT JOHN HUGHES ON HOLD. HE'S ALMOST DONE WITH THE SCRIPT BUT WANTS TO KNOW, WHO SHOULD HE PLUG IN FOR THE WARDEN: DEMI MOORE OR JANEANE GAROFALO?

ACAPULCO: ACAPULCO PRINCESS, PIERRE MARQUES • ARIZONA: SCOTTSDALE PRINCESS • BAHAMAS: BAHAMAS PRINCESS RESORT AND CASINO • BERMUDA: SOUTHAMPTON PRINCESS, THE PRINCESS • REPRESENTED BY PRINCESS HOTELS INTERNATIONAL, INC.



THE WHALER INN
AT THE SOUTHAMPTON PRINCESS

I FEEL LIKE I'M WALKING THROUGH A STORYBOOK. EVERYTHING PASTEL PINK AND BABY BLUE. THE SOUTHAMPTON PRINCESS, HIGH ATOP THE HILL LIKE A GREAT CASTLE, SURVEYS WATER TOO BLUE TO BE REAL. WHAT LUCKY CHARACTERS WE ARE TO EXPERIENCE SUCH BEAUTY. SUCH TIMELESS SOPHISTICATION. EVEN WHEN IT'S TIME TO GO I KNOW WE'LL FEEL LIKE IT'S OVER TOO SOON. LIKE THE FEELING ONE GETS WHEN TURNING THE LAST PAGE OF A GREAT BOOK. • CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR 800-223-1818.

one of
The Leading Hotels of the World

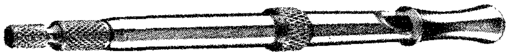
IF YOU PREFER TO WALK ON A PRIVATE BEACH, WE HAVE THAT TOO.

Southampton
Princess
BERMUDA

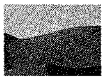
THE SOUL OF BERMUDA. THE HEART OF YOUR VACATION.

It Ought To Be Comfortable, Our Engineers Spent 12 Years Inside It.

Considering its incredibly generous headroom, shoulder room and legroom, one might expect a sound to generate an echo within the cabin of the LS 400. Of course, our meticulous sound engineers have taken countless precautions to ensure that won't happen. It is, after all, a Lexus.



Borrowing from the simple ingenuity of a dog whistle, Lexus engineers employ foamed asphalt sheeting and new geometric shapes to alter specific ranges of frequency of engine noise so they are less noticeable to the human ear. Sorry, Duke.



The unique dual-zone climate control system on the Lexus LS 400 uses patented "film door" dampers. A much more efficient way to allocate warm and cool air.

*Trunks are for golf clubs and luggage, not CD changers. That's what the dash is for. Introducing the world's first in-dash, six-disc CD auto-changer, for those pleasurable respites of non-silence.**

What were they doing in there? A more accurate question is what weren't they doing? Every square centimeter has been carefully designed, redesigned and re-redesigned to ensure that the cabin of the LS 400 is as roomy, as quiet and as comfortable as it can possibly be. It's all part of our relentless pursuit and it explains why, after 12 years, not once has someone said, "Are we there yet?" *It's engineering according to the laws of Lexus.*

LEXUS
The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.

THE 1996 LS 400.

*©1996 Lexus, A Division Of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Lexus reminds you to wear seatbelts and obey all speed laws. For the dealer nearest you, call 800-USA-LEXUS (800-872-5398). *CD changer optional.*